Jacques Barzun on Tomorrow's University

Saturday Review

November 15, 1969 50¢

Sense and Nonsense About Sensitivity Training

by Max Birnbaum

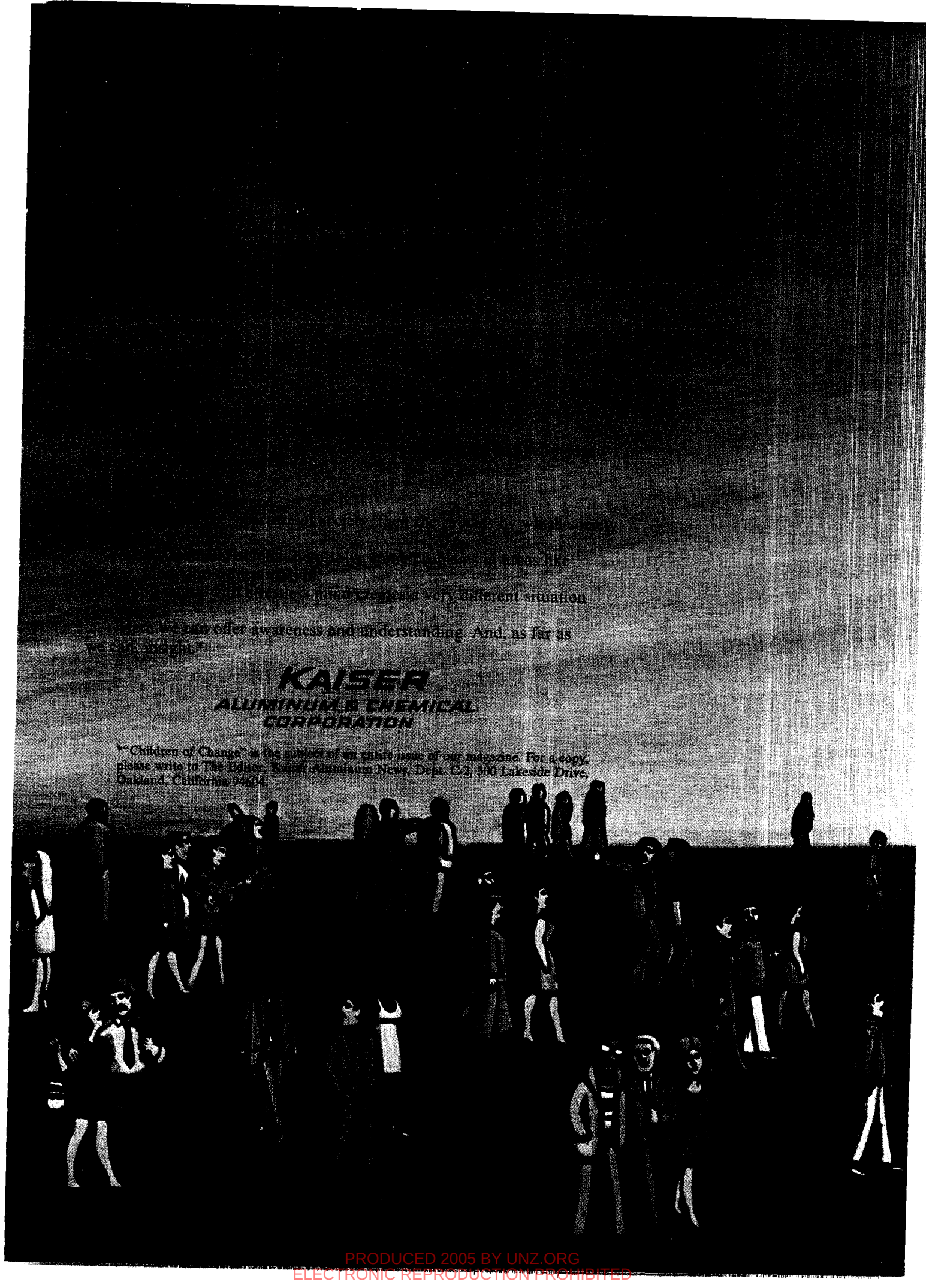
Public Schools: Myth of the Melting Pot

by Colin Greer

AMBASSADOR COLL LIBR
BOX 927
BIG SANDY TX 75755

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


...we can offer awareness and understanding. And, as far as
...we can, insight.*
KAISER
ALUMINUM & CHEMICAL
CORPORATION
*"Children of Change" is the subject of an entire issue of our magazine. For a copy, please write to The Editor, Kaiser Aluminum News, Dept. C-3, 300 Lakeside Drive, Oakland, California 94604.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Picture this.

Your four-door family sedan with a body designed by Pininfarina. With the same flair, the same sleek treatment of contours that mark the Ferrari and Lancia.

Result? The kind of car that gathers a curbside crowd wherever you park it. The unrivaled Italian sporty look you've so often stopped to admire yourself.

The interior, the "soul" of the car, is elegantly French. The fully reclining bucket seats, the thick wall-to-wall carpeting, the built-in adjustable headrests and foldaway armrests—each feature, each detail reflecting that centuries-old French love of luxury.

And the bright warmth of sunlight—how the French love that. A solid steel sliding sunroof lets you enjoy it, too!

All these opulent interior components are standard equipment.

Standard equipment, too, is every engineering advance that gives this car its "international muscle". Each of the four wheels has its own independent suspension, its own power disc brake. A newly designed engine gives you as much as 25 miles to the gallon; lets you cruise at 90 mph all day. The entire body is built of .9 sheet steel—heavier, safer, longer-lasting than you've had before. It comes with Michelin radial tires. And four-speed syncromesh transmission. This is the car that's built to take any road, anywhere in the world.

The car international auto writers voted "Car of the Year".

The Peugeot 504. Italian style, French soul, International muscle. All new, all yours, the complete car. Air conditioning and fully automatic transmission available, if you want them.

If you want a new car, you'll want to test drive the 504.

It can be your "Car of the Year" for years to come.

For more information see your local Peugeot dealer or write Peugeot, Inc., 107-40 Queens Boulevard, Forest Hills, New York, New York 11375.

$3195, p.o.e. East Coast ($3295, p.o.e. West Coast)*

*suggested retail price. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional.

Italian style, French soul, International muscle.

The New Peugeot 504

PEUGEOT SALES & SERVICE NATIONWIDE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

November 15, 1969

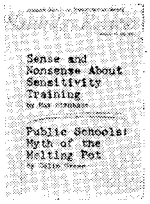
Saturday Review

Cover Stories, pages 82, 84

Sense and Nonsense About Sensitivity Training
by Max Birnbaum

Public Schools: Myth of the Melting Pot
by Colin Greer

Cover: Pageant Studios



IDEAS

23 Tomorrow's University—Back to the Middle Ages? by Jacques Barzun

26 Samuel Beckett by Tom Bishop

EDITORIAL

28 A Tax Break for Artists

BOOKS

31 Close to the Dark Heart of Comedy by Walter Kerr, an essay review of "Notes on a Cowardly Lion: The Biography of Bert Lahr" by John Lahr.

34 Book Forum: Letters from Readers

EDUCATION

77 Freedom for the Academic Press by James Cass

82 Sense and Nonsense About Sensitivity Training by Max Birnbaum

84 Public Schools: Myth of the Melting Pot by Colin Greer

88 Street Academies: One Step Off the Sidewalk by Jonathan Black

THE ARTS

THEATER

20 Henry Hewes visits the Minnesota Theatre Company.

DANCE

62 Walter Terry revisits Eliot Feld and the American Dance Company.

MOVIES

64 Arthur Knight reviews "Paint Your Wagon" and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips."

MUSIC

66 Irving Kolodin on the Life and Times of the Juilliard Quartet.

72 Mid-Month Recordings

72 Drop-In Night at the Electric Circus by David Bar-Illan

73 Jazz at the White House by Stanley Dance

TRAVEL

69 Frank Riley in Macao.

COLUMNS

4 Martin Levin: Phoenix Nest

8 Goodman Ace: Top of My Head

10 John Ciardi: Manner of Speaking

16 Cleveland Amory: Trade Winds

29 Letters to the Editor

65 Robert Lewis Shayon: TV-Radio

WORD GAMES

36 Your Literary Crypt

42 Your Literary I.Q.

53 Wit Twister

109 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1858

Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Director of Promotion and Research, Martin A. Blum; Circulation Director, George A. Reeves; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $9 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. LII, No. 46, November 15, 1969. *Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."* © 1969 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. For SR's branch offices see page 54.**

(Advertisement)

A house guest mentioned to me a few years ago that he knew a remarkable woman whose work might make an interesting book. Dutifully, I followed up with a short letter. Two of our most dedicated young editors took over and now Rena Gazaway's book is ready.

THE LONGEST MILE is about the unknown people of one Appalachian hollow, a place Dr. Gazaway calls "Duddie's Branch" to protect them. They are people of great simplicity, ignorance, rude wisdom and crude integrity, unwashed and unloved, poor beyond dreams.

They have come alive into my world, speaking in their own voices, a curious version of English, and speaking through a woman who has invested years of her life and virtually all of her treasure to tell their story.

And it is not just their story she tells, for in a sense, she is one of them. Rena was born into a poor Missouri family, enriched mainly by parents who were determined that she would have a high school and college education—at a time when she and others like her did not know what "college" meant. She became a registered nurse, then took graduate degrees in anthropology and education. She is now Assistant Professor at the University of Cincinnati College of Nursing and Health.

The advance reviews are just in. "This is Appalachia articulate," says *Publishers' Weekly*. "A labor of love," writes the *Kirkus* reviewer, "a very humane and powerful document."

Rena Gazaway risked her life, health, and professional standing to make herself one with the people of a small, surprising hollow. Wouldn't you be surprised to find, after reading her book, that you are one with them, too?

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

THE LONGEST MILE ($6.95), by Rena Gazaway, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained at any of the Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 8131 Forsythe Boulevard, Clayton, Missouri 63105.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Phonetic Reprisals

THERE WAS a malicious gleam in Mr. Thaddaeus Platon Wilhelah's eye: "Do you know that halfway up the stairs inside the Washington Monument there is a piece of Hellenic marble whose inscription reads *Gheorghío Ouasingtóni*, etc.?"

Mr. Wilhelah is my suburban backyard neighbor. He is Spanish-French by his mother, Rumanian-Greek by his father, American by naturalization. He is a retired multi-interpreter extraordinary. He is a phonetic purist. He is a writer of irate letters to editors about flagrant, as he calls them, "voovoos" or "varvarisms."

"Now ask me," he went on, "why in the world George Washington should've been Hellenized phonetically and grammatically. Please ask me."

"I ask you."

"Very well. The first real chance for a universal alphabet was vetoed by the Romans."

"Is that a fact?"

He ignored me: "Ah those Romans. They took P—which the Hellenes pronounced R—and made it sound as in *pooh-pooh*. They took B—which the Hellenes pronounced V—and made it sound as in *booboo*. I ask you: Is booboo an onomatopoeia superior to voovoo? I ask you."

"Well . . ."

"Now the first real chance for a universal *language* was also undermined by the same linguistic and phonetic adulterators. They took scads of Hellenic names and Latinized them in toto. Thus, Athena became Minerva, Artemis became Diana, Aris became . . ."

"I know . . ."

"Ah, but the Italian penchant for fancy novelty isn't the only culprit. Are *we* innocent of this crime? We have deliberately deformed Gheorghios into George; Evridiki into Eurydice; Omeros into Homer; Kerkyra into Corfu; the Andreopoulos or Andreadis or Androulidakis Sisters into the Andrews Sisters; Spyridon Anagnostopoulos or Anagnostidis or Anagnostaras into Spiro Agnew. . . . But there is justice."

"Hm, I never thought it that way, Mr. Wilhelah."

"How else? By the time of their Independence War the Hellenes were fed up and, in their turn, started picking on American names. There was a great irony in that jumbo omega they put in the last syllable of the Hellenic version of Washington. As if they were telling us, 'For a great man like him, a mere mini omicron? Aren't you ashamed!'—Of course, there was no problem with George. All they had to do was to restore him to his original and very Vyzantine Gheorghios."

"I noticed the V, Mr. Wilhelah."

"Certainly. The same old B versus V controversy. Byzantine for the Varvarians, Vyzantine for me as long as I live."

"And Vacchus?"

"And Vacchus."

"Anyway, Mr. Wilhelah, I doubt the Hellenization of American names was a conscious retaliation."

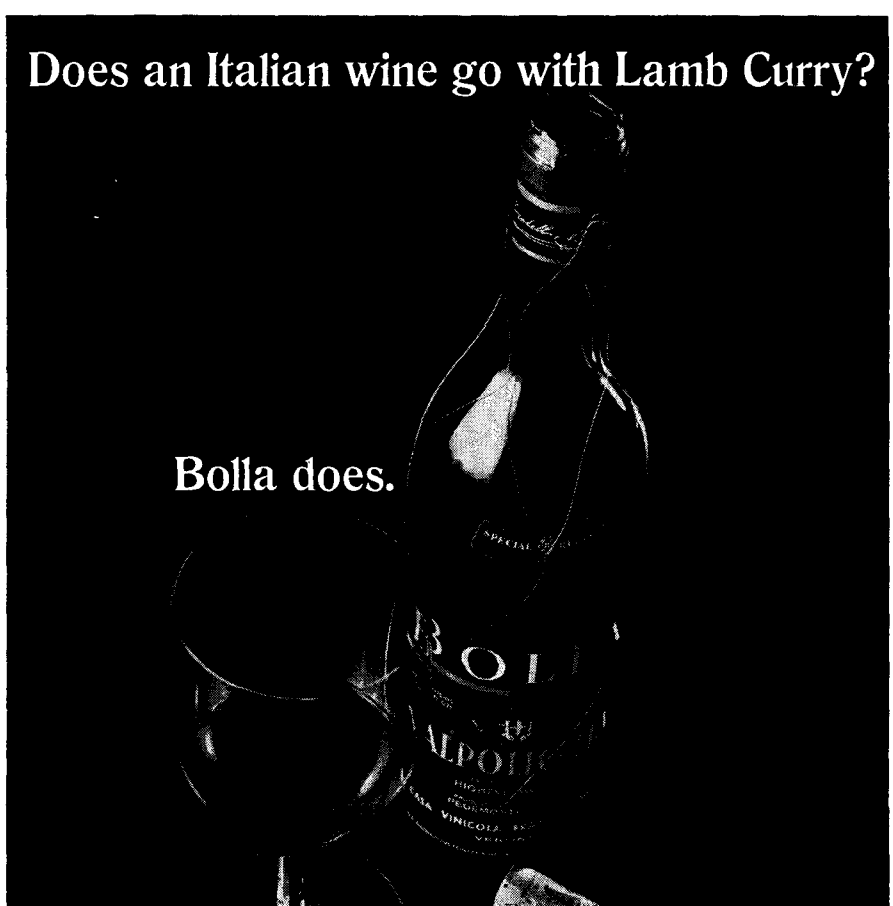
"Oh, no? They shrewdly classified Washington as a third declension name. They purposely chose a dative case construction in the dedicative inscription. In short, they made sure to render the name unrecognizable. And you tell me it wasn't premeditation! *Ouasingtóni*. Perfect distortion. Perfect revenge. You feel like asking what part of Italy George came from. And this is not the only example. Connecticut and Massachusetts have been entered in the Hellenic books as Konnektikooti and Massahoosetti; Benjamin Franklin as Veniamin Franklinos; Boston as Vostoni; San Francisco as Aghios Frankiskos; the Hudson as the Hoothson. And how do they spell it?"

"With an omega in the last syllable."

"Right. And what declension?"

"Third, I'm afraid."

"Exactly. Nominative, *Hoothson;* genitive, *Hoothsonos*; dative, *Hoothsoni*; accusative, *Hoothsona*; vocative, *O Hoothson*. How do we like now, eh? It serves us right." —KIMON LOLOS.



Nothing curries flavor better than Bolla Valpolicella, the high caste red wine from Italy. Try a bottle tonight with your Lamb Curry. For a gourmet recipe booklet, please write Bolla, The Jos. Garneau Co., Box S11, 555 Madison Ave. NYC 10022 © 1969, The Jos. Garneau Co.

Polly Wants a Capsule

"WHAT ABOUT psittacine birds?" the pamphlet asks briskly, practically taking the words out of the reader's mouth. It is a pamphlet called *Know Before You Go*, and the answer to the question is informative and concise. Psittacine birds can be imported—but under certain conditions.

The conditions fill fewer than ten lines, and these lines are not thorny with subsections, parentheses, and asterisks. The procedure is really quite simple. First, though, there is a limit of two psittacine birds per family. However, since the term "family" isn't defined, it's just possible that you could acquire a covey of four psitta-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

★★★★★★★★★★★★ MAINSTREAM'S PRE-HOLIDAY SALE ★★★★★★★★★★★★

NOT 3 OR 4 BUT 5 of these 54 books for $1

When you join the MAINSTREAM BOOK CLUB and agree to take only four books over the next two years

AN UNEQUALLED CHRISTMAS OFFER

All orders must be postmarked no later than midnight, December 24, 1969.

WINTER WITH MAINSTREAM means long pleasure-filled hours of great reading. This year, to gladden your hibernation, and make your winter a real winner, MAINSTREAM offers you not *3*, *not 4*, *but 5 nonfiction bestsellers of your choice* for $1. If you act before December 24, 1969.

Count them!

There are 54 books. Five of them are yours for only $1. To read and to share. For your Library. Or to give as gifts. *Five books.* Choose the five you want most from this extraordinarily wide selection. Write their numbers in the boxes on the coupon. Complete the coupon and mail to MAINSTREAM. You have *two* whole years to choose only four more books from our many selections and alternates. Books on which you save an average of 40% off the publisher's edition prices.

We'll do our part!

We send your initial selection of five bestsellers and bill you $1 (plus shipping and handling). Every month we will mail you our free bulletin in which MAINSTREAM editors fully describe their new selections *before publication*, together with a convenient form for requesting an alternate or no book at all. We rush you the books you choose, *often on publication*, billing you at a huge discount. Every fourth purchase entitles you to select a free *bonus* book.

Join today! Five books for $1 to start. Huge discounts and bonus books during your membership. Send no money. Just mail coupon to MAINSTREAM BOOK CLUB, Garden City, New York 11530.

327. FAREWELL TO FOOTBALL
Jerry Kramer
Pub. ed. $5.95

23. THE DAY KENNEDY WAS SHOT
Jim Bishop
Pub. ed. $7.95

16. THE PETER PRINCIPLE
Dr. Laurence J. Peter & Raymond Hull
Pub. ed. $4.95

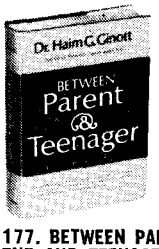
180. THE BIRTH OF GOD
James Kavanaugh
Pub. ed. $4.95

197. THE TRIAL OF DR. SPOCK
Jessica Mitford
Pub. ed. $5.95

300. THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPING COOKBOOK
Editor: Dorothy B. Marsh
Pub. ed. $8.50

323. ANTI-MEMOIRS
Andre Malraux
Pub. ed. $8.95

17. THE COLUMBIA-VIKING DESK ENCYCLOPEDIA (2 Vols.)
Pub. ed. $9.95



177. BETWEEN PARENT AND TEENAGER
Dr. Haim Ginott
Pub. ed. $5.95

228. MEMOIRS
Arthur Krock
Pub. ed. $10.00

129. WASHINGTON
Douglas Southall Freeman
Pub. ed. $14.95

170. AMERICA THE RAPED
Gene Marine
Pub. ed. $5.95

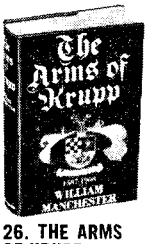
376. TWELVE CITIES
John Gunther
Pub. ed. $6.95

314. THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT® 1960 & 1964
T. H. White
Combined price
Pub. ed. $20.00

268. THE SELLING OF THE PRESIDENT 1968
Joe McGinniss
Pub. ed. $5.95

161. THE ELECTRIC KOOL-AID ACID TEST
Tom Wolfe
Pub. ed. $5.95

112. THE ARMIES OF THE NIGHT
Norman Mailer
Pub. ed. $5.95



26. THE ARMS OF KRUPP
William Manchester
Pub. ed. $12.50

133. THE SECOND GENESIS THE COMING CONTROL OF LIFE
Albert Rosenfeld
Pub. ed. $6.95

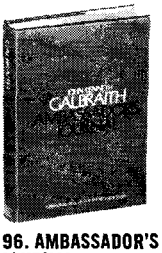
204. THE YEAR OF THE PEOPLE
Eugene J. McCarthy
Pub. ed. $6.95

134. THE WAR BUSINESS
George Thayer
Pub. ed. $6.95

153. THE STORY OF PAINTING
H. W. Janson and Dora J. Janson
Pub. ed. $15.00

122. THE NEW INDUSTRIAL STATE
John Kenneth Galbraith
Pub. ed. $6.95

284. THE SEXUAL WILDERNESS
Vance Packard
Pub. ed. $6.95



96. AMBASSADOR'S JOURNAL
John Kenneth Galbraith
Pub. ed. $10.00

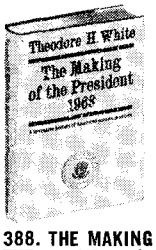
81. ROBERT KENNEDY: A MEMOIR
Jack Newfield
Pub. ed. $6.95

239. TOLSTOY
Henri Troyat
Pub. ed. $7.95

297. THE RICH & THE SUPER-RICH
Ferdinand Lundberg
Pub. ed. $15.00

136. THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY
Jacques Barzun
Pub. ed. $7.95

184. THE COMMITTEE
Walter Goodman
Pub. ed. $10.00



388. THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT® 1968
T. H. White
Pub. ed. $10.00

409. AN UNFINISHED WOMAN
Lillian Hellman
Pub. ed. $7.50

36. THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT
James Simon Kunen
Pub. ed. $4.95

163. AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL (Vol. II)
Pub. ed. $7.95

270. NORMA JEAN
Fred L. Guiles
Pub. ed. $8.95

88. THE CASE AGAINST CONGRESS
Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson
Pub. ed. $5.95

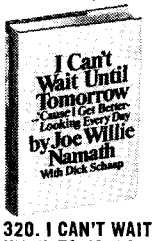
152. THE RIGHT PEOPLE
Stephen Birmingham
Pub. ed. $10.00

416. STILL HUNGRY IN AMERICA
Robert Coles
Pub. ed. $6.95

2. HAMMOND'S CONTEMPORARY WORLD ATLAS
Pub. ed. $9.95

217. THE ECONOMY OF CITIES
Jane Jacobs
Pub. ed. $5.95

366. THE GENERAL!
Pierre Galante
Pub. ed. $5.95



320. I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW...
Joe Willie Namath with Dick Schaap
Pub. ed. $6.95

220. THE NEW AMERICAN ROGETS COLLEGE THESAURUS IN DICTIONARY FORM
Pub. ed. $5.95

223. DAYBREAK
Joan Baez
Pub. ed. $3.95

291. THE VALACHI PAPERS
Peter Maas
Pub. ed. $6.95

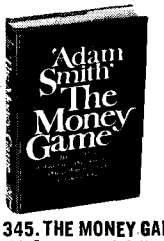
65. PAT AND ROALD
Barry Farrell
Pub. ed. $6.95

331. LINDA GOODMAN'S SUN SIGNS
Pub. ed. $7.50

41. FAKE!
Clifford Irving
Pub. ed. $7.95

124. THE FRENCH CHEF COOKBOOK
Julia Child
Pub. ed. $6.95

353. LAWRENCE & OPPENHEIMER
Nuel Pharr Davis
Pub. ed. $7.50



345. THE MONEY GAME
"Adam Smith"
Pub. ed. $6.95

14. THE PILL
Robert W. Kistner, M.D.
Pub. ed. $5.95

132. IN REVIEW: PICTURES I'VE KEPT
Dwight D. Eisenhower
Pub. ed. $7.95

398. THE BOUVIERS
John H. Davis
Pub. ed. $10.00

MAINSTREAM BOOK CLUB

Dept. 9N-SR2 Garden City, New York 11530

Please accept my application for membership and send me the five books whose numbers I have printed in boxes below:

Bill me only $1 plus shipping and handling for all five books. However, if not delighted with them, I may return them in 10 days and my membership will be canceled.

If I decide to continue, I agree to purchase on my Club charge account as few as four more selections or alternates during the next *two* years at the members' special price, guaranteed to average 40% less than the publishers' editions (a modest charge is added for shipping and handling). Each month you will send me the free Club bulletin, describing the forthcoming selection and other vital provocative books, together with a convenient form for requesting an alternate or no book at all if I do not wish to receive the selection. Every fourth purchase of a selection or alternate will entitle me to choose a free bonus book.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss (please print)

Address

City State Zip

OFFER GOOD IN CONTINENTAL U.S.A. ONLY 5MS37

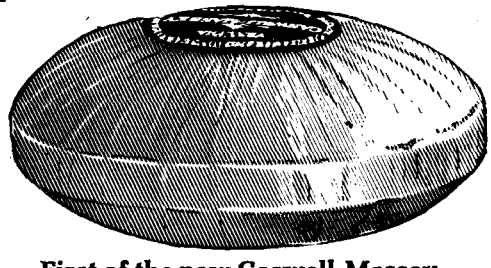
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

declares
Ralph Taylor PhG. President, Caswell-Massey Co.

"For over a century, Caswell-Massey has been making superb soaps from a specially prepared extract of whale oil—soaps unrivaled for richness, unmatched for the sheer luxury of their lather. Today, the demand for Caswell-Massey Whale Oil Soaps has never been greater. And it is precisely when these leviathans of lather are at their peak of popularity that we have decided to make no more. With this public notice, we are ceasing production of Caswell-Massey Whale Oil Extract Soaps. What prompts this unprecedented action on our part? The real fear that the whale, if unprotected, stands in mortal danger of extinction. And far be it for us, America's oldest chemists and perfumers, in any way to encourage the hunting down of these noble giants of the deep, nor to precipitate their demise! Hopefully, by stopping the manufacture of Whale Oil Soaps, we may encourage others in commerce to follow our example and thus Save The Whale.

Realizing the inconvenience such a decision might give our loyal patrons, we have worked long hours prior to this announcement to find a replacement which would duplicate the natural qualities of whale oil. What we have now come up with is a surprising substance derived from a natural, vegetable source which chemically and physiologically duplicates our former whale oil extract and which we have named in honor of our friend, the whale, Vegesperm. So, providentially, we can continue to supply a bath soap of remarkable beauty, with the same abundance of rich lather and gentleness rare even amongst the costliest of soaps. Each hefty oval of our new Caswell-Massey Vegesperm Bath Soap weighs approximately 6 ounces. It bursts into billows of creamy, skin-drenching lather the moment it touches water. And our fragrances —superb! Nine different scents, including one that was actually favored by George Washington and dates from our founding in 1752. These intense fragrances last till the very last sliver. And for each one there's a lovely color to add beauty to your bathroom. You'll find our new Vegesperm soaps at some of the best stores and shops. They cost some $5.00 for three large ovals neatly boxed. And you have my personal assurance they're remarkably like our Whale Oil Soaps of yore. Except that there's a whale of a difference between them!"

Before: **Last of the Whale Oil Soaps.**



Caswell-Massey Co. Ltd.
114 E. 25th St., N.Y.C. 10010
America's Oldest
Chemists & Perfumers
Est. 1752

After: **First of the new Caswell-Massey Vegesperm Bath Soap.**

cine birds if your married daughter and her husband have been traveling with you. The point is worth checking.

Three requirements are stipulated for importation without a permit. The first is that the psittacine bird must be in good health, and plainly there is no problem here. All the customs inspector would have to do is ask it, and since nobody would import a psittacine bird that couldn't talk, the answer should be prompt.

Next, psittacine birds should not be for sale or trade. An inventory of no more than two psittacine birds per family hardly suggests a lucrative business, but there it is.

And, thirdly, the regulations stipulate that you shouldn't have imported any psittacine birds during the preceding year. In other words, no going back and forth every week in order to stock up an aviary.

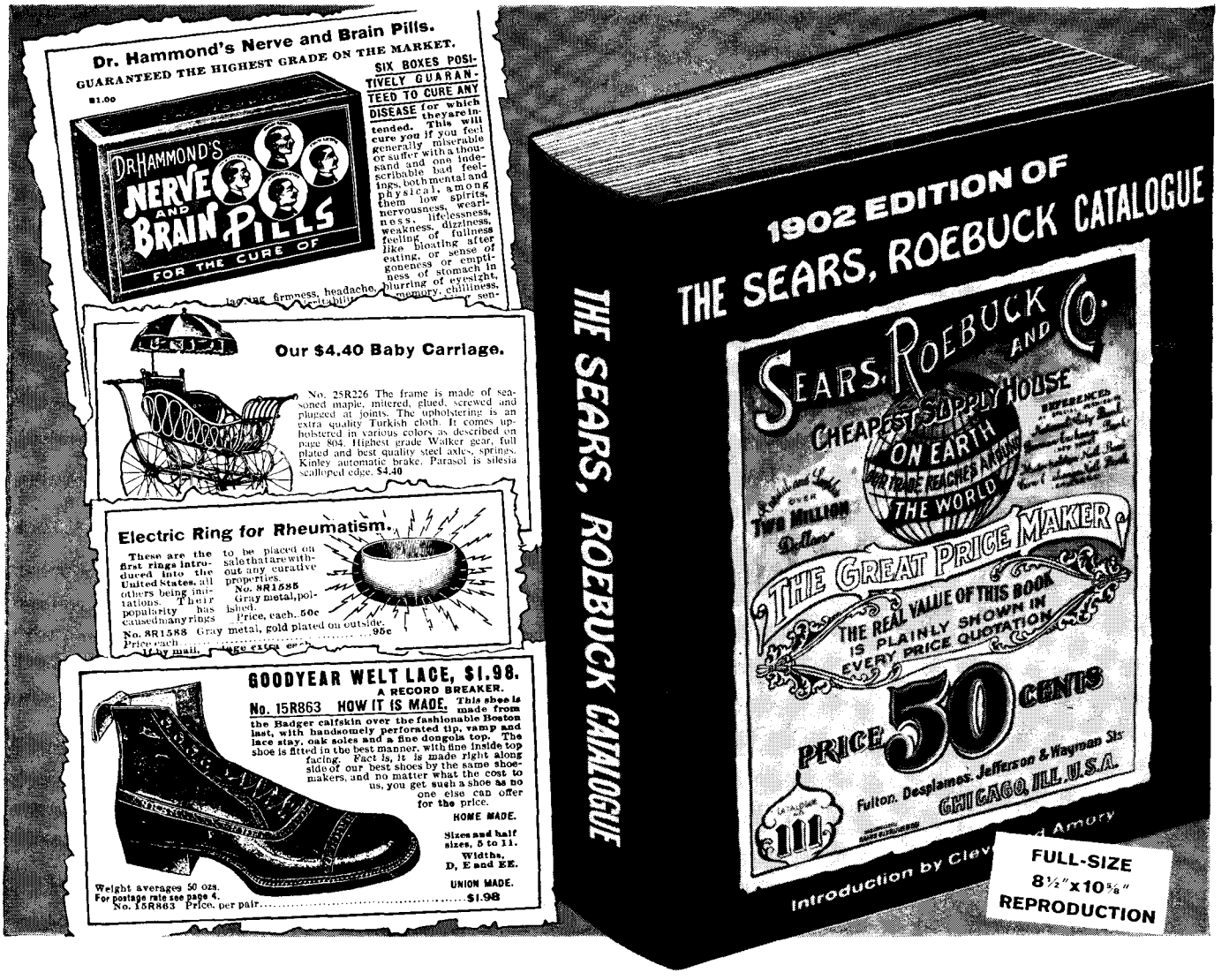
There is one final requirement. Anyone bringing a psittacine bird into the United States has to certify that it will be treated with chlortetracycline for forty-five days. His own word won't be good enough—the treatment must be carried out by or under the supervision of a licensed veterinarian. But chlortetracycline isn't absolutely essential. Another medication will do as long as it is one approved by the Surgeon General of the Public Health Service. The pamphlet doesn't say which of these substitutes the Surgeon General has bestowed his approval on, or whether there is a list of them that the psittacine bird-fancier of antichlortetracycline persuasion may refer to. There is a faint suggestion that the Surgeon General, if you call him up, will be able to recommend something.

And, lastly, there is thoughtful provision for the traveler who wants to take a psittacine bird *out of* the United States, and then bring it back again. It is consoling to learn that this important category of tourist is being catered to, that Americans who shrink from viewing the Ponte Vecchio or entering Notre Dame without a psittacine bird on their shoulder have not been disregarded. All they have to do is get a permit before they leave.

But it is the immigrant bird that merits the greater consideration, and this leads to an interesting reflection. It's a pity we all speak so damn correctly nowadays. Time was when the vegetable resembling the girasol was called a Jerusalem artichoke, and the inn sign that read GOD ENCOMPASSETH US became the GOAT AND COMPASSES. There is little chance today that the psittacine bird will ever be called the citizen bird—though this is exactly what it will become once it has taken its chlortetracycline tablets for forty-five days. —FRANK LITTLER.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Wonderful Collector's Item for Only $3.98


Dr. Hammond's Nerve and Brain Pills.
GUARANTEED THE HIGHEST GRADE ON THE MARKET.
SIX BOXES POSITIVELY GUARANTEED TO CURE ANY DISEASE for which they are intended. This will cure you if you feel generally miserable or suffer with a thousand and one indescribable bad feelings, both mental and physical, among them low spirits, nervousness, weariness, lifelessness, weakness, dizziness, feeling of fullness like bloating after eating, or sense of emptiness or emptiness of stomach, blurring of eyesight, memory, chilliness, sensitiveness, irritability, nervousness, headache, nervousness, dizziness, $1.00
DR HAMMOND'S NERVE AND BRAIN PILLS
FOR THE CURE OF
Our $4.40 Baby Carriage.
No. 25R226 The frame is made of seasoned maple, mitered, glued, screwed and plugged at joints. The upholstering is an extra quality Turkish cloth. It comes upholstered in various colors as described on page 884. Highest grade Walker gear, full plated and best quality steel axles, springs, Kinley automatic brake. Parasol is silesia scalloped edge. $4.40
Electric Ring for Rheumatism.
These are the first rings introduced into the United States, all others being imitations. Their popularity has caused many rings to be placed on sale that are without any curative properties.
No. 8R1585 Gray metal, polished. Price, each, 50c
No. 8R1588 Gray metal, gold plated on outside. Price each 95c
By mail, ... extra each.
GOODYEAR WELT LACE, $1.98.
A RECORD BREAKER.
No. 15R863 HOW IT IS MADE. This shoe is made from the Badger calfskin over the fashionable Boston last, with handsomely perforated tip, vamp and lace stay, oak soles and a fine dongola top. The shoe is fitted in the best manner, with fine inside top facing. Fact is, it is made right along side of our best shoes by the same shoemakers, and no matter what the cost to us, you get such a shoe as no one else can offer for the price.
HOME MADE.
Sizes and half sizes, 5 to 11.
Widths, D, E and EE.
UNION MADE.
Weight averages 50 ozs.
For postage rate see page 4.
No. 15R863 Price, per pair $1.98
THE SEARS, ROEBUCK CATALOGUE
1902 EDITION OF
THE SEARS, ROEBUCK CATALOGUE
SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.
CHEAPEST SUPPLY HOUSE ON EARTH
OVER TWO MILLION Dollars
THE GREAT PRICE MAKER
THE REAL VALUE OF THIS BOOK IS PLAINLY SHOWN IN EVERY PRICE QUOTATION
PRICE 50 CENTS
Fulton, Desplaines, Jefferson & Wayman Sts.
CHICAGO, ILL. U.S.A.
111
Introduction by Clev... Amury
FULL-SIZE 8½"x10⅝" REPRODUCTION

SEARS ROEBUCK 1902 CATALOG

AMERICA AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY. When penny candy was king...when knickers were a boy's best friend and when a woman showed ankles, maybe. Enjoy all the nostalgia of a young, still largely rural America in this remarkable, and amusing book. Published in the Spring of 1902, this Sears Roebuck catalog mirrors the dreams and needs of Americans at a time when life was far less complex...much more fun, and cost far less!

Buggies were the rage. The 1906 Pure Food and Drug Act was four years away and you could still get a Sure Cure for Tobacco Habit... Dr. Rose's Arsenic Complexion Wafers and a white Ribbon Secret Liquor Cure. And prices were something else again...Toothbrushes 3¢... a drophead sewing machine guaranteed for 20 years and priced at only $10.45... a solid oak home organ for only $22... and high button leather shoes only $1.98! All are beautifully illustrated with fine steel engraving of the period.

This great book is over 700 pages, a large 8½" x 10⅝" (the actual size of the 1902 catalog) and has more than 40,000 items, carefully illustrated and fully described. It's really a joy to read, with a lesson in thrift and true American thinking for every member of the family... nostalgia for the older, an education for the young. It's a wonderful book, a wonderful gift, and at $3.98, a lot more for the money than you can find today. Only 1 printing—the supply is really limited. Order today. It's worth it!

FULL COLOR LAMINATED COVER

Only $3.98

-MAIL 10-DAY NO RISK COUPON-

GREENLAND STUDIOS
1593 Greenland Building, Miami, Fla. 33054

Please send me _____ Sears Roebuck 1902 Catalogs for only $3.98 each plus 50¢ for postage and handling. I understand if not completely delighted, that I may return item within 10 days for a prompt and complete refund. Enclosed is check or M.O. for $_____.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

☐ SAVE $1. Send only $7.98 for 2 catalogs, we pay the postage. Extra catalog makes a wonderful gift.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

A Family Affair

Nielsen Family TV Watchers,
New Dorp, Staten Island, New York

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Nielsen Family:

Hi there. You don't know me, and you're probably surprised to hear from me, a TV watcher that the A. C. Nielsen people have never asked what programs I watch.

The reason I'm writing is I was impressed by the story in the *Times* that you and your three sons, aged eleven, ten, and five, are one of the anonymous families in the New York area who "influence, through your watching habits, commercial television programing."

Well, there are two programs I desperately want to see get a good rating and so stay on television. Without your "influence" my favorite programs will be canceled. Would you please watch them?

The programs are situation comedies. One is *Room 222*, with an attractive and brilliant cast of Lloyd Haynes, Denise Nicholas, Karen Valentine, and Michael Constantine performing sensitively written scripts. I'm sure you'll like this one. Another is *My World and Welcome to It*, starring William Windom and especially Lisa Gerritsen, who is the most adorable child actress to come on the TV scene in years.

A. C. Nielsen says that your one family represents 50,000 households in the New York area. So your family would be like turning on the whole city of Fayetteville, North Carolina, or the two combined cities of East Liverpool, Ohio, and Clarksburg, West Virginia. That's how influential you are, in case you don't know it.

I'll make a deal with you. I see where the *Times* says your family tastes run to *McHale's Navy*, *F Troop*, and *The Flintstones*. If you will watch my favorite shows, I promise to watch four *McHale's Navy* programs, three of *F Troop*, and half of one of *The Flintstones*. OK?

I have a personal reason to keep one of my favorite programs on TV. *My World and Welcome to It* is based on the world of James Thurber, the great and gentle humorist of his day. You probably don't know Mr. Thurber. He didn't write *McHale's Navy* or *The Flintstones*. I regret to say, I met Mr. Thurber belatedly and knew him casually. But he did something very nice and unexpected when I was writing a TV show called *The Big Party*.

It was an hour and a half of big stars, gathered at a party where they did "their thing" in a sort of seemingly improvised manner. The morning after the debut we were all gathered in the sponsor's office to assess the first show.

The sponsor had not been pleased with it. One of his men at the meeting said: "My elevator man told me last night that he thought the players were very nervous about the material that was written for them."

He said that a lot of changes would have to be made in the scripts of subsequent shows because of the criticism by his elevator man.

I said, "Is that what your elevator man said? Well, let me read you what my elevator man said." And I pulled out a letter that had been delivered by hand to my home. I read it:

" 'Dear Goody: Helen and I were absolutely enchanted by your first show —fresh and crackling and wonderful from start to finish. I felt I was at the party, and I was sorry when it was over. With affection and admiration, As ever. . . .' That's what my elevator man had to say about last night's show."

"Who's your elevator man?" asked the man who had quoted his elevator man without identifying him.

"My elevator man," I said, pretending to be unable to make out the signature, "is uh—James—Thurber."

The sponsor, although he could identify every one of the delicate shades of his lipsticks and eyebrow pencils, could not, of course, identify James Thurber. The show was changed, and gradually it deteriorated and went off the air.

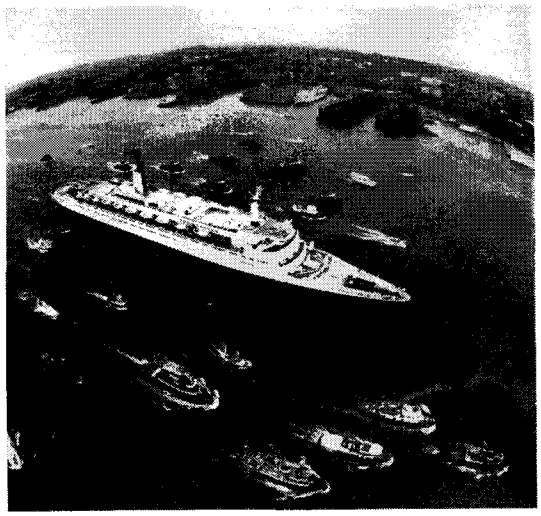
Although the reason I ask you to watch *My World and Welcome to It* seems to smack of reciprocal respect I pay Mr. Thurber, believe me, the program will intrigue you if you tune your set and mind to it.

Well, Nielsen Family, thanks for listening, as we say in the trade, and thanks for *not* watching that new program *Here's Debbie*, which showed a low rating in the early Nielsen returns. Keep on *not* watching it, and soon it'll be *Where's Debbie*? Miss Reynolds, you recall, complained after the first program about being sponsored by a cigarette manufacturer. The cigarette commercial was taken off. It would have been less hazardous to our health if they had canceled the show and kept the cigarette commercial. Yours truly.

Sterling Beehives
A new pair of Gorham Originals. Now salt and pepper dwells in sterling beehives, with non-corrosive liners. A gold plated bee identifies salt. The silver bee means pepper. Height 2½ inches. $20.00 the pair. For you, for a very original gift. Available at finest jewelry stores and silverware departments.
GORHAM DIVISION OF TEXTRON, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND
GORHAM
Sterling
Do you own a Gorham Original?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When "Swinging London" crosses the Atlantic, we help guide her by satellite.



The great new Cunard liner, Queen Elizabeth 2, is as bright, mod and advanced as anything Britain can offer except, maybe, King's Road, Chelsea, in London. It is 65,863 gross tons of luxury living, and has everything from exciting clubs and shopping arcades to smart restaurants set high up in the ship, and The London Art Gallery.

Even the navigation system is right out of the space age—and that's where we come in.

Man-made "stars" for navigation

The QE2 is the first passenger vessel to be guided with the help of a U.S. Navy system of polar-orbiting satellites. Here's how it works.

Each satellite in the system circles the earth every 108 minutes, broadcasting signals which announce its precise position every two minutes. On board the QE2, our satellite navigation system determines the position of the liner with respect to the satellite's known location at the instant of broadcast.

Accuracy and range of the total system are phenomenal: to about one-tenth of a nautical mile in all weather, anywhere on the high seas.

In addition, we supplied all the main radio transmitters aboard QE2, equipped the radio room, and supplied the ship's telephone exchange and telecommunications cabling. So passengers are able to speak to virtually any point in the world from their cabins. We also supplied the QE2 with all its teleprinters.

Doing something about the weather

Other of our space "firsts" are two high-resolution space camera systems on board NASA's newest satellite, Nimbus-III. One, for daytime, provides weather photos during the daylight portion of the Nimbus-III pole-to-pole orbit. The other provides strip maps of the infrared heat emitted from the earth and its clouds as the satellite travels through the nighttime portion of its orbit. This night camera system switches to taking regular weather photos during the daylight hours.

Our Aerospace/Optical Division developed these camera systems, as well as the on-board satellite navigation system for the Queen Elizabeth 2.

ITT and you

The companies that make up our corporation —and there are some 200 of them—are in all kinds of businesses. From food processing to satellite navigation systems. This was choice, not chance. Dictated by the changing needs of this changing world.

Each of our companies today has a proven track record, and each is in an industry with an unusually good growth potential.

The key word here is *growth*. Businesses like ours must keep growing, for only through growth can we continue to help people like you, all over the world, to enjoy a better life. Whether watching the weather report on TV in Watkins Glen, living in a Levitt house in Le Mesnil-St. Denis near Paris, or dancing the "horse" on the Queen Elizabeth 2.

International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, 320 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

SERVING PEOPLE AND NATIONS EVERYWHERE ITT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Lip-Thinking: Washington—as someone once said—is full of distinguished men and of the women they married when they were young. The same thing could be said, at times and in part, for my wife's dinner parties; and so it was that I found myself carving for several impressively titled gents and their ladies, while one of the ladies smothered all hope of conversation in the shrilling of her latest enthusiasm.

She (and incidentally, I suppose, her husband) had recently married off their last chick, and to fill the idle hours—and to complicate his tax return—she had brushed off her thirty-year-old teaching certificate, spent a summer session on refresher courses, and gone back to teaching English, a language she spoke so fluently that to listen to her was as good as a course in speed reading.

It happens that I am a slow reader. I am, in fact, almost a lip reader. For years I have read poetry as a sensual act, sounding each word and cadence in my head, and often saying the lines aloud in response to a moving passage. Good poetry, as I have long insisted, carries with it a notation as detailed and as specific as that of music, though some of the specifications of music do not apply to poetry and some of the specifications of poetry do not apply to music. Like music, poetry gives signals to indicate its own tempo, emphasis, pauses, stresses, modes, and moods; like music it must be taken as indicated. To speed up either one simply for the sake of speed would be disaster. The best conductor is not the man who gets the orchestra through a score in the shortest elapsed time; were that so, any man with a stop watch could qualify as a music critic. The best conductor is the one who leads the orchestra through the score in the most sensitive way, having it play fast when so scored, but never for the sake of speed itself.

So it is for poetry. Nor would I have poetry read in any other way. Speed read John Donne and you have destroyed the art of his language. He demands that he be read aloud, or that he be at least lip-read. I regret only that such lip-reading has confirmed in me habits that make it hard to keep up with the press, novels, and the non-fiction oracles. I once started Marshall McLuhan. Put off by the badness of his style, I put the book down, still have him to read, and wonder when, if ever, I shall get to him. Over the roast, in fact, I was thinking that if I could get that garrulous suburban pixie at my table to read McLuhan to me, I might cover his complete works in a two-hour sitting.

I suppose these thoughts were a half-conscious effort to shut off the pixie's shrilling as I ran the electric knife through the roast. It was obvious that the small whine of the batteries could not drown out the skirr of her dynamo.

"Imagine!" she said (*Imagine*! was a mannerism of hers and was always sounded with an exclamation point in the voice). "Imagine! Twenty-nine years have passed between my first and second years as a school teacher [exclamation point, sentence, but no pause] George tells me that at this rate I'll never make superintendent of schools [e.p./s./n.p.] What an ugly-thought-George-imagine! [e.p./s./n.p.] All that fussy administrative stuff and meetings when I could be with my girls! oh what girls! just imagine! all thirteens and fourteens and so beautiful! so sweet and pure! and still without a thought in their heads, imagine! of *S-E-X*."

She pronounced the last three letters slowly and with massive emphasis, with such emphasis, in fact, that there actually came a pause in her birdy-tweeting, a pause in which I sensed that everyone at the table was shaking the accumulated sound from his ears while trying, for civility's sake, to keep the motion imperceptible; and in that pause I heard someone say, "Honey, it's all right to pronounce 'sex' around here. It's p-u-r-e that we spell out to protect the children."

She and her foregone husband left at 10 o'clock. I had guessed she would be developing a headache about that time, and had been careful not to bring out the really good brandy until they were gone. I even made sure my wife had several refills. For some reason she refused to grow mellow as the party did. She insisted, later, that it was I who had made the remark about pronouncing "sex" and spelling p-u-r-e. I was prepared to swear I had only thought it inside my head: I could even recall my surprise at hearing someone say aloud exactly what I was thinking at the time.

Could I have been lip-thinking?

"What?" my wife said. It was then well after midnight and we were alone.

"What what?" I said.

(*Continued on page* 14)

After you've admired his savoir faire, ask to see his Marie Brizards.

"That's how to learn for certain whether he's really as polished as he seems. If he proves he has taste enough to own a Marie Brizard liqueur, consider him worth your time. If he proves rich enough to own all 18, start working overtime to show him you're worth *his* time."

Crème de Menthe, Crème de Cacao, Anisette, Apry (Apricot), Blackberry, Curacao, Banane, Café Brizard, Crème de Cassis, Cherry, Kirsch, Kummel, Mandarine, Marasquin, Parfait Amour, Peach, Prunelle, Triple Sec.

Marie Brizard

Imported liqueurs

Marie Brizard Liqueurs. 50-100 Proof. © Imported by Schieffelin & Co., New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

17 reasons why you should read psychology today

1. Why words are the least important of the ways we communicate with each other.
2. The sexual reason behind the popularity of natural childbirth.
3. Why political leaders are constantly in danger of insanity.
4. Why Asians make better politicians than Westerners.
5. Do men need more recreation than women?
6. What kind of parents do hippies make?
7. Why it may be time to end the taboo against incest.
8. The inferiority feelings of men who seek corporate power.
9. What the schizophrenic is trying to tell us.
10. Are campus activists rebelling against the system—or their parents?
11. What your daydreams reveal about your ethnic background.
12. Why do swingers tend to become impotent?
13. Is it time to grant the right to commit suicide?
14. Does a child think before he can talk?
15. Why are today's students attracted to violence?
16. Are "hawks" sexually repressed?
17. Are some men born criminals?

Want to learn what modern psychology has learned about people? Including you?

Until recently, that was quite an order

Your choice would have been to plow through professional journals. Read weighty new books as quickly as they came out. Or trust the mass media—where psychology is often sensationalized, distorted, oversimplified.

PSYCHOLOGY TODAY has changed all that

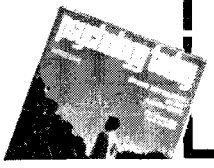
PSYCHOLOGY TODAY is a new magazine that enables the educated layman to catch up with the social sciences. And keep up. With full coverage of all the different approaches to understanding the human condition. The viewpoints range from hard-core Freudianism to the newer behaviorists who, frankly, think Freud was all wet.

It's psychology the way you'd want it to be presented. Excitingly. Without tired jargon. No cliche-ridden definitions. And with contributions by many of the most famous names in the behavioral sciences—like Bruno Bettelheim, Albert C. Clark, Rollo May, Ashley Montagu, Carl Rogers and B. F. Skinner.

Send for a complimentary issue

You can find out what PSYCHOLOGY TODAY is like—and learn a few things you may never have known before—without paying a penny. If you mail the coupon, we'll send you a complimentary issue of PSYCHOLOGY TODAY.

There's no obligation.



6-050

psychology today

P. O. Box 60461, Terminal Annex,
Los Angeles, California 90060

Please send me my complimentary current issue of PSYCHOLOGY TODAY. I may keep my sample copy and owe nothing. However, unless I cancel, you may enroll me as a trial subscriber and send me the next 11 issues. Bill me after my subscription has started for just $6.00, my special introductory rate—instead of the regular $10 annual price.

Name_____
(Please Print)

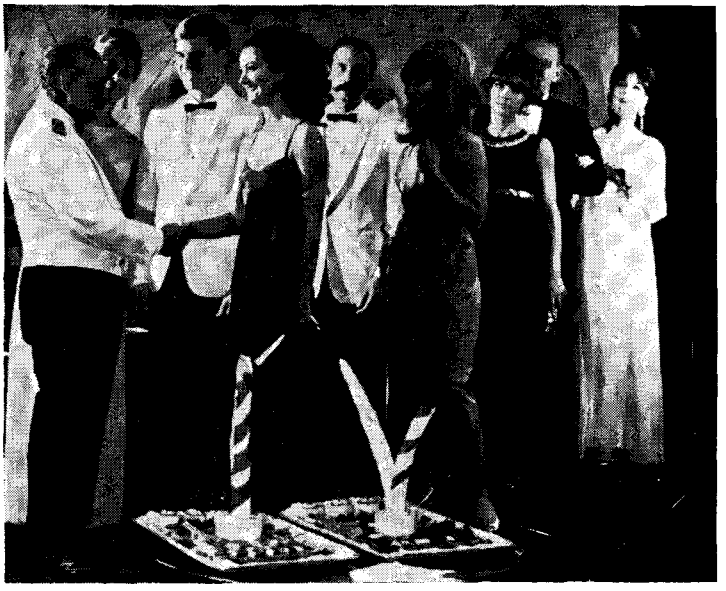
Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

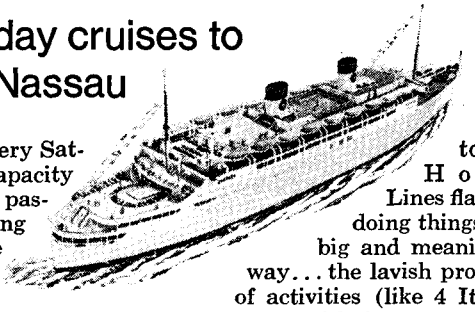
When winter comes...



seasoned one-week vacationers will again meet every Saturday

on **HOMERIC**

7-day cruises to Freeport and Nassau



Like clockwork, at 4 P.M. every Saturday during the winter, a capacity roster of knowledgeable cruise passengers waves goodbye to freezing New York and sails off to the sunny Bahamas on the fun ship HOMERIC. What is there about this ship that so many people repeatedly make her their winter headquarters for one-week vacations? To some it's the spirit of the ship... the congenial cruise atmosphere, the warmhearted dedication of the superbly trained Italian personnel and American cruise staff. Others attribute it to the Home Lines flair for doing things in a big and meaningful way... the lavish program of activities (like 4 Italian orchestras, each with its own special style and vocalist), the lavish table set before you from morning to midnight buffet. The destinations, too, add to the HOMERIC's attraction as a winter resort...you enjoy a day and night in both Freeport and Nassau, with stopovers in Nassau permitted at no extra cost.

●

7-day Cruises from New York to Freeport & Nassau, Jan. 3 thru Mar. 21, 1970. Special rates in January, from $180.
(other weeks from $195). Also 7-day Nassau cruises Dec. 20 (Christmas), Dec. 27 (New Year), Mar. 28 (Easter).
Minimum rates subject to availability

●

BOOK THROUGH YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

HOME LINES

42 Broadway, N.Y. 10004 • Tel. 425-1515
Offices in Principal Cities

SAFETY INFORMATION:
Homeric, registered in Panama, meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1948 and meets the 1966 fire safety requirements.

(*Continued from page* 10)

"What did you say about hip-thickening?"

"I didn't say anything about hip-thickening. In fact, I didn't say anything."

"You distinctly muttered something about hip-thickening."

"How could I *distinctly* mutter?"

" 'Mutter distinctly' is better English word order, Professor."

"Agreed. As it happens, I was quoting—you, as it happens."

"Don't change the subject."

"What is the subject?"

"The subject is hip-thickening."

"Oh, cut it out. You've got to agree it got to be a nice party after 10 o'clock."

"Agreed, as one of my pompous friends might say. *And* if I don't die of embarrassment before I wake. *And* what about hip-thickening?"

"Did I happen to think aloud?"

"Happen to? In case you haven't realized it, Doctor Strangelove, you spend half your time talking to yourself."

Had it really come to that? I realized I had known it all along but had preferred to ignore it. I decided to confess. "I might have said something about lip-thinking," I told her.

"That makes no sense."

"It's related to lip-reading," I said.

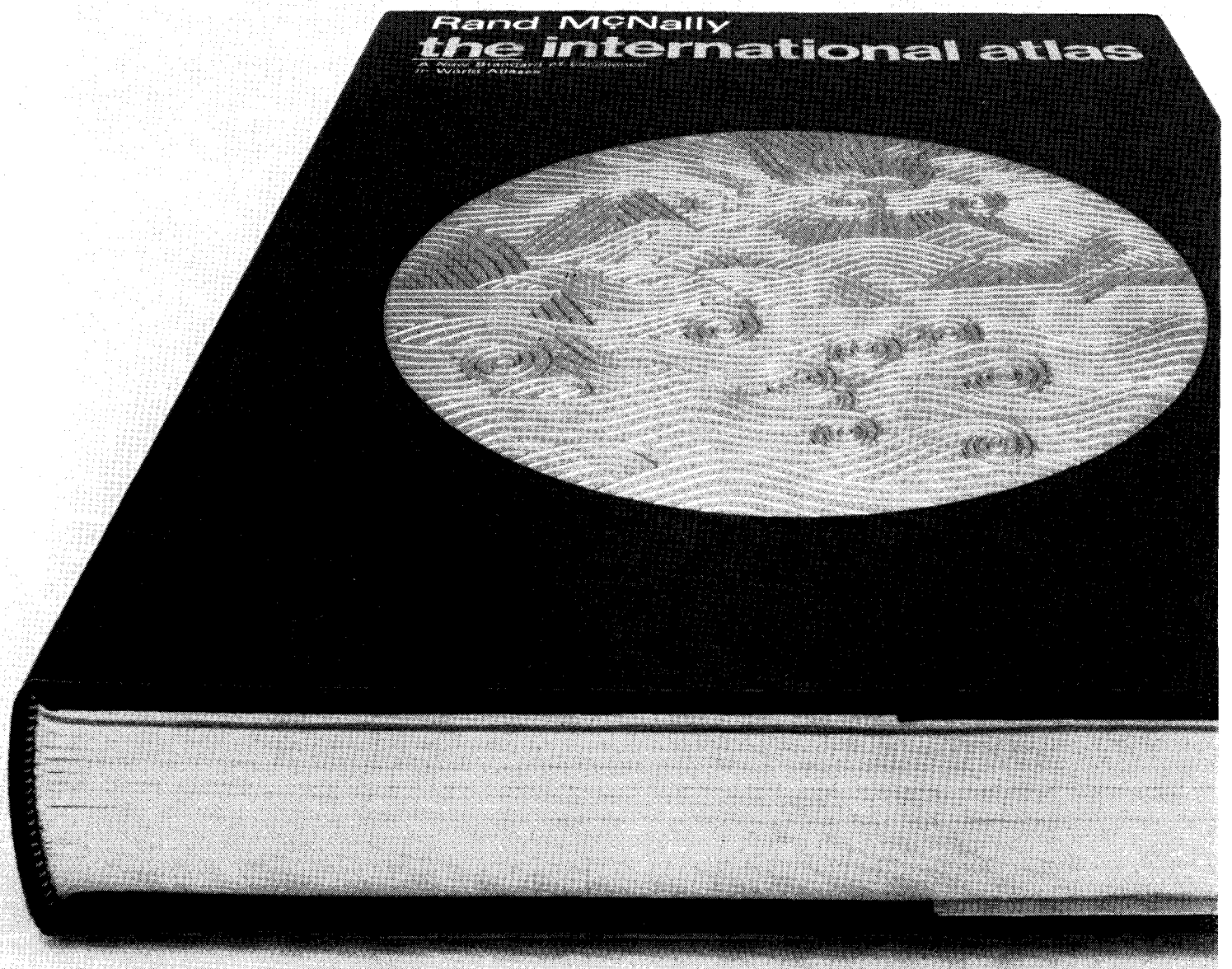
She gave me that look she saves for times when she has pulled back into herself and is peeking through her eyes as if they were knotholes. It felt lonely out where I was, with nothing between me and reality but an imaginary suburb that keeps changing faster than it is. I found myself thinking how easily the town could become full of distinguished widows and of the memory of the husbands they had had committed while they were still young enough.

I was careful, however, to keep my lips together. As a matter of fact, I still have teeth marks in the lower one, though I think they are fading and doubt that any scars will remain. But a small scar or two isn't much of a price to pay for safety, and she has enough ideas already.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The world today may seem smaller to some of you—but not to us. The all new maps in Rand McNally's International Atlas are unusually large in scale because the events of each year demand more detailed geographic knowledge. They were created by a team of cartographers from many nations, each contributing his special knowledge. Only six different scales are used to facilitate direct visual comparison of continents, regions, countries and even most of the world's major metropolitan areas. To publish such an atlas required new skills and a unique creative approach. It's available wherever fine books are sold. **Rand McNally,** publishers, book manufacturers, mapmakers.

small world? large maps!



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our Letter of the Week came from Elizabeth Davenport Plant of Macon, Georgia. She told us that on a recent trip to California she heard a woman deliver an opinion about a family that had moved into her neighborhood:

> They are very peculiar people. I guess you might call them intellectuals—they speak five languages. Of course, I'm not saying anything against that kind of thing, but would you believe it? They haven't got a single TV set in their whole house.

We know the type. They probably have conversation, too—right where the TV ought to be. Our theory is they aren't necessarily *subversive*, though. Just gone underground, so to speak, till this generation blows over.

On a lecture trip to the Michigan Library Association, we not only had the heady experience of being introduced as one of the twenty-five Greatest Met Fans, we were also personally loaned, for a two-week period, by Mrs. Margaret Hendrix, children's librarian of the Lansing Public Library, a copy of a children's book by William R. Cox. Its title: *The Mets Will Win the Pennant* (Putnam). The publication date—now get this—was 1964. Our favorite quote:

> It is not easy but it is feasible. It's like a chess match, excepting that the pawns have varied personalities and talents and can't—or won't—make the move the manager designates. There are hundreds of moves in every game. There are 162 games through the summer heat of some of the worst spots in the country, where the muggy weather makes it almost impossible to think straight. Let the tiniest thing go wrong, a man out of position, a step, a pitcher allowing a curve to hang, and the team may be in a peck of trouble. Yet every season two clubs have to win pennants.

Have to, do they? Listen, Mr. Cox, the Mets didn't *have* to do anything—they just up and did it. The Mets never did *anything* by haves.

Our Sign of the Times was spotted by Mrs. Rodney Berntsen in Tacoma, Washington. It was in the window of a self-service laundry next door to a movie theater showing *I Am Curious (Yellow)*. YOU CAN HIDE IN HERE, the sign said, TILL THE SHOW STARTS.

On the other hand, at the premiere of *Paint Your Wagon* (the color of your choice) there was but no place to hide. Only the peerless Alan Jay Lerner, who, after all, was hardly responsible for either the directing or the acting, came through unscathed. As proof of his gentle unhappiness, however, we offer the fact that we attended the premiere with a friend who told us that at the premiere of *Camelot* his wife had become ill and was solicitously looked after, in the manager's office, by none other than Mr. Lerner himself. Attending *Paint Your Wagon*, our friend ran into Lerner. How, Lerner asked, was his wife. Touched by Lerner's memory and concern, our friend said she was fine. "Good," smiled Lerner. "If *Camelot* made her sick, this time I was *really* worried."

Just when we thought that Spiro Agnew was the world champion foot-in-mouther—who was it who said he put his effete in his mouth?—there came, from out of nowhere, a new challenger. He is Alfred Stokely of Indianapolis, president of Stokely-Van Camp, Inc., a company famed for, among other things, the distribution of Gatorade—that Florida football drink that bid fair to sweep the country. Unfortunately, Gatorade utilized cyclamates—but Mr. Stokely proved himself equal to the challenge. "If," he said, "there's an orderly transition in using up the Gatorade products on the shelves, there shouldn't be an appreciable effect on Stokely's earnings.

"If the public panics, though," he added, "it's a different problem."

Well, there you have it. Step to the rear of the bus, Mr. Agnew. This is what we call really putting your mouth where your money is.

And now, of course, the rest is up to us. Will we, in this hour of trial, panic? Or will we stay calm and resolve to do our duty as Mr. Stokely has given us the opportunity to see that duty? Will we show the white feather? Or will we pitch in, drink up, and, in orderly fashion—or rather orderly transition—get the stuff off the shelves?

Our feeling, Mr. Stokely, is that we will. We did it at Valley Forge, we did it in the blizzard of '88, and we did it in the blackout of '65. We will do it now. But, Mr. Stokely, we only measured up at the Valley, in the blizzard, and especially during the blackout when we were given the facts. Mr.

ONE TOO MANY IS TOO MANY.

Beam's Choice is a very good Bourbon. (We should know—we've been making Bourbon since 1795.)
We age it for eight years. And charcoal filter it after aging.
The result is about as close to perfect as anybody's going to get.
So sip it. And savor it.
But whatever you do don't guzzle it down.

8 YEARS OLD. 86 & 90 PROOF. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO. CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Give a lot this Christmas for only $9.95

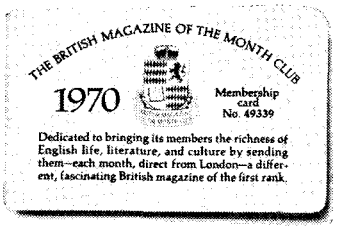
It's hard to believe you still can.

Because, for that price, it's not easy these days to find something that's exciting. Unless you think of a gift membership in British Magazine-of-the-Month Club.

Every month your friend will receive a different British magazine — mailed direct from London. But this is much more than a magazine subscription you're giving. It's a year-long introduction to fascinating people. To new places. To *all* of Britain.

Exciting? Your friend will think it's priceless!

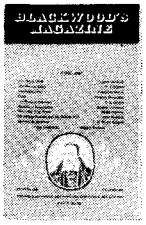
A full-colour greeting card — signed as you direct — will announce your gift.


THE BRITISH MAGAZINE OF THE MONTH CLUB
1970
Membership card No. 49339
Dedicated to bringing its members the richness of English life, literature, and culture by sending them—each month, direct from London—a different, fascinating British magazine of the first rank.

This handsome Membership Card will entitle your friends to valuable discount privileges.

The lavish 1969 Christmas edition of *Illustrated London News*, a collector's treasure, will be sent as a free Holiday bonus.

Each month — direct from London — members receive a different British periodical, like this famous magazine of wit and satire.



The rich variety of publications includes this traditional favorite, with its brilliant stories.

A fresh and fascinating perspective on the political scene. Social and economic trends, too.

Your gift is nearly foolproof, because the Club offers something for every taste — like this vibrant magazine of Britain *now!*

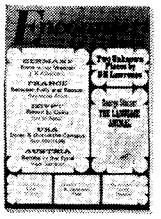
No visit to Britain is complete without a look at the suburban set on their charming estates.

And every woman will enjoy this world-renowned magazine from the nation that sparks so many new ideas in fashion.

A practical side of membership! Dozens of distinctive decorating ideas in this impeccably tasteful home guide.

Enjoy the rich panorama of rural Britain's quaint customs and colourful people.

Travel and adventure, British style, are part of this exhilarating 12-month membership.



Savour British literature, politics, and art in this news-making publication of world affairs.

Do you have friends who like to re-live the golden moments of their own visits to England? They'll welcome *Country Life!*

Each new member's fun can begin in time for Christmas. Just clip coupon. Add sheet for extra names. The more the Merrier Christmas — and easier for you, too!

For only $9.95, each member receives all these gift features:

1. 12 issues of Britain's outstanding magazines — one each month.
2. Free bonus copy of the *Illustrated London News' magnificent* $1.25 Christmas Issue.
3. Handsome gift announcement card, signed as you direct.
4. Special discount rates on all new subscriptions to any of the 12 Club magazines . . . anytime in 1970.
5. A personalized membership card.

And you receive: A Donor Membership Card qualifying you for many Club discounts.

To: **BRITISH MAGAZINE-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB**
Dept. BS-11-15, 545 Cedar Lane, Teaneck, N.J. 07666

☐ Please enter ____ one year gift membership(s) in the British Magazine-of-the-Month Club at $9.95 each for the person(s) named below, and send a Greeting Card announcing my gift to each individual.

MY NAME IS: _____ (Please Print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Check here if you wish to enter a subscription for yourself. (Includes Gift Bonus.)

Send gift memberships to:

1. NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
Sign gift card as follows: _____

2. NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
Sign gift card as follows: _____

FOR ADDITIONAL GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS, PLEASE ATTACH EXTRA SHEET WITH NAMES AND ADDRESSES.

☐ I enclose my remittance of $_____ for ___ subscriptions. ☐ Bill me later.

NEW: FREE BENEFITS FOR GIFT-GIVERS! A Donor Membership will be awarded — without extra charge — to every person sending a gift membership for the 1969 Christmas season. This entitles you to your own Donor Membership Card, with its special discount privileges for this wide variety of outstanding British publications.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sometimes what looks like success, feels like failure.

Maybe it's great wealth. Or fame. Exalted position. Honors and awards. To the rest of the world, it certainly looks like success.

But all too often, to the individual who has all (or some) of these things, it feels bitterly like failure. Because he has come up against that frightening moment when he realizes that success doesn't automatically guarantee happiness.

Indeed, most of us know those moments when we grope for happiness as if it were something to be bought or bartered for. Most of us seek some meaning among the morass of problems and banalities that clutter up our lives.

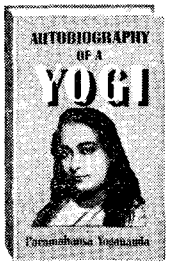
Finding meaning and meaningfulness has been a centuries-old search. And centuries ago, men discovered a more efficient and more harmonious way of life in the spiritual science of yoga.

It's as applicable to today's frenzied demands as it was to the concerns of earlier days. For, although the way of the world may change with time, man and his inner needs remain the same.

By blending the methods of yoga into all aspects of your life, you can achieve a spiritual and mental balance that brings you a lasting sense of success and fulfillment. Through it, you can be at peace with God and your fellow man. And you can know joy.

To learn what yoga is and what it can do, read "Autobiography of a Yogi," written by the late Paramahansa Yogananda. It presents his spiritual experiences and his search for Truth. And it can open the doorway to a brighter and better life for you.

It costs just $5. That's a small investment, indeed, to discover the true meaning of life, and experience the success of a life that is truly fulfilled.



514 pp.
$5.00

Translated into 14 languages, and available at most book stores.

SELF-REALIZATION FELLOWSHIP
Publishers, Los Angeles

Stokely, you owe us the facts. Don't spare us. Tell us exactly how many bottles of Gatorade are on those shelves. How many bottles do we have to drink up to stop those earnings from going down? How many bottles of the old stuff do we have to consume to get, say, one bottle of the new? Just the facts, Mr. Stokely, we'll do the rest. Honest we will.

Dear Mr. Amory:

I couldn't resist. The picture on the $10,000 bill is that financial wizard, unsuccessful Presidential candidate, former U.S. Senator, former Governor of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury under old Honest Abe, and Chief Justice of the United States, Salmon Portland Chase.

Should you consider me an unfit contestant, please donate the first prize to my favorite charity, whatever that may be.

BILL ARMSTRONG, Producer,
The Hollywood Squares.

Nonsense. You're fit as a fiddle. Nonetheless, your favorite charity is The Fund for Animals, 1 Wall Street, New York, New York.

The picture is Salmon P. Chase. Please send me $10,000.

THOMAS H. STUBBS,
Boyes Hot Springs, Calif.

How many people named Salmon do you know? And what would it take to rise above such a christening to what S.P.C. did in the world?

MRS. GEORGE MCDONALD,
Iva, S.C.

Being an absent-minded college professor, I had to look in my wallet to find out. I hope the flood of mail you got teaches you not to ask silly questions whose answers you already know.

ALAN GARFINKEL,
Stillwater, Okla.

Yes, but these days we all need so much *reassurance.* Let's call it the $10,000 misunderstanding.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1857)

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH:
NOVEMBER

A drop on the window, once, twice.
A blasted rose at the end of a brier.
Sparrows in the weeds like mice
and the cat indoors beside the fire.

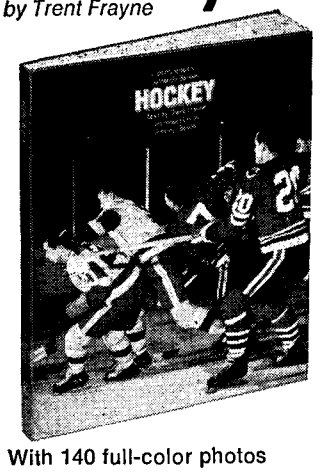
Love, old love and old desire,
let the puddles skin with ice;
pile the bed up higher, higher . . .

Time at the window, once, twice.

From "'The Wild Old Wicked Man' and Other Poems"

Hockey

by Trent Frayne



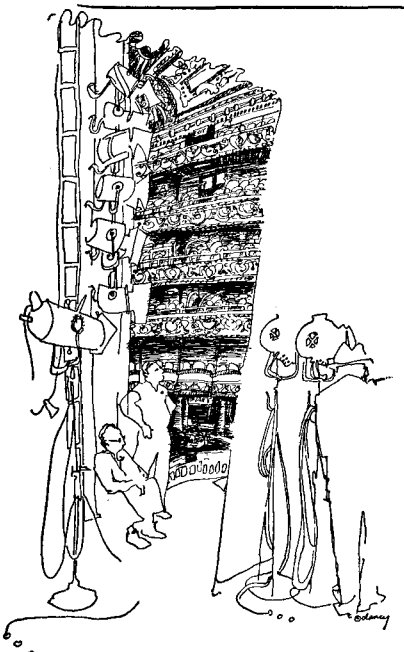
With 140 full-color photos by Harold Barkley

Professional Hockey is speed, excitement, and color—the fastest, most challenging game in the world. And it's all captured in the colorful action photos that fill this book. In it, you'll find every team in the National Hockey League and all the big name players—Beliveau, Mikita, Hull, Esposito, and many more.

While the text tells how the game began, grew, and is played today, the camera records the dramatic power plays and thrilling action. Chock full of color and speed, HOCKEY is a book every fan will want.

96 pages. 10½" x 12½". **$9.95.**

Wherever books are sold
RAND McNALLY

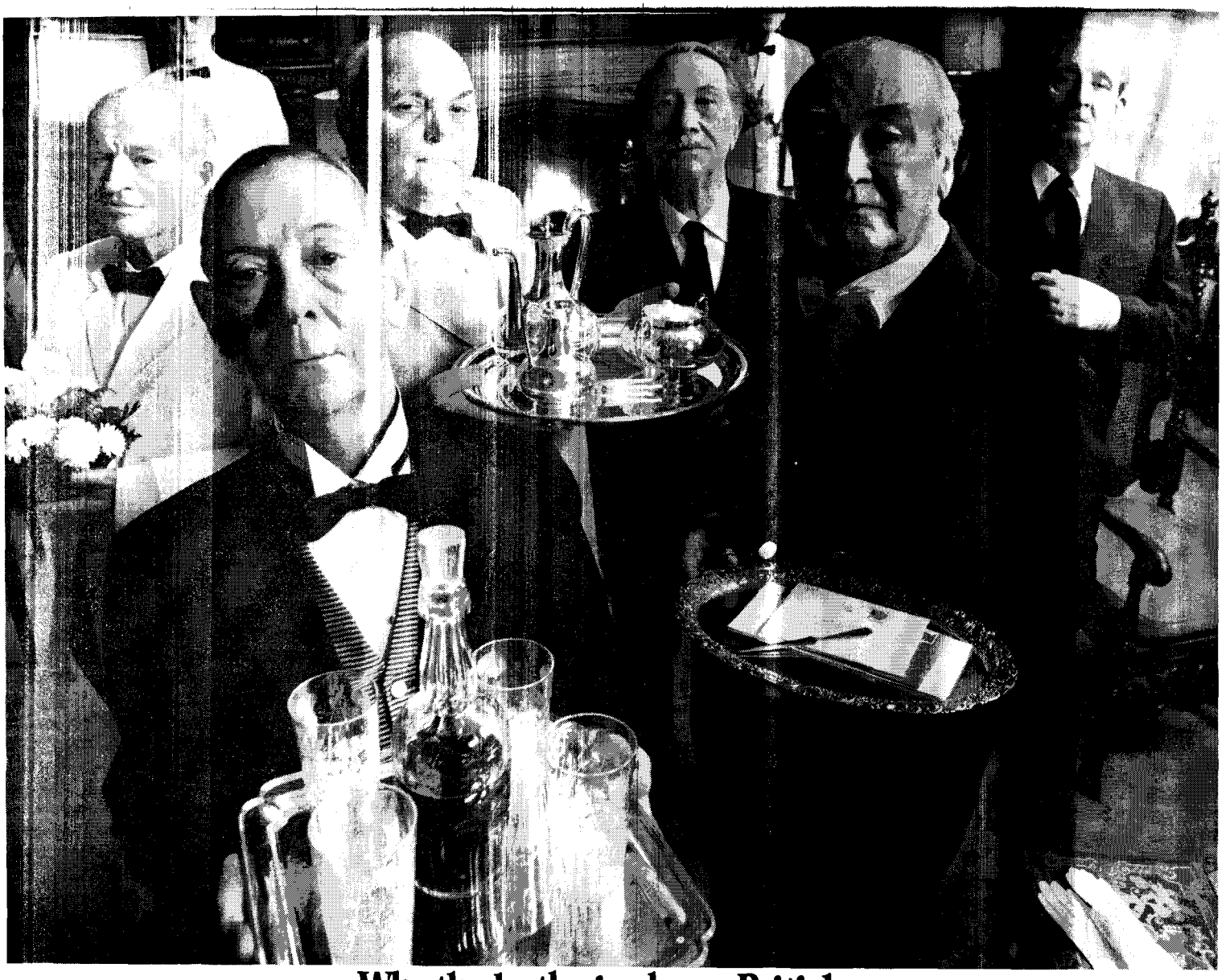


LAST LOOK AT THE OLD MET

is a beautiful book with Judith Clancy's ink drawings, charming text and memories of that grand old building. $3.95 at your favorite bookstore or from SYNERGISTIC PRESS*, 821 Market, San Francisco 94103.

***(The groovy little press that published THE OMBIBULOUS MR. MENCKEN, a lively drinking biography that's "... $2.95 and it's lots of fun.")**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Why the butler is always British.

Ask any fan of the late, late show. Invariably, the man who takes the coats and mixes the cocktails and announces dinner and stokes the fire in the library speaks with a pronounced English accent.

Because it has always been understood, by Central Casting in Hollywood and the world at large, that behind the accent is a centuries-old grasp of what service is all about.

Of which wine is to be served with what course. And at what temperature. Of how to be on hand when needed. And how to remain discreetly, almost invisibly, in the background.

Despite the speed of today's jets and the fast pace of today's life, the computerized this and the numbered that, you'll find the British tradition of personal service very much in evidence at BOAC.

We've put a Chief Steward in charge of the care and feeding of passengers on every flight. And in his charge is an expert staff of ladies and gentlemen who are attentive without being patronizing, confident without being intimidating.

So if you should doze off during a BOAC flight, don't be surprised if someone quietly puts out your cigarette, removes the magazine from your lap, and switches off your overhead light. As they say in the movies, you'll know whodunit. And why.

BOAC

For reservations, contact your Travel Agent or British Overseas Airways Corporation, which has offices in principal cities.

Somebody up there cares.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Theater

Henry Hewes

The Company It's Kept

MINNEAPOLIS.

OVER A PERIOD of seven seasons, the Minnesota Theatre Company has developed remarkable versatility. Earlier this year its production of *Ardèle* showed a superb mastery of the witty anti-romantic style Jean Anouilh's plays require. And now the same company is performing Harold Pinter's *The Homecoming* in a delightfully bold manner.

For it, Douglas Schmidt has designed an inspired comic setting, a house interior with walls that zigzag at sharp and lively angles. This is perfect for director Joseph Anthony's version of *The Homecoming* is one that minimizes mystery and emphasizes mirth. It does this by shortening the pregnant pauses Pinter has written into the script, so that we don't have as much time to speculate about some allegorical meaning, and by playing each confrontation with all-out present-moment urgency.

As Max, the mad patriarch, Lee Richardson is loud and violent, and his speech about his special ability to tame fillies nicely sets up the play's action. For this production sees *The Homecoming* as a contest of wills between the family and Max's daughter-in-law, Ruth, whom they invite to stay on and serve their needs for a woman in the house. The irony, of course, is that at the end of the play they find themselves more tamed by her than she by them.

Ruth, portrayed by Fern Sloan, seems younger and less complicated than did Vivienne Merchant in the original. But in a way this is good, because instead of drawing on some hidden potential, she seems to face each new challenge with nothing but her untested femininity. She wins because of the men's basic weakness: their destructive need to dominate women by degrading them. Thus, even if Ruth does become a prostitute, she will, we suspect, lose no integrity, while each of her clients will lose his in direct proportion to the destructiveness he brings to her.

The rest of the cast serves this interpretation, too. James J. Lawless gives us a Teddy, who easily handles his father and his brothers, but who knows he is not up to the task of being an adequate husband to Ruth. And the best performance of all is supplied by Robin Gammell as the sadistic, pimping Lenny. Mr. Gammell not only makes his comic insults hilarious, but he creates an uncompromising portrait of Lenny's destructive nature with a suggestion that he is compensating for his own impotence.

Further attesting to the capabilities of this company is its production of *Uncle Vanya*, staged by Sir Tyrone Guthrie. Here the brilliant director appears to have curbed his customary theatrical ebullience to give us a straightforward and somewhat nostalgic rendition of the Chekhov play.

In it the actors create a group of sad and baffled people, who amuse us with an illogical behavior that resembles our own. In the title role, Paul Ballantyne shows us the folly of a middle-aged man persisting in the unrequitable wooing of a pretty woman with whom he really has no mutuality of interest. His obsessiveness entertains us and at the same time makes us not at all sorry for his failure. In contrast with Vanya is Lee Richardson's Dr. Astrov, who is also infatuated with the same woman, but who understands himself well enough to turn off his passion once the situation becomes impossible. As the beautiful Yelena, Patricia Conolly gives us a schoolgirlish woman who enjoys flirtation, but who is incapable of embarking on a real love affair. Robert Pastene, in wonderfully ridiculous white whiskers, is tremendous as Yelena's aged husband, who probably wouldn't be disturbed if she did have a love affair as long as she continued to bring him his pills on time. Margaret Phillips has fun playing Vanya's decrepit, eccentric mother. Ruth Nelson is touchingly wise as the observant old nurse. And Helen Carey gives a strong performance as the plain Sonya.

But the total sunny effect of this *Uncle Vanya* owes most to the costumes designed for it by Tanya Moiseiwitsch. Lots of white lace, brown velvet, and gray tweed, all echoed in the scenery and bathed with apricot jam lighting, continually conjure up a nineteenth-century rural elegance, which suits this foolish, fond production.

Good as this company is, there is an awareness here of a need for more contemporary relevance than it is possible to achieve by performing nothing but revivals. Thus it was that the Minnesota Theatre commissioned a play from local playwright Fred Gaines that would deal with the Indian problem in this area. Working in collaboration with director Edward Payson Call and actors' rehearsal inventiveness, Gaines came up with *The Ghost Dancer*.

As performed in a small, crudely adapted theater called The Other Place, it is both an intelligent and excitingly relevant piece of work. It shows us a young Indian named Tomahawk, whose story echoes the case of Tommy White Hawk, an Indian sentenced to death for having committed a brutal and apparently motiveless rape and murder. Gaines and Call attempt to create in theatrical ways the opposing forces of Tomahawk's Indian heritage and the demands white society makes on him. Almost as in a revue, a group of whites sings, "We've got to find an Indian to love." But they refuse to accept such unstereotyped Indians as a revolutionist on the reservation, a heavy drinker, or "a promiscuous Pocahontas who works at Honeywell." Rather, they take an Indian movie actor who works in John Wayne films.

There is also a sketch in which the whites' attempts to turn Indians into farmers are satirized. "This is a hoe, and it does much good, etc." And the quota system is kidded when a private school principal says, "There are 250 million whites to half a million Indians. We have our quota. ONE."

The ordeal of Tomahawk is now presented. Sought by a white school because he is a track star, he works to achieve records in order to please the whites. But although he lives up to his part of the bargain, they do not.

The play then flashes back to the 1890 story of Wovoka, and the ghost dance religion that mixed the Indian need for vengeance with the Christian panacea of heaven. The suppressed Sioux were suspected of using this new religion militantly, and the U.S. Cavalry massacred 235 Sioux men, women, and children. The suggestion is made that Tomahawk, rejected by the whites, somehow saw in his victims the old enemies of his ancestors, and we see him assault two effigial figures carried by the Ghost Dancers. In the end, we come back to the present as the trial of Tomahawk is balanced against an imaginary trial of the cavalry for its massacre.

Stephen Keep gives a memorably melancholy performance as Tomahawk, but *The Ghost Dancer* is really an ensemble evening that tries to avoid the form of classic tragedy. By the nature of the experiment, it is an unsubtle and shattered focus approach. Nevertheless, because the problem is so visible in Minnesota, audiences here seem appreciative of the company's inventive and dedicated effort to deal with it.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Club Méditerranée Village is an isolated society without rules or politics. Without competition. Without rank or status. Without social pressure of any kind. A place where the individual feels free to act on impulse. Like running out at 4 A.M. for a swim.

It is a society that places little value on surface things like jewelry and clothing. (A bathing suit is as formal as you ever have to get.) A society that doesn't build formal barriers between people. Here, there are no last names. And never a hesitation about introducing yourself.

There is an obvious lack of routine and regimentation at the Club. No social directors trying to organize you into a good time. If and when the spirit moves you, there's tennis, scuba diving, spear fishing, surfing, sailing, deep-sea fishing, judo and yoga.

Money is not an all-powerful force in this society. Absolutely everything (but drinks) is free. The above activities. Instruction. Equipment. Entertainment. Dancing. You can't even tip anyone.

Here, moderation is not a virtue. You can party all night. There's an endless flow of free wine. And every meal is a huge banquet of rare delicacies prepared by master French chefs.

Club Méditerranée's experimental society has proven successful. But only in small isolated paradises. Like the Caribbean islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique. Perhaps someday it could work on a bigger scale. The world, for instance.

The total cost of this experience is, to say the least, reasonable. For example, one week in Guadeloupe (including round trip jet air fare from New York) starts at $308, depending on the season.

Michele,
Club Méditerranée Service Center
P.O. Box 188, Old Chelsea Station
New York, New York 10011

Please send me your free 32 page booklet with further information on vacations to Caribbean, Tahiti, Morocco and Ski villages.

Name

Address

City State Code

My travel agent is SR1115

Club Méditerranée American Express

American Express Company is the general sales agent for the Club Méditerranée in the U.S. and Canada. Club Méditerranée vacations can be booked through any American Express Company or subsidiary office in the U.S. and Canada, or through your travel agent.

Vacation in an experimental society.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You have just been appointed Scotland's Minister of Tourism"

That statement began one of the most interesting creative teaching projects we've heard about. Miss Audrey Marzano, a teacher at the J. P. Vincent School in Bloomfield, Connecticut said it to a freckle-faced twelve year old in the second row. But let her tell you about it:

Miss Audrey Marzano, Joseph P. Vincent School, Bloomfield, Connecticut

"A New Idea"

"Teaching sixth graders about the smaller countries of Europe can be a real task. That's why, last semester I came up with a new idea to help make our Social Studies section a bit more interesting. My idea was to have each student consider himself the new 'Minister of Tourism' of a particular European country. And in that capacity, he'd have to develop an informative travel brochure boosting his country.

"Little travel brochures"

"After the students researched their countries, they prepared their travel folders directly on spirit masters. Each travel folder contained a brief history of the country, a map of historic and scenic spots, interesting statistics, some reasons to visit the country and a question page. We brought the duplicator right into the classroom and ran the masters while the class watched. After the copies were printed, we cut and stapled them into little travel brochures.

"The Next Step"

"The next step was to have each 'Minister of Tourism' make a pitch for his country in front of the class. And to help his speech along, he would hand out his original travel brochures to everyone. The brochures helped keep the students interested. And they helped the 'Minister of Tourism' remember his lines.

"The Students Loved It"

"This all helped to make studying Europe fun. Students loved it. What's more, they learned to develop research skills, creative writing, map making, organizing and cover design. And they learned what a thrill it is to see their very own creation in print."

If you would like to receive a copy of one of Miss Marzano's students' travel folders, write to A. B. Dick Company, 5700 W. Touhy Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60648, Dept. SR-10.

A·B·DICK.®

A duplicator is not a machine.
It's a creative teaching resource.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review
November 15, 1969

Tomorrow's University—Back to the Middle Ages?

"No one can be sure of the future, but the past is not dumb. Medieval student power met its quietus when the aggressive traits of its leaders were, so to speak, taken over by the state."

by JACQUES BARZUN

Now that the open season on college presidents has come around again, appointed bodies and self-appointed seers are busy defining the right way to govern academic places. I hope they hit upon useful ideas. But if its primary aim is *study*, there are not sixteen ways of running a college or university. Except for interesting but inessential variations, there are only three, and not all three yield to the same extent the conditions favorable to study.

Let us look at the earliest—student power. We've had it, quite literally: It marked the very beginnings of universities. Since it is returning, full- or half-strength, into the American system, it deserves attention in some detail. The typical precedents are Bologna and Paris. Bologna shows the internal relationships; Paris the day-to-day workings.

In both universities the idea was participation. Authority lay with the general assembly. There was no distinct central organization, but a loose collection of units. The *universitas* or corporation was the name of this grouping, which implied nothing academic. At Bologna, the students soon seized control, thereby expressing the burghers' control of the city. The sons dictated to the professors, and the city fathers backed up the youthful will by law.

For example, professors and doctors could not leave the university, under penalty of death, or even go out of town without permission. They had to swear absolute obedience to the student-elected student rector, who at the behest of the general assembly could pass or change any rule. The students collected the fees, paid the salaries, and issued the working rules: If the teacher cut a class, he was fined; likewise, if he could not draw five students, if he skipped a chapter or a difficulty, or if he kept on talking after the ringing of the bell. At any time the lecturer could be interrupted by a beadle summoning him to appear before the rector and learn of his misdeeds.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

University of Paris circa 1400—"an international and vagrant crowd."

As the great historian of universities, Rashdall, puts it—and notice in passing that boycott is the true name for student strike or sit-in: "By means of the terrible power of boycotting which they could bring into play against an offending professor, the student clubs were masters of the situation." Not until Bonaparte conquered Italy five centuries later was a professor again considered fit to be rector of a university.

Rashdall's reference to student clubs brings us to the situation at Paris. Medieval students were divided into "nations," just as the teachers were divided into subject-matter faculties. But the nation soon ceased to denote birthplace and became an arbitrary aggregate. The French nation at Paris included Spaniards, Italians, Greeks, and Levantines; the English took in Flemings, Scandinavians, Finns, Hungarians, Dutch, and Slavs—no British insularity then! These clubs were further divided into cliques, usually based on parish allegiance. Here was no compact group of bourgeois fathers' sons, but an international and vagrant crowd of large proportions. The results for university governance were

JACQUES BARZUN is professor of history at Columbia University. His study *The American University*, published a year ago, was written before the outbreaks at Columbia, Cornell, and elsewhere. This is the author's first statement on the subject since those events occurred.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be expected—incessant quarrels, shaky alliances, jealous betrayals.

For each nation had to vote as one unit in the assembly and elect a new rector *each month*. They voted also on proctors, beadles, financial officers, examiners, and deans. They also had to choose one ad hoc committee after another to look into endless charges and abuses. In the great year 1266, the papal legate Simon de Brie tried in vain to get the rector's term extended to six weeks, in hopes of reducing the number of contested elections and student defiance of the rectors and the rules. At one time two rectors claimed authority. Simon finally got them both to resign in exchange for a statute permitting a nation to secede and thus escape disputed rules. This feud of 1266 lasted a good fifteen years.

The suggestive point in this truly flexible system is that it went on all fours with the prevailing theory of government—"what affects all must be by the consent of all." It was democracy to the full. A representative body was not supposed to express the collective will of its constituents but to give every individual will a chance. Three students (out of several thousand) could ask for a change of statutes, and officers were elected who specialized in statute-changing.

The frequent elections fitted in with the reigning philosophy. Aristotle had said that no one should be entrusted with any but the briefest tenure of office and that the whole assembly must not only legislate but administer. And student control obviously meant a deal of administering—collecting fees, paying salaries, renting or buying school buildings, watching the financial officers, approving student lodgings, supervising book publishers (copyists), issuing summonses, levying fines, and seeing to the taking of oaths on an unprecedented scale.

All this plus the fights of town and gown and the internal feuds that, according to one authority, were "akin to later international wars in their ferocity and destructiveness," must have made the student life rich and exciting. Everything was an issue, including the hiring of messengers, of which the several nations had from twelve to 160 each. A touching detail of organization was that the rector might bring to the meetings of the assembly his bosom friend as bodyguard.

This elaborate structure so far was all for administration. Not a word yet about the *studium*, the classwork. The rector, students, and (elected) deans looked after it very much as was done at Bologna, that is, by supervising the professors. This arrangement called for certain abilities in the rector, and since the freshmen, who were eligible,

—*Bettmann Archive.*

University of Bologna — "the happy days of student power."

often were under the entrance age of fourteen, the Paris rules came to stipulate that the rector must be at least twenty years old.

With these provisions in mind and knowing the ways of youth, one can get a sense of the student-run university of the middle ages. One sees these eager, free-lance, turn-and-turn-about administrators as belonging to the somewhat older group of students and apprentice teachers, the bold and daring, handsome and articulate—those who, like M. Cohn-Bendit in our day, glory in the feeling of "we do what we like."

One can imagine them angry at the previous administration, impatient with the snarls of bureaucracy that they could so quickly fix by some further rules, exhilarated at the thought of the coming meeting with a good fight in prospect, and ready always for the actual bloodshed on the narrow winding street, if townsmen or a gang from the wrong parish or nation should debouch from the next corner.

And as one describes the scene, one is suddenly hushed at the thought of François Villon gathering up his genius amid the confusion and surviving as the symbol of an emancipated day. Was he perhaps one of those excluded as "vagabond scholars" from taking part in the making of the curriculum, the degree requirements, the class schedules and examinations, and the plan of festivities? Or was he one of the many non-scholars, those hangers-on mysteriously called "martinets"? No one knows, but some of his brilliance and energy must have existed elsewhere in the mass, or there would have been no medieval university, no medieval mind to write about.

University administration by student groups is not to be sneezed at. It is cheap and never monotonous. By controlling the faculty it certainly prevents the flight from teaching, and it affords the young the pleasure of making their elders hop, skip, and perform. In fighting all of society and themselves, too, the medieval students preserved minority rights to a degree otherwise unexampled. That is, such rights were freely enjoyed by the victors and survivors of the scrimmage. The rest—well, there is a price to pay for every good thing, and the good achieved was the very appealing, youthful kind of life: the free-for-all.

Besides, student power need not be as perpetually violent as it was in the glorious thirteenth century. It can be had at the somewhat lower price of a lack of continuity and a repetition of hopeful errors, for in one student generation experience hardly has a chance to accumulate and make a difference; and who cares in youth about the confusion that comes of injecting practical and political action into the rather different atmosphere of study? So let's gaze fondly back at the happy days of student power.

The second mode of managing universities is illustrated by what happened when the confusion became too great—or at least when it seemed to the neighbors to have got out of hand. A historian of the time who, as legal representative of the university, cannot have been prejudiced against it says: "Studies were in chaos . . . the rooms on one side were rented to students and on the other to whores. Under the same roof was a house of learning and of whoring." There was no reason in the nature of youth itself why this boisterous exercise of self-government and self-indulgence should stop. But by 1500 the scheme was swept away in the collapse of the medieval theory and practice of government. In one short generation—by 1530—a new University of Paris was in being.

The force at work was the rise of the nation state, the movement that gave "nation" its modern meaning. The One Hundred Years' War had shown the country's need for an effective central power to put down disorders and stop the waste. That power was the king, and it was the king who put an end to student power within the university. In 1450, he restrained their excessive feasting. He then ordered the papal legate to reform the university from top to bottom. By 1475 he was imposing a loyalty oath and, soon after, threatening students with a kind

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of draft. Finally, in 1499, he prohibited their boycotts and strikes.

From then on, whether under king or revolutionary government, dictator or Parliament, continental universities have been ruled by the central authority. The degree of control has varied widely with time and place. Still, out of ancestral respect for learning, the European university has always enjoyed certain privileges. For example, even under the Russian czars the police were forbidden to enter the university, a tradition that curiously persisted through the Russian repression at Prague in the summer of 1968.

No one needs to be told that in times of trouble since 1500 universities under central control have been threatened, dictated to, or shut down; professors suspended for sedition, exiled for refusing to take oaths, prosecuted and shot for political crimes, and, from the beginning of the twentieth century, periodically heckled, insulted, or physically attacked by their own students. These appear to be inevitable by-products of making the university political through its link with the state.

Central control is, of course, the opposite of student power, but they have one feature in common—the multiplicity of rules. When codes and tribunals regulate university affairs, the legalistic outlook and the contentious temper prevail and warp the emotions appropriate to study. And contrary to expectations, even the management of the university's material concerns is not thereby improved but worsened. The reason is plain. Both these styles of administration—the anarchical and the autocratic—bring to the fore people whose temperaments are the reverse of systematic and studious.

Imagine the American university going down the road it has lately chosen and becoming thoroughly reactionary, which is to say, going back to either of these earlier modes of governance. In the one case, that of student power, we should see the emergence of a new type of academic man, wanting and achieving power at a much younger age than his predecessors—in fact, a graduate student or beginning teacher. He would be a man of strong feelings, caught by some sort of doctrine, ready to drop his work at any time for the turbulence of mass meetings and the stress of political strategy, and not averse to exchanging blows when denunciation, blackmail, and obscenity fail—a man, in short, prepared to strike in all senses of the word; a man given to the life of impulse and self-will, like the old-fashioned duelist, and also given to the heady pleasure of moral indignation; a man ever suspicious—and with good reason; a partisan, but restless, dissatisfied with all arrangements including his own, because his idealism and his strength alike drive him to find a life totally free of *conditions*.

We need not ask whether men such as this in a reactionary university would wield their power in behalf of an outside political party, as in the Japanese university, and use professors as indentured servants closely supervised. The texture of the straitjacket might be looser owing to the presence of diverse student leaders similarly moved to have their way.

But we cannot doubt that an opposite reaction to central control would bring with it the enforcement of a political orthodoxy. The type of man who would rise in such a system is quickly described: the commissar with a Ph.D. And he too would be a poor provider of the complex physical arrangements prerequisite to study: His mind would be incessantly on things so much higher. Indeed, if one absolutely must have rule from on top, it would be better to put there a retired member of the Mafia seeking to make his peace with God by good works. For he would have no doctrine but order, and after a few faculty-club shootings, seminars would meet on time.

The third mode of university administration is the one we have so rashly abandoned over the space of a few months. The American university was a characteristic creation. Drawing on the old English collegiate model for its best habits, it assumed that the faculty *was* the university, and as such the protector of two great treasures—students and learning. Learning was something to be transmitted to the young and added to when possible. Study was thus the single aim for both faculty and students.

The running of academic affairs by a faculty through a mixture of convention and consensus was, of course, easier when the faculty was small and its members lived close together. But the triumph of the American universities is that between 1890 and 1950 many of them grew to the size of a town yet kept the spirit and action of the original free university, the university governed not by the one or the many, but by principles.

These principles were simple enough: influence and deference; rationality and civility; above all, reciprocity.

Most people, including some academic men, had, of course, no idea how American or any other universities were run and could discern no principles whatever in the day-to-day operations. So when the cry of tyranny and revolt was raised, they rushed to pull down the fabric, on the assumption that where there's a complaint there must be an evil. The questions of what evil and where it lay precisely were never thought of. Indignation in some, passivity in others conspired to establish as a universal truth that the American university was an engine of oppression, rotten to the core, a stinking anachronism. So down it came.

That it must stay down for a good while appears inevitable from the nature of its former freedom. How was it free? Not because its members were angels and its statutes copied from Utopia but because its concentration on study had brought the world at large to respect its autonomy—hence, no interference from the state—while

(*Continued on page* 60)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—Gamma (Pix).

NOBEL PRIZE IN LITERATURE 1969

SAMUEL BECKETT

by TOM BISHOP

"Name, no, nothing is namable, tell, no, nothing can be told, what then, I don't know, I shouldn't have begun." This starkly anguished sentence is the quintessential statement of Samuel Beckett's universe, organized along the double polarity of the impossibility of saying and the necessity to say, the inhuman, unlivable nature of life and the need to *be*, to continue, in a universe bereft of all sense. The paradox of the artist incapable of not writing, not speaking, not being, despite the absurdity of existence attests to his almost superhuman striving to signify something in the face of irrationality. The desperate effort of Beckett's characters to name, to tell, corresponds to Beckett's own lifelong labor with words in their struggle to escape from the meaninglessness that surrounds them while testifying to that very meaninglessness.

No modern creative artist is more fully identical to his creation, more completely removed from commercial considerations, more determined to avoid even the slightest compromise that would denature his intention. In the years since 1951, when *Molloy* established his reputation among a select group of French intellectuals, and 1953, when *Waiting for Godot* propelled him to world-wide fame, Beckett's prose and plays have become ever more spare, ever more abstract. A fictional hero who is a human larva dragging himself millimeter by millimeter in a primeval slime, a "dramaticule" that lasts only a few minutes—these images do not readily fit into preconceived notions of the novel and the stage. Totally true to the exigencies of his own inspiration, Beckett remains splendidly unconcerned by the usual considerations that preoccupy publishers and producers. He does what he does *his* way, that is with utter integrity and no concessions. Nor does he choose to explain. The work of art is there to speak for him. He provides no articles or interviews, and even refuses to speak of his work in private conversations. Although he has lived in Paris for thirty years and writes almost exclusively in French, his self-imposed exile from the stimulating but internecine circle of Parisian literary life is not so much

---

TOM BISHOP is currently teaching a graduate course on Beckett at New York University. His critical anthology *The French Theater Since 1950* will appear this winter.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Olympian detachment as profound modesty and a desperate need for privacy.

One can imagine his acute embarrassment at receiving the Nobel Prize for literature. Sam Beckett's friends and admirers obviously rejoice in this great tribute, but at the same time they are aware how discomforting the intrusion of fame will be for him. It will be more difficult henceforth for him to preserve his anonymity, but neither his manner of living nor his writings are likely to be affected.

Some people are speculating that this Nobel Prize was a way of compensating for the one James Joyce never received, since it honors Joyce's longtime friend and secretary. That Joyce should have been honored is, of course, beyond dispute. It is equally evident that Beckett is an obvious choice. Quite simply, he is the most important writer in the world today. Not necessarily the best, for there is no such thing as a "best" writer, but the most important, the most influential, the one whose originality has left an indelible mark on literature. *His* presence, more than any other, has transformed the form and thematics of the theater in the past two decades. His novels, although less accessible than his plays and less well known, have redefined the frontiers of fiction. The mutations Beckett has brought about in this genre will no doubt impose themselves on writers for generations.

The constant, unifying element of all his writings—from the novels to the briefest prose "texts for nothing," from the two acts of *Godot* to the twelve minutes of *Play*, and including pantomimes, radio, television, and film scripts—is a single theme: the human condition as seen through two complementary components, the impossibility of existence and the need to voice that same impossibility.

The citation of the Swedish Academy mentions ". . . his writing, which—in new forms for the novel and drama—in the destitution of modern man acquires its elevation." It is this destitution that Beckett has translated into the most vivid metaphors of modern literature, metaphors that are at once infinitely pure and capable of universal expansion. Thus the various representations of man in Beckett's works are deeply moving on a literal level and shattering as a poetic depiction of our fate. The two tramps in their waiting for Godot; the two savagely cynical, moribund men of *Endgame*; the more-than-ancient Molloy, writing feverishly in his bed at the termination of his mock Odyssey, his body no longer functioning; and the hero of *The Unnamable*, his head emerging from a large jar that contains his limbless trunk, continuing to think, to speak, to affirm his existence through words—these are some of the unforgettable images in the mirror Beckett holds up to life. They all express the difficulty of being, of tolerating the degradation of existence, and yet they all symbolize the individual's tenacity, that inexplicable, absurd attachment to life no matter what. Here is the "elevation" recognized in the Nobel Prize.

For Beckett's vision is not merely despairing. To be sure, his characters become less and less recognizably human as his works become increasingly grotesque parodies of life. This "human comedy" is bleakly pessimistic and almost unbearably derisive, but it is also an affirmation of man who continues to strive with every impulse of energy to do the one thing that makes him man, the only thing he alone can do, to say, to signify. The desire to live is tantamount to the desire to say, and the value of the attachment to life itself is the greater for the dismal condition of that life. Beckett's heroes exist in various stages of misery, from the abject in the best of cases down to an existence of physical wretchedness so great and so unimaginable as to place it on the very borderline separating the human from the non-human. And although they are forever speaking rhapsodically of the notion of deliverance—that is, of getting it over with, of finally dying—they cling fast to life, whose very continuance is manifested not by a heartbeat but by the word.

The Unnamable, for instance, is a novel that illustrates this constant tension between the individual and the world, between the individual and the word, and between the word as it is spoken or thought and the object of its articulation with which it can never be identical. Thus, the legless, armless protagonist begins his narration (related, like all Beckett's major novels, in the first person singular) in a frenzied attempt to situate himself in time and space and to define himself as ego: "Where now? Who now? When now? Unquestioning. I, say I. Unbelieving. Questions, hypotheses, call them that. Keep going, going on, call that going, call that on." After reviewing his own life, after allowing his mind to dwell on real and imagined events, and after admitting the precariousness of his decayed physical state and the inadequacy of his idiom, he concludes his strange, 200-page monologue (most of which is a single paragraph) with the following prognosis for the "future":

> . . . you must go on, I can't go on, you must go on, I'll go on, you must say words, as long as there are any, until they find me, until they say me, strange pain, strange sin, you must go on, perhaps it's done already, perhaps they have said me already, perhaps they have carried me to the threshold of my story, before the door that opens on my story, that would surprise me, if it opens, it will be I, it will be the silence, where I am, I don't know, in the silence you don't know, you must go on, I can't go on, I'll go on.

Here, at the edge of life, facing ultimate nothingness, man affirms an instinctive need to continue. His life *is* his story, living *is* speaking/thinking/writing, and it must go on until the words "say me," that is, until man has exhausted his own possibilities, has become one with his tale.

But language has innate inconsistencies. Not only can the word not coincide with the object it wishes to represent, the speaker himself is often an inaccurate narrator who doesn't know or doesn't remember. Molloy, for example, is forever caught in the dilemma of not being able to say anything with conviction. He will relate an incident in great detail, and suddenly obliterate whatever he has just said by adding: "At least I imagine that's how it was." Words create a given reality and promptly destroy it again. In that sense, Beckett writes of the impossibility of writing. "Not to want to say, not to know what you want to say, not to be able to say what you think you want to say, and never to stop saying. . . ." The creator is engulfed in his own creation. Again from *Molloy* there is this passage that describes not only the insufficiency of language but also the derision of life: "My life, my life, now I speak of it as something over, now as of a joke which still goes on, and it is neither, for at the same time it is over and it goes on, and is there any tense for that?"

In the plays, words are used more to pass the time, to parody life. Estragon says in *Waiting for Godot*: "We always find something, eh Didi, to give us the impression we exist?" That "something" is their incessant bantering, words that fill the vacuum, mechanical words in rapid dialogue, or language gone completely awry in Lucky's pseudo-scientific monologue. The torrent of non-meaningful language adds up to the "waiting" that is, in a very real sense, the subject of the play.

This life spent in waiting—for some form of salvation or merely for it to end—is represented as utterly absurd. "We're not beginning to . . . to . . . mean something?" ventures Hamm in *Endgame*, and Clov replies with a sarcastic laugh: "Mean something! You and I,

(*Continued on page* 59)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor - Norman Cousins

Publisher - William D. Patterson

Associate Editors
Irving Kolodin • Horace Sutton

Associate Publisher - Richard L. Tobin

Managing Editor
Roland Gelatt

Science Editor
John Lear

Education Editor
James Cass

Book Review Editor
Rochelle Girson

Poetry Editor
John Ciardi

Travel Editor
David Butwin

Art Editor
Katharine Kuh

Copy Editor
Peter Nichols

General Editor
Hallowell Bowser

Layout & Production
Pearl S. Sullivan

Editors-at-Large
Cleveland Amory • Henry Brandon
Harrison Brown • Charles Frankel
Frank G. Jennings • Joseph Wood Krutch
Elmo Roper • Peter Schrag
Theodore C. Sorensen • Paul Woodring

Contributing Editors
Goodman Ace • Hollis Alpert • Jerome Beatty, Jr.
Henry Hewes • Arthur Knight
Martin Levin • Rollene W. Saal
Robert Lewis Shayon • Zena Sutherland
Walter Terry • Margaret R. Weiss
John T. Winterich

A Tax Break for Artists

A new law in Ireland, the Finance Act of 1969, has achieved a spectacular break-through in lightening the tax load on that country's writers, painters, composers, and other creative artists. While our own tax laws—with their generous depletion allowances—are clearly designed to encourage the production of oil, the new Irish legislation just as clearly encourages artistic productivity.

According to its provisions, total exemption from income tax is granted in respect of earnings from original and creative work. Any of the following artistic productions qualifies for exemption: a book or other writing, a play, a musical composition, a painting or other like picture, a sculpture. The exemption applies to individuals who are resident in Ireland and not resident elsewhere. There is no intention of turning the Republic of Ireland into an artificial tax haven for itinerant artists.

The new law is the brain child of Ireland's Minister of Finance, Charles Haughey, who reasoned that tax benefits for artists would encounter little opposition at home and might make an impressive effect abroad. He seems to have been right on both counts. Ireland's Parliament, the Dail, passed the new law with a large majority, and already several writers and artists now resident in England have signified their intention of moving across the Irish Sea. It in no way belittles Mr. Haughey's courageous initiative to point out that the new tax exemption will entail only minimal loss to the Irish Exchequer, since earnings from artistic and literary work in that country have been relatively small.

Some thorny problems in administering the act undoubtedly lie ahead. It is up to the Revenue Commissioners —the Irish equivalent of our Internal Revenue agents—to decide whether an individual applying for tax exemption has "written, composed, or executed either solely or jointly with another individual a work or works generally recognized as having cultural or artistic merit." The Minister of Finance has instructed the commissioners to interpret the measure liberally. Even so, they are bound to find themselves on the horns of some ticklish dilemmas. Does a humorous cartoon fall into the category of "a painting or other like picture"? Do all musical compositions qualify (for example, rock songs) or merely those destined for the concert hall and opera house? Are all books to be considered worthy of tax exemption—and if not, how does one draw the line between linguistic venturesomeness and gibberish, or between sexual candor and pornography? If the law had been on the books forty years ago, there is reason to doubt whether James Joyce would have been allowed to benefit from it.

Another set of questions arises in connection with artistic productions involving a team of creative people. What about a building—or a complex of buildings—on which a half dozen architects work in collaboration? And who gets the tax exemption in the case of a motion picture—the writer of the film script, the director, the cameraman, or all of them together? Nowadays, artistic creation has increasingly become a collaborative affair, and a tax law that considers only the writer, painter, or composer toiling alone in his studio has some patent inequities.

It remains to be seen whether the lure of tax exemption will bring significant numbers of creative artists to Ireland. In all probability, relatively few people will take advantage of it. To pull up stakes and settle in a new country is a costly undertaking, in both the psychic and financial sense, and that cost will have to be weighed against any potential tax savings. Moreover, the benefits for non-Irish artists may be quite small. American writers, for example, must pay tax to the Internal Revenue Service on their U.S. royalties, no matter where they live.

Still, after throwing all the problems and possible inequities of this new law into the balance, there is something rather wonderful about a country that is willing to give a substantial tax break to writers, painters, composers, and others of their ilk. In America the position has always been that the fruits of an artist's labors are to be treated like those of any other citizen and that the taxing authorities have an equal claim on the gains of a poet and the gains of a commodities speculator. Ireland, in espousing a double standard, evidently intends to show that it considers the creator of art a worthy beneficiary of tax incentives. Even though it can't happen here, it's nice to think it might.

—Roland Gelatt.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

Praising Festivity

WHILE I CAN only say yes to most of Harvey Cox's "In Praise of Festivity" [*SR*, Oct. 25], his own dismay is partly caused by lack of the fantasy that goes along with festivity. Why look back nostalgically to the festivities of Christmas and Easter? We no longer possess the common concepts of God and Saviour necessary for real celebration of these days.

Let us use our fantasy to look ahead. The larger "historical and cosmic setting" we are now becoming aware of is a natural one. (Call it a redefinition of deity, if you will.) Some day we may celebrate an event in evolution, or our salvation from the poisoning of our air and water. Maybe this is no more than a super-nostalgia—looking back even before history. Nostalgia or not it is my fantasy. I like it even though I have as little hope for it as Mr. Cox has for Christmas and Easter.

WALLACE KAUFMAN,
Chapel Hill, N.C.

ESSAYS, however correct they may be, about festivity, play, joy, and grace, are rather self-defeating. It's like trying to catch a snowflake in order to examine its beauty. As soon as it alights on your hand, it melts.

CHARLES F. LOVE,
Riverton, N.J.

IS IT POSSIBLE that Harvey Cox has hit upon one of the major causes of (and solution to) the spreading stain of drug addiction? Certainly fantasy and festivity are the obvious targets of "mind blowing."

Shall we bring back the poet-priest-magician, dismantle the bomb, and live?

JOSEPH MCLAUGHLIN,
New Philadelphia, O.

Undergrad on World U.

RE: HAROLD TAYLOR'S guest editorial "Toward a World University" [*SR*, Oct. 11]. As the only undergraduate student representative [from Friends World College] at the World Conference on the Role of the University in the Quest for Peace, I would like to express my views on the planned "world university" in Vienna.

The proposal for this monolithic structure was railroaded through the conference by the delegates from the University of Vienna in a very intense atmosphere, not as pleasant as Dr. Taylor portrays. Their position as sponsor of the conference and their desire to produce something concrete from it meant that the program was geared solely toward that end. When other delegates became aware of the "guiding hand" of the Austrian delegation, we developed a working program to allow for more discussion of a world university, but were then denied a view of Professor Leo Gabriel's proposal until the last day of the conference. His proposal had already been accepted conditionally by the Austrian government.

This proposal is not new in the sense that it does not change the basic structure or position of the university in society. It is too European, too stuffy, and does not take into consideration what students in the world today are trying to say. We will not accept the misnomer "world university" for an elite group of students being educated in traditional Western style. We need a flow of information and ideas only obtainable through deep, personal contact with people from varying backgrounds. More book-learning is not the answer to today's problems.

The bringing together of representatives of universities of the world is a valuable experience that will have to be repeated many times to promote more original ideas and mutual understanding.

ANN C. HENDERSON,
Stockholm, Sweden.

Vietnam Vet's Correspondence

RE: Lt. Col. William C. Haponski's "Reply to a Vietnam Veteran" [*SR*, Oct. 25] in response to Dr. Gordon S. Livingston's "Letter from a Vietnam Veteran" [*SR*, Sept. 20]. His unfair personal charges against Dr. Livingston aside, Lt. Col. Haponski has summarized a military way of looking at the same experiences that led to Livingston's disaffection with civil action programs in Vietnam. He ignores, however, the main argument of Livingston's letter.

The question of cultural and political perspective as opposed to military expediency in improving the situation in Vietnam is at stake. Haponski and the military say the civil action program of the Army raised to high enough an exponent will generate a political situation wherein a militarily acceptable solution is possible. Hand out enough good things and the people will support and not impede your military program. Livingston and others see an unworkable paradox when our society sends soldiers, who serve primarily military goals, to serve a political function in a country they poorly understand, and where the best political solution may in fact not be militarily acceptable.

Clearly Livingston has seen that a political coalition with wide popular support must be a feature of any solution in Vietnam. Haponski understandably has not.

ROBERT M. GOODMAN,
Walden, N.Y.

Final Word

IN THE "Last Words" quiz [YOUR LITERARY I.Q., Oct. 4] it is asserted that the last words of Sydney Carton are: "It is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known." Actually Carton's last word is "Yes"; the quotation in the quiz reports his supposed final thoughts as though he had uttered them.

FREDERIC W. NEILSON,
Tarrytown, N.Y.

"You're the lucky one! At least, you can enter the kingdom of heaven."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The University of Chicago Press proudly presents the *Chicago Collector's Editions*—seven of its most distinguished titles. Each volume is handsomely slipcased—a valuable addition to any library.

FEUDAL SOCIETY
Marc Bloch
Translated by L. A. Manyon

"Here is one of those rare books of impeccable scholarship, (superbly translated by Mr. Manyon) which no intelligent person could possibly read without pleasure and interest and excitement."—GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH, *The Observer* $12.50

THE RISE OF THE WEST
William H. McNeill
Winner of the National Book Award for History, 1964

"This is not only the most learned and the most intelligent, it is also the most stimulating and fascinating book that has ever set out to recount and explain the whole history of mankind . . . to read it is a great experience."—H. R. TREVOR-ROPER, *N.Y. Times Book Review* $15.00

THE HUMAN CONDITION
Hannah Arendt

A startling and penetrating study of the state of modern man.

"Every now and then, I come across a book which gives me the impression of having been especially written for me . . . *The Human Condition* belongs to this small and select class."—W. H. AUDEN $8.95

THE SAVAGE MIND
Claude Lévi-Strauss

"Once you have mastered him, human history can never be the same, nor indeed can one's view of contemporary society. . . . Everyone interested in the history of ideas *must* read it; everyone interested in human institutions *should* read it."
—*Saturday Review* $10.00

NARRATION
Gertrude Stein
With an Introduction by Thornton Wilder

For the first(and last)time since she expatriated to Paris, Gertrude Stein came home to America in 1935 and toured the country giving lectures which Thornton Wilder called "models of artistic form." *Narration* consists of four lectures delivered in Chicago. Originally published in a limited edition, signed by Gertrude Stein and Thornton Wilder, *Narration* is now reprinted. $7.50

The University of Chicago Press
5750 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60637

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY 1900-1950
George F. Kennan

Asserts that our foreign policy should be based on a careful consideration of power factors in the world; that stability among these factors should be the constant aim of our diplomatic effort.

"Fresh, direct, and penetrating . . . graceful, subtle and sometimes moving. Above all, he approaches the past with a firm and developed philosophy of diplomacy."
—ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR., *Partisan Review* $4.95

AN AMERICAN PRIMER
In Two Volumes
Edited by Daniel J. Boorstin

A gathering of 83 declarations, poems, letters, and speeches that have shaped the institutions and aspirations of our country. Each is introduced with a lively essay on the afterlife of the document—how its use or abuse by succeeding generations has affected American history. "Splendid and generous reading."—*N.Y. Times Book Review*

"A thing of endless fascination."
—*Saturday Review* $22.50

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An essay review of "Notes on a Cowardly Lion: The Biography of Bert Lahr," by John Lahr (Knopf, 394 pp., $8.95)

Close to the Dark Heart of Comedy

by WALTER KERR

It sometimes seems that all you have to do to turn a great clown into a great actor is teach him to do less.

There are endless theatrical stories, involving everyone from George M. Cohan to Menasha Skulnik, in which the key to the sudden success of an old vaudevillian in a straight role is nothing more than the paring away of surplus effect. In *Ah, Wilderness!* George Cohan was permitted to play front, as he so often had, but forbidden to wink at the audience. In *The Rivals* Bobby Clark was allowed to play all sorts of games with a bottle of ink and a quill pen, but forbidden to gargle. Just a little less camp made Frank Fay fit for *Harvey*; in films an Ed Wynn parted from his giggle or a Victor Moore deprived of his wide-eyed whine instantly produced a first-rate character actor. Take something away, take almost anything away, and what's left is astonishingly legitimate.

True of Bert Lahr, too. In his candid, harrowing, ultimately very moving biography, *Notes on a Cowardly Lion*, John Lahr notes that the transformation of his father from burlesque zany to stunning interpreter of Nobel Prize-winner Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* (see page 26) began on a movie lot in 1938. Bert Lahr had been cast, much to the surprise of anyone who'd seen him work, as Claudette Colbert's loyal manager in a film called *Zaza*, and when the film was finished the talk of the trade was all about the "sincerity and skill," the "unsuspected ability" at creating emotion the comedian had displayed. Where had it come from? On the set the director, George Cukor, had taken Lahr aside and said, "Simple, Bert, simple. Cut it down to half. Give me half of that." Lahr gave him half of that and the half he gave him was God's truth.

Now what this suggests—it is very easy to sentimentalize the principle—is that clowns, in their outsize and even outrageous behavior, are something like explosions of truth, bizarre fireworks-displays of truth, that they begin by possessing more truth than other performers do and need only lop off a bit here and there to show you an integrity at the core that Laurence Olivier might envy. A great clown can do it with his hands tied; all you have to do is tie his hands and see.

It would be nice if that were uniformly so, nice if things could be as easy as that, because then all fine comedians could be quickly diminished into fine actors and we should be theatrically rich beyond our fondest dreams. Of course it isn't entirely so, of course clowns fail as actors occasionally, of course the philosopher's stone hasn't been found. But because the alchemy has succeeded so often, surprising the daylights out of us each time it does, we're honor-bound to ask: is there *some* kind of comedian who is very naturally an actor, *some* kind of comedy that at first blush seems fantasy but strips down readily to naked fact?

I think there may be. I can't prove it, and don't even wish to: not all the men I'm thinking of have put themselves to the test (it's usually an accident that any of them ever are—Lahr himself was dragged kicking and screaming beyond his ambition), and comedy itself likes to make a fool of the man who pursues its categories too doggedly. But there is a kind of

WALTER KERR, drama critic for *The New York Times*, is the author of *Tragedy and Comedy* and other books.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

31 **"Notes on a Cowardly Lion: The Biography of Bert Lahr,"** by John Lahr

34 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

35 **"The Science of Freedom,"** by Peter Gay

36 **"Drinkers of Infinity: Essays 1955-1967,"** by Arthur Koestler

38 **"Japan: Images and Realities,"** by Richard Halloran; **"Sensei and His People,"** by Yoshie Sugihara and David W. Plath

40 **"Nisei: The Quiet Americans,"** by Bill Hosokawa

42 **"The Politics of Protest: A Task Force Report Submitted by the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence,"** prepared under the direction of Jerome H. Skolnick

44 **"Running Against the Machine: The Mailer-Breslin Campaign,"** edited by Peter Manso

48 **"The Return of Philip Latinovicz,"** by Miroslav Krleza

48 **"A Special Providence,"** by Richard Yates

50 **"Touching Evil,"** by Norma Rosen

50 **"t zero,"** by Italo Calvino

51 **"The Memoirs of Hector Berlioz,"** edited by David Cairns

52 **"Shaw: An Autobiography, 1856-1898,"** selected by Stanley Weintraub; **"Bernard Shaw: A Reassessment,"** by Colin Wilson

54 **"Siam Miami,"** by Morris Renek

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

comedian who works so closely to his own nerve-ends that his comic shudder is scarcely a mask: if it didn't get a laugh it would be a nervous breakdown. This kind of comedian makes all his comedy out of his discontent. He pretends to the anguish he feels. He shows you his symptoms, and you laugh. "All right, *you* laugh, but that's funny!" Lahr once screamed at a group of professionals who were enjoying watching him work. Clearly, for him, "funny" was an abstraction. It was what he did with the truth to make it visible, a matter of hanging an ache up to dry. He wasn't inventing, he was exorcising, though not consciously for self-therapy. He was respecting, and insisting that you respect, the facts as they existed.

Many comedians keep the facts just inside them as they fake fantasying. In this country Mark Twain was their father, funny until the bile finally came up. (And good on the platform, too.) Two years ago Groucho Marx finally prowled out onto the stage of the New York theater where the Tony awards were being televised. It was clear to anyone listening attentively that Groucho had had a bad day backstage, that he was now fussed if not fuming at the long and exhausting wait, that he hadn't had so much as a chair in the wings to sit on. If you'd met him at the stage door you'd surely have felt his temper. What was he doing now? Making hilarity out of the ineptitude of the programming, the long day's delay, the very lack of a chair. We are so used to Groucho's name now that we quite forget there is a "grouch" in it. But there is one, and it is only partly concealed by the arch the clown's eyebrows make as they lift—literally lift, as though it were dead weight—an actual exasperation with the world into a professional dyspepsia that is comic in its range, its rage, its compulsiveness, its quickness. The growl glides, and enchants. There are performers whose humor depends upon articulating and only slightly ridiculing the way they feel this very minute.

Bert Lahr made his entire stage image out of what he felt and could never stop feeling. He was a man beset by fear. The actor Larry Blyden, who should write a book himself, is perceptive about Lahr as he is quoted in *Notes on a Cowardly Lion*. Having worked, and worked hard, with the comedian in *Foxy*, he remarked, "Bert needs three things. One: He needs to be loved. Two: A thing he needs a little more than that is to be served. Three: He needs to be acclaimed. He doesn't need to love; but he needs to receive it. Laughter is like that. Bert comes from a hungry time. When they laughed you were going to eat; when they didn't, you starved. If they're not laughing, he panics. There's nothing vicious in it or greedy or selfish; they are conditions of his life. He had terrible things happen in his life; and yet, he has succeeded and become Bert Lahr by making people laugh."

—*Richard Avedon.*

Bert Lahr as Estragon in "Waiting for Godot"—"grimace become spasm."

Hearing the laugh was more than having proof of the love. It *was* the love. He didn't think he was going to get any other. He hadn't got it from his father, who'd brushed him away from a moving streetcar when he ran after him begging for money. He distrusted his mother, a good woman but prudish, complaining, sometimes "unexpectedly violent." With his first wife and partner, the other half of the burlesque and vaudeville team of Lahr and Mercedes, he knew love. He saw it freeze into schizophrenia before his eyes. A terror that haunted him was that his perfectionism (fear of failure) about their stage work had contributed to her disintegration. One kind of love had helped destroy the other. In time, from his second wife and—mysteriously—from his children, he received a completely giving love. But he no longer asked for it or seemed to believe it likely: he was not affectionate at home, he was only anxious about the probable failure of his next work on stage, preoccupied, intent upon "protecting the laugh." It was too late to count on anything else and, to make matters worse, the work had never, never, never been good enough. "Sure. I've done O.K., but never as good as possible," he said. The love out there hadn't been all it might have been, either.

This is knowing love in fear instead of knowing it in confidence. The warmth of love is passed over because the death of love is foreseen. "A comic is like radar," Abe Burrows explains as he reminisces about working with Lahr. "He sends out a laugh—his personality—if nothing comes back, it's death. Literal death. Comedians always used the phrase, 'Boy, I died last night.' That's no accident. They are literally comparing it to death. On the other side, they use terms like 'I killed them,' 'I fractured them,' 'I had them laying in the aisles,' 'I murdered them.' This is really like a bullfight, but it's more than a contest, it's a life and death battle."

For a man like Lahr, walking onto a stage knowing that he was going to his death or, at most, to a temporary reprieve, performing became an ultimate existential statement. It was all there was to him. His close friend Jack Haley says of him that "His whole life was show business. His *whole* life . . . There's a difference when you've got mileage on you, and you've been all down the road. You know you're not going to go any place. There's not going to be a bigger Bert Lahr than Bert Lahr was . . . You're not going to get bigger—just older. . . . [But] in the early days, those were the times when he was fired with ambition. Fired with ambition—and fear."

And so, having no place else to test or to use or to measure what he was, he brought the ambition and the fear onto the stage with him. The Lahr who leapt from the wings without warning, in his perennially repeated vaudeville act, to interrupt Mercedes's dance and to savage the floor with the tattoo of his cop's nightstick, was a bull out of pasture, a bull cross-eyed with intensity and very close to letting you see the steam from his nostrils, a throbbing image of assault. He insisted on his presence, insisted on circling the stage to be certain he commanded all of it, insisted on absolute attention out front to each and every mangled word he used, insisted on the rectitude of the mangling. Inside the insistence was instant terror, which is why, after every roar, he flinched. He wasn't even afraid of the person he was roaring at. He was afraid of his own voice. The throb outward was a quiver within. The bull bellowed and turned into a cowering beastie. The Cowardly Lion in *The Wizard of Oz* was more than a piece of happy casting. Although *The Wizard of Oz* was never a very good

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

film, it was not surprising that Lahr should have been its immediate hit, or that such children as now remember him will remember him just that way. He was just that way; it was a happy piece of what made him unhappy. A coward determined to be a lion was the sum of it.

John Lahr is admirably open-minded about his father. He can look at him and call him "Lahr" and persuade you that that is how he thought of him. (No doubt the comedian's detachment from his children bred a genuine objectivity in them; luckily, it seems not to have bred resentment.)

For the book he prodded his father about all that had been difficult in his life—the prolonged mental instability of his first wife, his subsequent uneasy experience with women, certain of his unhappier relationships on stage—but he has plainly got more ample and more exact information from the Haleys and several dozen other colleagues than he was able to pry loose from the man who played a phonograph loudly through meals in order to discourage conversation. Bert Lahr didn't necessarily wish to conceal these things. He simply preferred not to remember them, to pass the agony over into his work.

The material has been gathered, though, and presented dispassionately. "I'll throw it out of my mind," Bert Lahr said when confronted with the fact that his mentally ill wife was pregnant, or that the woman he was seeing was in all probability disreputable. John Lahr says, "On stage, as he sang about the success of Rusty Crouse, he was able to forget his failures as Bert Lahr. His coarseness and his betrayal of his family he understood, but felt compelled to continue. There is no justification for his attitude; he had an ethical naïveté that is paralleled in his stage roles. The baby and the nurse stayed in his apartment; but he usually spent the night with Rachel. 'Sometimes I'd come home and go into the child's room. I'd look at him, but I couldn't pick him up. I felt dirty.'" He was emotionally obtuse about people he ought to have been close to, his practical jokes were almost always cruel rather than funny, he could be ruthless with fellow performers when laughs were at stake. The portrait is complete and calm.

In some respects the book is quite clumsily written, though problems of diction and syntax and structure are eventually brushed aside by the scale and intimacy of our acquaintance with a troubled, understandable, and at last endearing man. Having said that his father "was the most inarticulate man ever to consider himself adroit with words," John Lahr proceeds to give him a little competition in the area. He writes that Beatrice Lillie "was not below using a Seltzer bottle or wearing a pair of roller skates underneath an evening gown." I cannot imagine what he holds the word "limpid" to mean: "The comedy Lahr and Moore provided gave *Hold Everything* the necessary originality for a long run that the book, limpid and often sentimental for all its ingenious turns, lacked." He is fond of the word "profusion" but never seems to sense the need for a profusion *of* anything: "They shared, like Lahr and other Broadway journeymen, a boisterous faith in America's profusion."

The author dumps fragments of medical case histories upon us, without suggesting where they have come from, as freely as though he were doing a discontinuous television commercial. He omits vital steps he has prepared us for: Bert Lahr concealed from his children for many years the kind of work he did; suddenly we discover the children frisking about backstage; the moment of revelation, of discovery, is nowhere to be found. He contradicts himself carelessly: having told us that both the Shuberts and Ziegfeld had proposed New York shows for Lahr and then dropped their plans (the Shuberts had even had him under contract), he announces, one paragraph later, "Nobody had suggested Broadway to Lahr before." Stylistically, the fat book is sloppy.

But it is a fat book and it eventually embraces us. Whatever serious irritations we may feel we feel keenly for only about a third of the way; after that, the sheer weight of the evidence catches up with us, binds us to a dimensional human being and the dilemma in which he has placed himself. The account is not all dilemma, I should add. There are agreeable, even lighthearted glimpses of Beatrice Lillie at work, of Fred Allen being friendly, of Abe Burrows being generous, of vaudevillians summering at Lake Hopatcong, of a fund-raising wartime caravan of stars gathering nightly in Laurel and Hardy's dressing room. But the dominant tone is otherwise: Beatrice Lillie crying, Oliver Hardy trying not to. By the time you are through with the book you may have a feeling that you might just cry yourself.

For we are brought very close to a man who was himself close to the dark heart of comedy; we are brought close to his perspiration, close to his rage, close to what was funny about him. (Kinescopes of his cop act still exist; it remains hilarious.) And we do sense, in time, what there was in Lahr that made him able to play Molière and Aristophanes (he was never given time to do either of them properly, but he clearly could have been magnificent in both) and to arrive at the honest desolation, the grimace become spasm, of *Waiting for Godot*. He had been telling the truth about himself on stage all along, embellished only with fierce darts and feeble cringes and reverberating ong-ong-ongs that stylized his insecurity to the point where we could enjoy it. When he modulated these things, we could still enjoy what we saw because what we saw was so. But we were looking at terror.

—Paul Peter Porges.

"We don't deliver chicken dinners. Now will you get off our line, lady?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

The Troubles

A LARGE PART OF J. H. Plumb's review of *Agony of Easter: The 1916 Irish Uprising* [*SR*, Oct. 25] is predicated on a fallacious assumption. He assumes there is a basic irony underlying "the Troubles": had they failed, Ireland would have enjoyed the sweet fruits of the British welfare state. It was because the Irish had never shared in any of the benefits supposedly passed on to British occupied nations that they did rebel against oppressive government. The plundering of colonies such as Ireland built an empire designed to fatten Britain, not the occupied nations. It is more than coincidence that Britain never fully accepted the doctrine that the state should aid in feeding, providing medical care, and insuring some degree of hope to a portion of her citizenry until she had no colonies left to rape.

PETER S. DEE,
Windsor Locks, Conn.

Watershed Event

HARRY SCHWARTZ in "The Real Tragedy of Man's Infancy in Space" [*SR*, Oct. 25] weighs hard money against the soft romanticism of a great adventure. And he scolds nationalistic Americans for failing to exploit what he admits is a utopian ideal of sending up an internationalized Apollo 11 crew.

The point that Mr. Schwartz misses is that the truly monumental, watershed events of history were those achieved by educated romantics who, for better or worse, made staggeringly expensive investments in their projects in the midst of other pressing needs. The downtrodden poor, the spoiled land, the frontier wars, the crime and opposition at home tore and rent their societies—but Rameses II built his colossi, Columbus and his peers discovered the New World, the American colonial aristocrats signed their Declaration of Independence, and the post-World War I U.S. Government invested in the uncertain airplane until rewarded with a Lindbergh.

True to form, Americans set out to land on the moon, and did. And, typically, as Mr. Schwartz observes, they did it without regard for the consequences. But in their national achievement they reached a crossroad in history; for by their act they forever changed the course of history.

CLARK G. REYNOLDS,
Orono, Me.

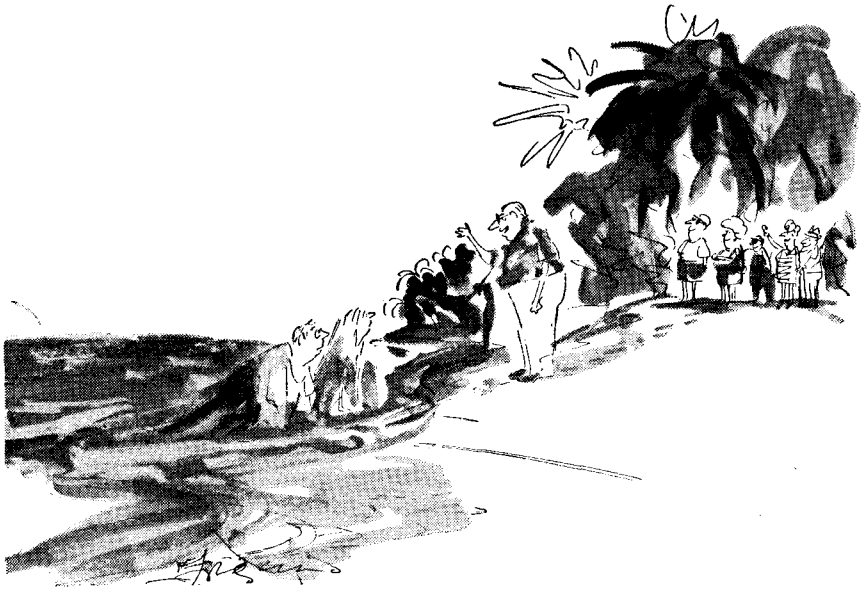
AS APOLLO 11 IS FOLLOWED by Apollo 12, then 13 and others, we will mature in our space philosophy. Meanwhile, Apollo 11 has benefited each of us in ways we scarcely perceive yet: new management techniques, broader scientific concepts, useful gadgetry in many fields, and perhaps the beginnings of humbler, wiser views of ourselves that will contribute to the solutions Mr. Schwartz and all of us badly want. In short, as we stretch to perceive the great universe about us, we also discover ourselves, the high nature and destiny of man.

CHARLES W. INGALLS,
Arvada, Colo.

WE CONNECTED WITH THE AEROSPACE industry wondered how long it would take for a lame-brain to suggest that the $23-billion trophy for winning the race (to the moon) be turned over to the second-place finisher in a gesture of idiotic magnanimity.

A race of ten years of blood, sweat and etc., only to deliver the trophy to No. 2 with a graceful bow? An American, a Russian and a Chinese in Apollo 11? A Russian and a Chinese in the same spacecraft? Somebody's dreaming!

EARL F. RODRIGUEZ,
Lacombe, La.



"Greetings and congratulations, folks. The stormy sea of life has washed you up on the sunny shore of retirement village."

Hesse's Function

HENRY RESNIK'S SUPERCILIOUS references to the college generation's response to Hermann Hesse [*SR*, Oct. 18] are a reflection of an unfortunate way of thought common among literary academicians, who appear to treat works of literature as sacrosanct objects subject to unholy defilement at the hands of a less educated plebeian mob. Hesse would have rejoiced at the prospect of lending articulate support and inspiration to a generation that can identify his ideals with its own. The function of art is not to serve literary critics on ego trips, but to communicate values.

DOUGLAS J. FUTUYMA,
Kensington, Calif.

I CONSIDER HESSE'S NOVELS (I have read three: *Demian, Siddhartha, Narcissus and Goldmund*) to be as fine as any I've come across in some time. The reasons are multiple: he exhibits an uncanny comprehension of man's psychological states and portrays them with awesome power and artistic insight; he charts youth's constant search for self-identity and meaningful expression with uncommon poignancy; he strips the animal Man down to the raw naked skeleton of existence and then sets him on a dramatically moving journey to seek flesh by solving the riddle of his life, the only one he has.

(Rev.) RICHARD J. FORD,
Reading, Pa.

MY STUDENTS IN A COLLEGE course in 1952 considered *Steppenwolf* and Camus's *The Plague* the most meaningful of the novels studied in a modern European novel course. These students discovered in Hermann Hesse's works that in an atomic age one could not attain social and psychological adjustment through a materialistic philosophy of life. The "fad" for *Siddhartha, Journey to the East*, and *Steppenwolf* was eventually reinterpreted in the Sixties in the ideology of Timothy Leary and the hippie movement.

JEANETTE EILENBERG KLIGER,
New York, N.Y.

TO TOTALLY IGNORE Hesse's pacifism and its relationship to the modern college student's rejection of war as a means of resolving international conflict surely is deceitful. Perhaps most disturbing, however, is this "critic's" snobbish and disdainful rejection of modern educated youth as a vital force in the attempt to formulate a better society.

RALPH HIRSCHSTEIN,
Seattle, Wash.

MANY MORE COFFEE HOUSES and rock groups would be named after book titles if we had more "groovy" ones such as *Steppenwolf*.

JOHN G. CAMPBELL,
Cambridge, Mass.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Roving Mind

THE SCIENCE OF FREEDOM

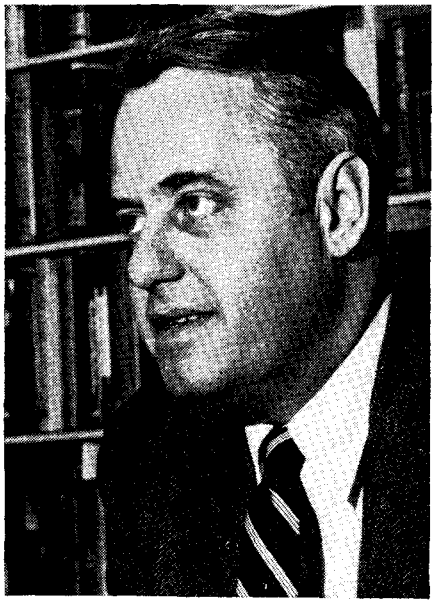
by Peter Gay

Knopf, 768 pp., $10

MEN ARE COVETOUS, bloodthirsty, superstitious, prejudiced and xenophobic. It is hardly surprising, once this has been accepted, that human history is so full of oppression, intolerance, calculated exploitation and gratuitous atrocity; that governments are so often callous and tyrannical, public opinion fickle, credulous and cruel, and that the customs and institutions by which men live and to which they often fanatically cling should contain so much brutality and absurdity.

The belief that this state of affairs is not necessary, that it is not the irremediable condition of fallen humanity, that mankind, the victim of these self-inflicted wounds, can be its own physician, is a relatively recent one. The notion that men can improve their lot on earth, not simply by an individual change of heart nor by the dramatic imposition of some grandiose, utopian scheme but by the patient employment of reason, the critical utilization of experience, and the dissipation of prejudice and fanaticism, became widespread in Europe only during the eighteenth century. Today it is probably a less fashionable belief than at any time since then. Reason seems a double-edged weapon; its offspring, technology, a monster out of control; the secularization of men's beliefs has done little to moderate the fanaticism of some, while others feel adrift and helpless. Peter Gay's new book, a comprehensive and magisterial study of the historical matrix from which emerged the belief in critical reason as the lever of human betterment, is as timely as it is absorbing.

In the earlier volume to which this forms the sequel (though it can be read separately), Gay depicted the intellectual revolt of the eighteenth-century *philosophes*, their repudiation of Christianity and their transcendence of the heritage of the ancient world which they opposed to it. Unlike the men of the Renaissance, the *philosophes* could use the classics without being overwhelmed by them, and found in themselves a new confidence in their own civilization and its potentialities. This was the *philosophes'* self-emancipation, the critical side of their achievement. Now, in the present volume, Gay presents their positive contribution—the cash value, as it were, of their self-confidence. In doing so he offers not an attenuated history of disembodied ideas but a study of a culture, set firmly in its material and political context.



—Harold Strauss.

Peter Gay—"admirably approachable."

There were many reasons for the self-consciousness of the men of the Enlightenment about their own age, and for their social optimism, sometimes irritatingly exuberant, sometimes, as Gay points out, stoically restrained. The wars of religion which had immolated so much of European civilization in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were over. Trade was expanding and prosperity and literacy increasing; human life was becoming more orderly, more decent, and men themselves a little—often only a very little—more humane. But above all, for the *philosophes,* the intellectual achievements of the previous century, the new science of Galileo and Newton, the new philosophy and psychology of John Locke, and the vision of a world improved and shaped to men's needs and desires by the methods of scientific experiment presented by Francis Bacon, seemed to provide the springboard for a great leap forward. Centuries-old accumulations of intellectual rubbish had been jettisoned. Innovation became a virtue rather than a reproach. Science and the scientific attitude of mind, unlike the endless and often deadly wrangles of theologians and metaphysicians, offered a way to demonstrable truth, which in turn could be applied to the benefit of mankind. The god of the Enlightenment was Isaac Newton.

Armed with their confidence in a reasoned empiricism, and determined to secularize and humanize the moral standards and practices of their contemporaries, the *philosophes* were intensely conscious of their social role and mission. The thought of posterity, of progress in fact, took for them, as Diderot said, the place of the idea of heaven. In the name of enlightenment they attacked the barbarities of Western society: slavery, persecution, and the atrocities of the penal codes. Taking the scientific aspirations of the seventeenth century into new fields, Montesquieu and Adam Smith laid the foundations of sociology and economics. History was rewritten by Gibbon and Voltaire to demonstrate the absurdity of religious strife and to mock the parochialism of the providential versions of the past presented by Christian apologists. For if the use of reason could not always lead men to agreed solutions, it could at least teach some understanding of alien manners and beliefs and the necessity for mutual forbearance. Voltaire, in his letters on the English, pictured for his French readers a society whose prosperity and stability were the just wages of its tolerance and of the way in which its men of talent of all ranks and creeds were recognized and rewarded.

But as the *philosophes* pushed on with their aspiration to improve the quality of human life by substituting knowledge for ignorance and reason for prejudice, it became apparent to some of them that there was a paradox in their program. For they believed in a constant human nature with definite needs; this belief was the basis of their embattled humanitarianism as well as of their psychology. Yet they also delighted in demonstrating the diversity of mankind and the relativity of values, as an effective counter to the narrowness of orthodox beliefs. It became increasingly obvious that it was very difficult to separate the core of humanity from its multifarious representatives. What if things were simply right or wrong in their times and places, with no higher court of "humanity" to which to appeal? Scientific methods, moreover, could not only be chilling in their objectivity; by their very achievements they led to a specialization in intellectual pursuits that was alien to the *philosophes'* world and threatened the old humanist-scientific culture.

The arts fitted less smoothly than other aspects of civilization into the *philosophes'* program. Not all of them were confident that enlightenment and artistic achievement necessarily coincided. Might there not be something inimical to the imagination in the cultivation of reason? Here, as elsewhere, Professor Gay presents the dilemma fairly, but here for once his treatment is a little superficial. It is not really sufficient to cite the artistic interests of the *philosophes* and their endorsement of the value of imagination. The issue is more intractable than that: poetry mythologizes the world, while the aim of the *philosophes* was to demythologize it.

Professor Gay's occasional slips, in

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fact, betray a trace of over-optimism. It is misleading to suggest that public executions in England ended in 1783, while the implication of the statement that "as late as 1764" a professor could be appointed in Cambridge who knew nothing of his subject is a piece of misapplied generosity.

It would be far more culpably ungenerous, however, to end on a note of reservation. Gay's book is a magnificent achievement, a monument of learning (the bibliography alone is virtually a work in itself and will become indispensable to scholars), which remains admirably approachable and readable. The work stands comparison with Ernst Cassirer's study of the Enlightenment, lacking a little of Cassirer's philosophical rigor but amply compensating for this by its grasp of the jagged contours of a culture seen as a social entity, and by the comprehensiveness and sensitivity of Gay's exploration of Enlightenment attitudes to life and death, love, art and sex, morals, politics and literature.

To call the book a celebration of the Enlightenment is in no way to impugn Gay's scrupulousness as a scholar, but merely to indicate the warmth of sympathy and understanding that sustain the reader, as they must have done the author, through a complex mass of materials. Glib half-truths about the Enlightenment will lead a more furtive existence in future.

J. W. Burrow

J. W. Burrow teaches European studies at the University of East Anglia, Norwich, England.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 1371

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1371 will be found in the next issue.

ZTJYJ ALW'Z D XDYDVVJV BS VDZAZPRJ QPZ ZTAWGL AZ OBPVR TDCJ QJJW ZTJ JHPDZBY AS AZ TDR TDR AZL YAMTZL.

—KDYG ZODAW

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1370

All of the animals, excepting man, know that the principal business of life is to enjoy it.

—SAMUEL BUTLER.

DRINKERS OF INFINITY: Essays 1955-1967

by Arthur Koestler

Macmillan, 291 pp., $7.95

AT ONE POINT in this collection of essays written from 1955 to 1967, Arthur Koestler describes himself as a "Hungarian-born, French-loving, English writer with some experience of prisons and concentration camps." The book fills out the portrait with a savory potpourri of his prides and prejudices. In this "portable Koestler" prepared by himself are pieces that sometimes matured at a later date into full-length studies; newspaper articles and reviews; lectures delivered before learned societies and scientific institutions that in moments of celebration called upon him—a layman with a broad knowledge of science—to enliven their proceedings with his arresting paradoxes. The title—*Drinkers of Infinity*—is drawn from a remark by Moses Mendelssohn about Spinoza and really applies only to the observations on the seventeenth-century geniuses, whose mystical and irrational qualities Koestler stressed in his writings on Kepler and Galileo. For the rest, you can learn in separate articles that Koestler loves Norway, canoeing on the Loire, Pouilly fumé, his adopted homeland, England (though he characterizes its inhabitants as a hybrid of the lion and the ostrich), and above all Europe, whose diversity-in-unity has made it unique among the continents of the world.

Koestler is opposed to Britain's quarantining of dogs on arrival from abroad, to capital punishment, academic pundits so overspecialized that they resemble the koala bear with its exclusive diet of eucalyptus leaves, Asian pretensions to spirituality, the slush of popular culture, mechanistic psychology, the physicalistic approach to mental illness. Doubts are expressed about the behaviorists' ratomorphism, Konrad Lorenz's anseromorphic view (Koestler's playful neologism on the analogies of geese and men), and the ape comparisons of Desmond Morris. Some of the articles republished here show a touch of the self-inflation the author is quick to detect in others: the inclusion of his rather sorry "best books of the year" choices for a newspaper, his analysis of the genius of Hungarian émigrés, his trite report on his experience with psilocybin, and his inconsequential reviews of books by Picasso's mistress and Stalin's daughter. The grouping of the essays is rather artificial, and the sequence often makes for strange bedfellows. Koestler is not squeamish about reprinting the bright remarks in his journalistic endeavors, evidently unaware that repeating them three or four times tends to dim their luster.

The author is most corrosively intelligent when he takes after the scientific Establishment in any of its protean shapes. He shook the entrenched professional historians of science with his extensive study of Kepler, and they retaliated with unfavorable reviews. In the present sampling he has an opportunity to strike out once more against the dismal pedants in a field of knowledge that has missed many of its opportunities by refusing to recognize the significance of non-scientific influences on the development of scientific knowledge—the persistent intrusion of religion and magic in the greatest discoveries. Koestler admires the daring innovators anywhere, especially those on the fringes of science, like the investigators of extrasensory perception, and he loathes the smugness of the medical psychiatrists now in power.

Among the most interesting selections are those toward the very end of the volume, the substance of two addresses delivered in 1965 before scientific bodies on the problems of creativity. The essays are entitled "Evolution and Revolution in the History of Science" and "Biological and Mental Evolution: An Exercise in Analogy." Koestler's extraordinary perception of novel relationships between two different kinds of academic knowledge is a creative act in its own right. He is at his best in these studies that are related to his book *The Act of Creation*. Along with an increasing number of men in various fields, he has been exploring the nature of the creative process and coming up with insights that differ both from the pure intuitionist and the drab rationalist schools. Genius is Koestler's proper study, and he brings to the mystery the illuminations of a bold, heterodox mind capable of comprehending the biological, the historical, and the psychological dimensions of the problem. He writes without jargon, dramatizes with metaphor and uses rhetoric in the best traditions of that ancient art.

For anyone unacquainted with the wide range of Mr. Koestler's interests since the publication of his novel *Darkness at Noon*, which made him famous, *Drinkers of Infinity* is a good introduction; those who have read his other works may find it supererogatory. A writer of parts should perhaps leave the task of collecting his occasional pieces to posterity, if it is so minded.

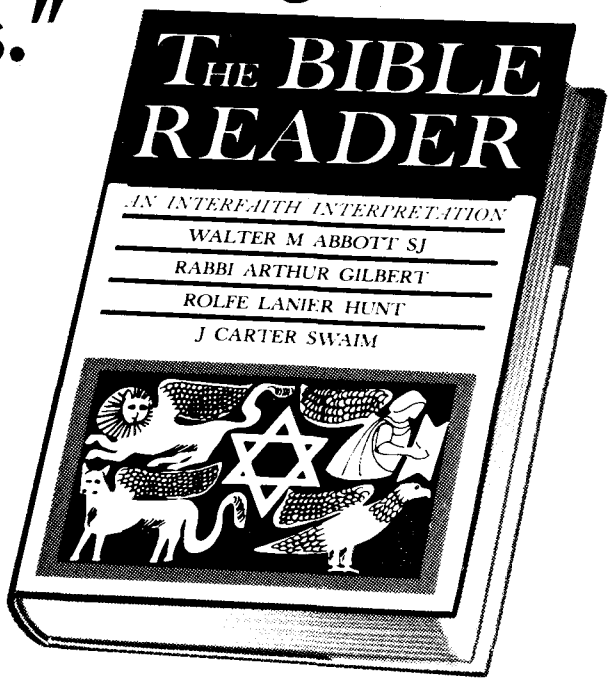
Frank E. Manuel

Frank E. Manuel, who is professor of history at New York University, wrote "A Portrait of Isaac Newton."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"...Provides a cultural understanding of the Bible that few college graduates possess."

TIME, October 3, 1969



For centuries, the Bible has been a source of inspiration – and disagreement. Men of good faiths have found in it reason to argue, dispute and contradict each other.

Now four men – a priest, a rabbi, a minister and an educator – have completed eight years of work on a common interpretation of scripture.

THE BIBLE READER: AN INTERFAITH INTERPRETATION offers the combined scholarship of Reverend Walter M. Abbott, S.J., Rabbi Arthur Gilbert, Dr. Rolfe Lanier Hunt, and Reverend J. Carter Swaim in selecting and annotating those passages in the Bible which best contribute to an understanding of our history, our literature, and our culture.

Together, these men read the Bible and selected passages for their relevance to today, to an understanding of the development of our social ideals and our institutions.

Together they chose – from more than twenty different translations – those portions of the Bible that would help the Christian reader discover how many of his religious rites have their source in Jewish practice and Scriptures; and show the Jewish reader that Christians cherish many Jewish ideals and by fidelity to them have helped make them part of Western civilization. The emphasis is always on what we have in common with one another.

In words from the Preface: "The Bible is a book not only for all times, all places, all people, but also for all worlds. It belongs not only to the age that has been and the age that now is, but also to the world that is to be. Man's venture into Space may lend new meaning to the external purpose, expressed in the Bible, that 'The manifold wisdom of God might now be made known to the principalities and powers in the heavenly places' (Ephesians 3:10)."

THE BIBLE READER is the first interfaith interpretation of the Bible. This is a book for all Americans.

Just published, this unique book has already received a most enthusiastic reception.

"The Bible Reader provides its readers not only with a heightened appreciation of the role of the Bible in our common cultural heritage, but with new insights as well into our common religious heritage and beliefs. From such insights will spring mutual and better understanding among readers of all faiths, or of none. . . . This is an eminently readable book, full of fascinating erudition presented with simplicity and style."—AMERICA, September 13, 1969.

"The Editors have succeeded admirably in their effort to provide a Bible Reader that meets the provisions of the Supreme Court. . . . This volume can be of great service, not only in public and collegiate education, but in adult Bible classes fostered by the churches and synagogues or by community groups."—DR. LUTHER A. WEIGLE, Chairman, Standard Bible Committee, National Council of Churches.

"The Editors are to be congratulated . . . Should provide teachers with the necessary material for the presentation of the Bible to students in both public and private institutions."—RABBI IRA EISENSTEIN, President, Jewish Reconstructionist Foundation.

"The Bible Reader is not exclusively concerned with religion. It abounds in references to music, art and literature. . . . Political and legal references also abound – especially contemporary ones. . . . Throughout the book, alternative translations of famous passages are offered. An American Indian version of the 23rd Psalm, for instance, reads in part: "He puts his hand upon my head, and all the 'tired' is gone." —TIME, October 3, 1969.

THE BIBLE READER: AN INTERFAITH INTERPRETATION
Rev. Walter M. Abbott, S.J. • Rabbi Arthur Gilbert • Rolfe Lanier Hunt, Ph.D., LHD. • Rev. J. Carter Swaim
1024 pages • Index • Three editions: Hardcover, $7.95; paperback, $3.95 • Also available in a special school edition • Co-published with Geoffrey Chapman Ltd., London

The Bruce Publishing Company

An Affiliate of Crowell Collier and Macmillan, Inc.
850 3rd Avenue, New York 10022

Available at your bookstore

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Japanese

JAPAN: Images and Realities

by Richard Halloran

Knopf, 281 pp., $6.95

SENSEI AND HIS PEOPLE

by Yoshie Sugihara and David W. Plath

University of California Press, 187 pp., $5.95

JAPAN'S MASSIVE POSTWAR ABSORPTION of Western institutions, ideas, and technology may seem like one of history's most spectacular cultural revolutions. But Japan herself is less impressed than her Western benefactors by her "transformation." For centuries she has demonstrated her unique ability to swallow foreign civilizations whole and leisurely digest them. From the seventh to the ninth centuries Japan imported Chinese culture on a vast scale, converting herself from a primitive, anarchic clan society into a feudal empire with refined tastes, rigid moral standards, and a deep awareness of her national identity. Then, in the nineteenth century, after living for 1,000 years in medieval seclusion, she brought in Western technology, and within a few decades emerged as a highly industrialized state.

In both cases revolution came after contact with more advanced civilizations revealed to a startled Japan, isolated and stagnant, the extent of her backwardness. The shock produced a dynamic force, compounded of fear and pride, that made possible the miracle of metamorphosis. On the one hand, Japan feared eventual military domination by the advanced countries if she did not learn and use for her own benefit their secrets of power. On the other, she experienced a great surge of national pride, an irresistible desire, nourished by militaristic Shinto doctrines, to prove herself the equal, if not the superior, of any other nation.

In the present era of revolution, postwar pacifism in Japan has, up to now, ruled out military power as an element in the search for national glory. Pride is still a strong motivating factor, but it no longer can be equated with the egoism and arrogance that were easily bred in a people fed on the notion that hierarchy is the natural order of society. Rather, primed since the war almost exclusively by the peaceful striving for affluence, it has developed, to a large extent, into the kind of harmless vanity that Westerners feel when contemplating their constructive achievements.

But if the circumstances of this reformation differ greatly from those of the previous two, the skill of the Japanese in selectively fitting foreign innovations into their native culture has remained constant. Tokyo, in particular, with its huge department stores, modern Western architecture, burlesque shows, and long-haired hippies, may offer the impression of an Occidental transplantation in Asia. However, if one ventures behind the high stone walls hiding some paper-walled house on any nameless street he will observe the bonds and beauties of traditional Japanese life: a kimonoed wife serving tea and *suchi* to her demanding husband as he sits on a cushion before a foot-high sandalwood table; a painstakingly arranged garden composition of azalea and camellia bushes, slender pines, dwarfed fir trees, and stone lanterns.

The reluctance of Japanese to share their walled-in world with foreigners and the disinterest of most Americans in worlds they do not understand have combined to freeze in both peoples cliché images of each other. Many Americans regard the Japanese as a quaint, excessively polite, rather devious little folk who have finally been converted to the superior Western way of life. Many Japanese consider Western, particularly American, culture somewhat barbaric, though containing elements of modernism worthy of assimilation.

And, indeed, beneath the surface there is little cultural or spiritual communion between Japanese and Americans; basically, there are only economic and security ties. This lack of a deeper rapport would make it easy for Japan, a most pragmatic nation (as acceptance of defeat in the war demonstrated), to break away from the American sphere of influence should economic or strategic conditions ever dictate such a move; and Communist China must certainly be aware of this possibility, however remote, if most Americans are not.

Two excellent books now pry behind the walls and lay bare Japan's cultural contradictions. Richard Halloran, a former *Washington Post* Tokyo Bureau chief who has since switched to *The New York Times*, is a first-class reporter. Going far beyond mere reportage in *Japan: Images and Realities*, he has dissected and examined the Japanese character with scholarly sensitivity, and in language that any layman can understand and enjoy.

Halloran applies the ethos that molds and motivates the Japanese to concrete sectors of society—politics, economics, press, bureaucracy, foreign policy. Each of these realms is searchingly analyzed in the light of the singular characteristics that make the Japanese act as no other people do. When he completes the book, the reader will have few illusions that the postwar "revolution" engulfing Japan has changed more than certain external aspects of Japanese life.

As Halloran makes clear, Japan has parliamentary democracy now but, to avoid confrontations and permit the minority to save face, decisions are still largely reached by the traditional means of consensus. Industrial machinery and techniques rival those of the West, but labor-management rela-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whatever your cause, it's a lost cause unless we control population.

At last an American President has acknowledged that it is his Administration's "clear responsibility to provide essential leadership" to control the flood of humanity that threatens to engulf the earth. President Nixon's July 18th message to Congress on the hazards of unchecked population growth brings the U.S. one step closer to meeting the most far-reaching crisis of our time.

"Today the world population is three and a half billion persons," the President told Congress. "It took many thousands of years to produce the first billion people; the next billion took a century; the third billion came after 30 years; the fourth will be produced in just 15....Over the next 30 years...the world's population could double!...With birth rates remaining high and with death rates dropping sharply, many countries of Latin America, Asia and Africa now grow 10 times as fast as they did a century ago."

There will be a hundred million more people in *our own country* in another 30 years or so. Whatever your present cause, it is a lost cause unless we check the population explosion. Good causes such as schools, churches, colleges, hospitals, museums, libraries, community chests, heart funds, and conservation will inevitably be swamped by too many people.

President Nixon's Proposals

The President has proposed that Congress set up a commission on "population growth and the American future." He has directed government agencies to:

1. Undertake additional research on birth-control methods of all types.
2. Train more people to work in population and family-planning programs, both in this country and abroad.
3. Give the highest priority to new techniques that can help safeguard the environment.
4. Establish as a national goal the provision of adequate family-planning services in the United States within the next five years for all those who want them but cannot afford them.

The President pointed out that we will, therefore, "have to increase the amount we are spending on population and family planning." Our Government currently spends on population programs less than 3% of the amount it spends on space explorations. And far less than 1% of the amount it spends on the military.

We will also have to break down barriers of illiteracy and misinformation by utilizing fully the modern communication techniques of television and other mass media.

Write President Nixon in your own words telling him you applaud his plans and *ask him to implement them without delay*. Also contact anyone else in Washington you think might be helpful. Write your newspaper editor and talk to your friends, asking them to help. Your Government needs everyone's support in taking this courageous step in controlling population.

We'll be glad to send you reprints of this ad for posting where others will see it or for mailing to friends. We'll also send you reprints of President Nixon's message to Congress.

Remember: *Whatever your cause, it's a lost cause unless we control population.*

ROBERT S. McNAMARA, President, World Bank
GEORGE CHAMPION, Director, The Chase Manhattan Bank
HAROLD W. BOSTROM, UOP Transportation Equipment Group
THOMAS D. CABOT, Chairman, Cabot Corporation
FRANK W. ABRAMS, former Chairman, Standard Oil Co. of N.J.
LAMMOT duP. COPELAND, Chairman, E. I. duPont de Nemours & Co., Inc.
DR. PHILIP M. HAUSER, University of Chicago
GENERAL WILLIAM H. DRAPER, JR., former Ambassador to NATO
DR. L. H. FOSTER, President, Tuskegee Institute
RABBI WOLFE KELMAN, Rabbinical Assembly
EMERSON FOOTE, former President, Foote, Cone & Belding
MRS. ALBERT D. LASKER
JOHN L. LOEB, Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co.
MRS. CORDELIA S. MAY, Laurel Foundation
DAVID E. LILIENTHAL, former Director, Tennessee Valley Authority
WILLIAM F. MAY, Chairman, American Can Co.
DR. REINHOLD NIEBUHR, Union Theological Seminary
ERNEST GRUENING, former U.S. Senator from Alaska
DR. JOHN H. NORTHROP, Nobel Prize Winner
ROCKEFELLER PRENTICE
JOHN ROCK, M.D., Harvard Medical School
FRANCIS T. P. PLIMPTON, former Deputy U.S. Representative to the United Nations
ELMO ROPER, Public Opinion Analyst
EUGENE R. BLACK, former President, World Bank
CHARLES E. SCRIPPS, Chairman, Scripps-Howard Newspapers
THE RT. REV. HENRY KNOX SHERRILL, World Council of Churches
ERNEST L. STEBBINS, M.D., Johns Hopkins University
LEWIS L. STRAUSS, former Secretary of Commerce

HUGH MOORE FUND
60 East 42nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10017
Phone: (212) 986-6469

☐ Please send me___free copies of the advertisement "Whatever Your Cause."

☐ Please send me_____free copies of President Nixon's message to Congress about the population explosion.

S-28

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____Zip_____

Those signing this statement do so in their personal and individual capacity.
The institutional and business affiliations are purely descriptive carrying no implication of authorization or participation by the organization noted.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions are still based more on feudalistic paternalism than on collective bargaining. Every city abounds with modern cabarets, complete with bare-breasted dancers, but hostesses, dressed in stylish evening gowns, sit and fawn upon customers in true geisha style.

Nor is drastic change very likely in the near future. Although it has relaxed somewhat since the war, the hierarchal social structure is intricate and deeply rooted, with every individual fixed in his level on the basis of class, occupation, family position, age, and sex. Like tiny springs or screws fitted into a wrist watch, the human parts are held in place by a complex network of interlocking obligations. A Japanese obeys his parents not necessarily out of love, or even respect or fear, but because of the unwritten contract into which he enters at birth. He may despise someone who has done him a minor favor in the past, but he must repay this favor in full. And once he acquires an obligation, shirking it is almost out of the question, for this would result in loss of face and bring down upon him the wrath and ridicule of the community.

Whereas Halloran explains Japanese custom and code by deliberately applying them to various aspects of society, Yoshie Sugihara, in *Sensei and His People,* illustrates these mores simply by telling the story of a rural community through Japanese eyes, without trying to analyze social behavior that she takes for granted. Thus, her work, though thoughtfully interpreted by David W. Plath, the translator, can be best appreciated by the Western reader if viewed through the prism of a complementary analytical book like Halloran's.

Actually, Mrs. Sugihara writes about, and as a member of, a most atypical Japanese community. It was formed in prewar days by four families who dared ignore the stifling norms of village behavior and were, as a result, ostracized by their fellows. To survive, the pariahs, under the inspiring leadership of Ozaki Masutaro, a disillusioned Shinto priest, developed their own village on a basis similar to that of the Israeli kibbutz—though it grew out of need rather than ideology—and defeated every effort of their vengeful neighbors to destroy them. (Today Ozaki heads a prosperous commune and is highly respected by his neighbors.)

It is precisely the exceptional nature of this rebellion against the Establishment that is so revealing of Japanese social dogma. For the reactions of the outlying community to the outcasts—and, paradoxically, the motives of the outcasts themselves—mirror the national character with almost flawless consistency. Since these people had refused to fit into their proper hierarchal niches within Japanese society, they did not, in their countrymen's eyes, deserve civilized treatment.

By the same token, Japanese soldiers who were taken prisoner regarded themselves in disgrace and therefore no longer within the realm in which moral law, as they had learned it, operated. As a result, many turned informer on their comrades, seeing no stigma attached to such conduct. They had never learned rules governing behavior in exile. A variation of this same odd logic has made the Japanese driver the most reckless in the world, as Halloran stresses. Not knowing the other motorists, he feels no obligation toward them. He thus challenges them, much as the community leader challenged Ozaki and his followers in a dramatic confrontation between men no longer bound by mutual debt: "Which of us is superior, you or I? Let us test our strength."

A reading of these books by Halloran and Mrs. Sugihara is certain to increase one's understanding of a Japan that is growing economically more powerful each year, and is likely to have an influence on Asia second only to Communist China's in the coming decades.

Dan Kurzman

Dan Kurzman is the author of "Kishi and Japan: The Search for the Sun" and the forthcoming "Genesis 1948: The First Arab-Israel War."

NISEI: The Quiet Americans

by Bill Hosokawa

Morrow, 576 pp., $8.95

THIS IS A RESTRAINED and valuable study of the Nisei, "second generation" Americans of Japanese descent, and of their immigrant parents, the Issei. Without attempting to shock or resorting to melodrama and jeremiads, Bill Hosokawa documents the unusual history of the Issei and Nisei in America, from Manjiro Nakahama, the "first Issei," who was brought here in 1843 by a whaling captain and became a keen observer of the American scene ("Toilets are placed over holes in the ground. It is customary to read books in them"), through the black days of World War II, when 110,000 Issei and Nisei were evacuated from their homes and "relocated" in concentration camps. Hosokawa probes the insular life of the Japanese communities in an America that classified the Issei as "aliens ineligible to citizenship"; the cruelty and paranoia of California's

anti-alien land laws, which forced the Issei to buy and maintain property in the name of their American-born children, many of whom were still in diapers; the rifts that developed between the Issei, who clung to the bits of Japan they recreated in their Little Tokyos, and the Nisei, who wanted to shuck off whole chunks of their Japanese heritage—all of which contributed to the "Enryo Syndrome."

Hosokawa notes that Harry H. L. Kitano, a Nisei sociologist who first described the "Enryo Syndrome," felt the Issei and Nisei "were so weak and humble, so traditionally obedient to authority, that during the Evacuation, 'if the U.S. government wanted to run death ovens we would have marched quietly to our doom with only slight hesitation.' "

With the help of superb documentation, Hosokawa pinpoints the absurdities, contradictions, and hysteria that shrouded the whole Evacuation period. The Evacuation itself assumes the dimension of a nightmarish extravaganza, in which three great champions of the liberal cause in America—FDR, Walter Lippmann, and Earl Warren—play out their roles as villains, and J. Edgar Hoover becomes something of a hero.

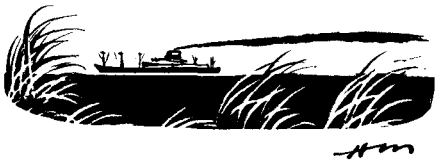
Roosevelt, under pressure from the military, signed Executive Order 9066, which launched the removal of Japanese aliens and Japanese-American citizens from supposedly strategic coastal areas. Earl Warren, then attorney general of California, believed that it was possible to determine the loyalty of a member of the "Caucasian race," but that there was no way of distinguishing the loyal from the disloyal Issei and Nisei. Lippmann, one of the first commentators to grasp the racist undertones of our involvement in Vietnam, feared in 1942 that acts of sabotage were brewing in the Japanese communities, and he wholeheartedly supported the Evacuation. Though the FBI swept down upon the Japanese communities immediately after the attack upon Pearl Harbor and ousted potential troublemakers with zeal, Hoover understood that "the necessity for

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mass evacuation is based primarily upon public and political pressure rather than on factual data. Public hysteria and, in some instances, the comments of the press and radio announcers have resulted in a tremendous amount of pressure being brought to bear on Governor Olson [of California] and Earl Warren."

Appreciating the full irony of the Evacuation, Hosokawa notes that it took the Army almost eleven months after Pearl Harbor Day to complete the job of housing the Issei and Nisei in "relocation centers." In that time the United States had checked the thrust of the Japanese in the Pacific, and any attack upon California would have been impossible. "Even as the Evacuation was completed, it could no longer be called a military necessity."

Yet, in spite of its virtues, Hosokawa's study of the Nisei is flawed. Like the Little Tokyos that flourished on the West Coast before the war, Hosokawa's book suffers from a kind of insularity. He offers a host of success stories and a list of Nisei notables, such as Senator Daniel K. Inouye of Hawaii and Mike Masaoka, who lobbied so effectively to provide citizenship for the Issei, but he tells us nothing about the cultural shock that some of the Nisei must have undergone during and after the Evacuation. Why, for example, have there been so few reports from the Nisei themselves



about the Evacuation period? And why does Hosokawa completely skip the reaction of the Nisei to the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki? Though he discusses Title II of the McCarran Act, and its provision for the perpetuation of "American-style concentration camps," he ignores the consequences that Title II might have for war protesters and black militants today.

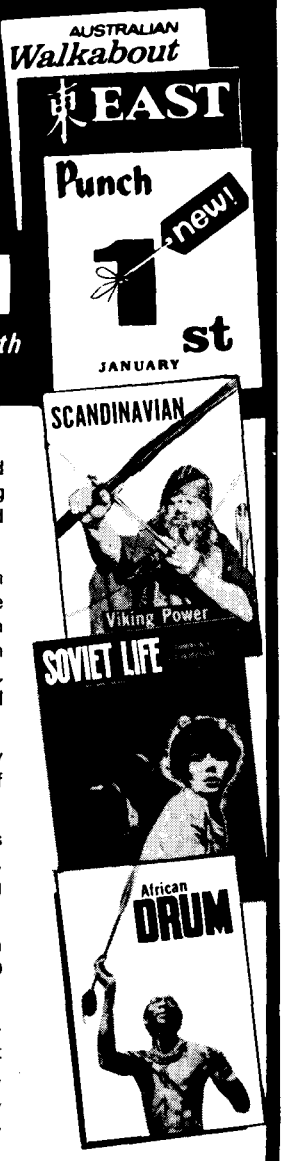
Hosokawa informs us of a survey taken in 1967 indicating that 48 per cent of the population of California still believes that the Evacuation was justified; he expresses some alarm, yet he refuses to extend his discussion of the Nisei in order to grapple with the over-all question of racism in America. Is it that Hosokawa himself has been touched by the "Enryo Syndrome"? I wonder.

Jerome Charyn

Jerome Charyn's fourth novel, "American Scrapbook," about the detention of Japanese-Americans during World War II, was published this year.

Magazines from Around The World

All in English—A Different One Each Month



Give your friends a fascinating 12-month trip around the world. Each month will bring a different exciting English-language magazine, capturing all the flavor and color of its part of the world.

Punch, with its delightful British humor . . . *Drum*, with the throb of Africa . . . *The East*, depicting the delicate Orient . . . *Soviet Life*, for a look at life behind the Iron Curtain . . . and still more, including *Walkabout* from Australia, *Scala* from Germany, *Himmat* from India, *Scottish Field*, *Mexican Life*, *Scandinavian Times*, and *Ireland Of The Welcomes*.

Sample a sidewalk cafe on the Continent . . . the misty streets of Dublin at dawn . . . the flashing color of ballet in Moscow.

"Magazines From Around The World" make a gift that's intriguing for children as well as adults, with their rich, colorful pictures, eye-catching covers, and fascinating reading.

You'll be giving not one, but 12 different gifts from 12 countries, for the price of just one at only $9.90 per subscription.

And, for $5.95, you can give additional friends *"Newspapers From Around The World"*, the world's greatest English-language papers including: *Le Monde* of Paris, *The Times of London*, *Jerusalem Post*, *Moscow News*, *Saigon Post*, and *China Mail*. All are printed in English, with a different paper coming each month.

Give the World This Christmas

Please hurry so that we can send your gift recipients a special "Around the World" gift announcement in your name in time for the holidays. Please enclose a check and mail to: International News, Box 1505H, Washington, D. C. 20013

1. Subscription Desired:
☐ World Magazines for $9.90
☐ World Newspapers for $5.95

Donor's Name
Name of Recipient
Street Address
City
State
Zip

2. Subscription Desired:
☐ World Magazines for $9.90
☐ World Newspapers for $5.95

Donor's Name
Name of Recipient
Street Address
City
State
Zip

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

USA

THE POLITICS OF PROTEST: A Task Force Report Submitted to the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence

Prepared under the direction of Jerome H. Skolnick

Simon & Schuster, 419 pp., $6.95

EVERY NOW AND THEN something that has been unknown or suppressed comes to the fore of the public consciousness, wins a place for itself on the public agenda, and then, within a short time, a substantial body of respectable literature on the problem is made available by scholars and publicists. Reports, monographs, and books suddenly appear in such profusion that one suspects the manuscripts have been ready for years, or that the facts and ideas have been kept in some kind of intellectual deep-freeze.

I had this feeling when the publications on poverty began to roll off the presses soon after the appearance in 1962 of Michael Harrington's *The Other America* and Dwight Macdonald's article on "Our Invisible Poor" in *The New Yorker* in January 1963, which prepared Presidents Kennedy and Johnson as well as public opinion for the war on poverty. Since then it has not been possible for anyone but the specialist to keep up with the writings on that topic.

The same thing has happened with the subject of violence in the United States. Just as the historians assure us that poverty has always been a problem in our country, so do they assure us that violence has always been as American as apple pie and cheese. Yet, until the riots in Watts, Newark, Detroit, and other cities hit us, studies of violence were few and far between. Now it would take a person's full time to keep up with the works on the subject that are appearing. Besides the official reports of the Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice, the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, and the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, there are numerous task force and individual studies produced under the auspices of the commissions, in addition to independent scholarly monographs and books written for popular consumption. Brandeis University has established the Lemberg Center for the Study of Violence, and the Civil Disorder Research Institute of Cambridge, Massachusetts, publishes the fortnightly *Civil Disorder Digest*, which summarizes information on disorders almost as they occur.

It is gratifying to note that a great deal of the work being produced, on poverty as well as on violence, is of a high order and does not at all give the impression of having been rushed out to meet an official or a publisher's deadline. The preface to *The Politics of Protest* states that the contract for the report was made at the end of August 1968 and the final draft was sent to the Commission less than seven months later. The director of this task force had the assistance of a substantial staff and help from staff consultants and

advisory consultants; but the report shows no evidence of having been done by a committee or group. It reads as if everything in it had passed through the alembic of a single mind, as if Jerome Skolnick were the sole author and had taken years to write the book. This is intended as no small praise.

The analysis of facts, Mr. Skolnick states, is not meant to be "value-free." He makes explicit the book's operating bias: partiality to the values of equality, participation, and legality—"in short, to those values we think of as the values of a constitutional democracy. We believe in due process of law and look toward a society in which order is achieved through consent, not coercion." But what follows immediately after this avowal of principles suggests that they are projected for the distant future, an expression of hope and aspiration for a millennium.

"As social analysts," Mr. Skolnick goes on to say, "we recognize, however, that violence has often been employed in human history, in America as elsewhere, to obtain social, political, and economic goals, and that it has been used both by officials and by ordinary citizens." Mr. Skolnick then quotes with approval a statement the import of which is that force is the *ultima ratio* of political action; that political activity is normally carried on with the knowledge that the aggrieved party may escalate the issue into overt violence. This, it seems to me, normalizes violence, just as the strike has come to be accepted as the ultimate arbiter in labor disputes, so that the parties around the collective bargaining table feel it as a force pushing them toward an agreement; or as war or the possibility of war is a force in the relations between nations.

Mr. Skolnick attacks, with an impressive summary of American history,

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

SPOT THE SLEUTH

Each of the detectives in Column I appears in several novels. Cecily S. Nabors of Potomac, Md., wonders how many *SR* readers can match the sleuths with her descriptions and name their creators. The trail ends on page 51.

1. Father Brown ( )	A. His last case is his best-known	a. Marjorie Allingham
2. Albert Campion ( )	B. He advocates use of the "little gray cells"	b. E. C. Bentley
3. Max Carrados ( )	C. Mystic master of paradox	c. Ernest Bramah
4. Dr. Gideon Fell ( )	D. Lordly scion, incognito, assumes foolish manner	d. John Dickson Carr
5. Arsène Lupin ( )	E. Nickname: "the Toff"	e. Raymond Chandler
6. Inspector Maigret ( )	F. A gourmet, his brain exceeded only by his girth	f. G. K. Chesterton
7. Philip Marlowe ( )	G. A thief to catch a thief	g. Agatha Christie
8. Perry Mason ( )	H. A specialist in locked rooms	h. John Creasey
9. Hercule Poirot ( )	I. His blindness no liability	i. Erle S. Gardner
10. Hon. Richard Rollison ( )	J. A lawyer who solves his cases in court	j. Maurice LeBlanc
11. Philip Trent ( )	K. He'll be found at the Quai des Orfèvres	k. Georges Simenon
12. Nero Wolfe ( )	L. Tough-talking dick who dissects Los Angeles	l. Rex Stout

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"the myth of peaceful progress"—the proposition that domestic political violence "has been unnecessary to achieve political goals," a proposition which is, he says, "historically fallacious no matter how one interprets it." But the author wishes to avoid the implication that he means to project the opposite myth, "a myth of violent progress—which could easily be refuted by citing examples of . . . progress without violence. . . ."

The main thrust of the book, however, is to validate political violence in America. There is very little in the body of the work that would tend to dispel the myth of violent progress and that would make "the values of a constitutional democracy" credible—not in some utopian society but in the United States.

In a recent interview in the *Christian Science Monitor* John W. Gardner was asked if he thought there was any way to change institutions in the United States without crisis and violence. His answer was: "I don't believe that you can change them in the direction you want to change them by violence. Violence is counterproductive and produces changes of a sort you don't want. . . . When someone asks whether anything can happen without violence, they are usually implying that nothing much happens under peaceable circumstances. But it is wrong to say that nothing has happened. At least twelve million people have been lifted out of poverty in the past ten years. That means a major difference in the lives of a lot of people. Nobody remembers that kind of statistic, but there it is. And a substantial number of those were black people. . . ." Now Mr. Gardner, chairman of the Urban Coalition and formerly Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, also has respectable credentials as a social analyst. Is he right, or is Mr. Skolnick?

It seems to me that only after the history of violence in America has been thoroughly studied will a more comprehensive and impartial view be possible. Towards that achievement Mr. Skolnick's book makes a significant contribution. His summary of political violence in American history, and his chapters on the current anti-war movement, the student protests, black militancy, white militancy, and on the role of the police and the courts, throw considerable light on complex events and issues, and help the reader and the student to reconsider his own judgments and conclusions.

Milton R. Konvitz

Milton R. Konvitz is professor of law and of industrial and labor relations at Cornell University. His latest book is "Religious Liberty and Conscience."

The Unperplexing Reflex.
Kodak
INSTAMATIC
REFLEX CAMERA
The new *Kodak Instamatic* Reflex Camera. Once you get your hands on it, your picture-taking uncertainties are over.
Exposure calculations? Forget them. Whether you're taking color slides, color snapshots or black-and-white pictures, the automatic shutter electronically times exposures from 1/500 to 20 seconds in just about any light... from sunlight to candlelight. And you view and focus easily through a bright, clear reflex optical system.
Film threading? Drop-in cartridge loading eliminates both threading and rewinding. Other conveniences include interchangeable wide-angle and telephoto lenses. Automatic film-speed setting. Rapid thumb-lever film advance. Flashcube and electronic flash sockets. Even an instant battery checker.
See the *Instamatic* Reflex Camera at your Kodak dealer's. With f/2.8 lens, less than $200; with super-fast f/1.9, less than $250.
Are you suitably unperplexed?
Prices subject to change without notice.
New Kodak Instamatic® Reflex.
The 24 hour camera.
Kodak

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RUNNING AGAINST THE MACHINE:
The Mailer-Breslin Campaign

edited by Peter Manso
Doubleday, 313 pp., $6.95

THOUGH TECHNICALLY HONORING a rashly made pledge not to use his mayoralty campaign to launch a post-mortem book, Norman Mailer still consented to allow, if he did not actually cause, the present volume to be produced. "This is not my book," he tells us, "for I didn't write it and was not present to edit it." Yet the page opposite these words informs us it is copyrighted in *his* name, not that of the editor or the publisher.

That is in perfect accord with the anomalies of Mailer's "run against the [unspecified] machine," during which he beefed *ad nauseam* at the unwillingness of the press to take him and his campaign seriously, while at the same time offering them such slogans as "No More Bull - - - -!" and "Vote the Rascals In!" The tragedy of the Mailer-Breslin fiasco is not that he failed to be taken seriously by others, but that he was taken so seriously by himself. Not that the whole thing was a put-on, but that it was not.

William F. Buckley, Jr., in his memorable 1965 campaign for the mayoralty of New York, raised the question, Why shouldn't a gifted writer run for the job of custodian of one of the world's most cumbersome bureaucracies? Mailer, four years later, put the question to rest and sent the voters scurrying for a capable bureaucrat. In the process he lent credence to Eric Hoffer's words, "Give the intellectuals all the freedom they want — but no power!"

Buckley seemed to subscribe wholly to that when he said that if by chance he should emerge the winner, he would demand a recount. Thus did he score the most smashingly successful political defeat of the generation. His book, *The Unmaking of a Mayor*, received broad acceptance and made him more sought after as a campus and television personality than any conservative has a right to be.

Running Against the Machine will have no such impact. As a campaign scrapbook it is all right. But as recent history or commentary it is literally not there. The book contains not a word of narrative to tie the speeches, clippings, debates and position papers together or put them in any kind of perspective. No basis of order is evident in the presentation, chronological or otherwise. We are given no background on the events or contributors—not even to the extent of telling us who they are. If you want to know whose prose is included or where, you must discover it by riffling the pages—the information is not to be found in what passes for a table of contents. We can only surmise in charity that the book was designed to match in puzzling formlessness the campaign itself.

So look not to this agglomeration to learn why Mailer and his far more palatable sidekick, Jimmy Breslin, did not win the day in the Democratic primary; it doesn't say. For the answer to the more pertinent question, Who cares?, we can spare you the annoying search. Mailer cares.

But New York City has more important things even than Mailer to worry about. It has no time to weep now over having foolishly rejected the millennium, or to speculate on where *it* went wrong. New York must continue to draw polluted air into its lungs and fight the impossible muck of its traffic while the city's erstwhile Galahad concerns himself with space travel and moonshots. The full-page ads hawking this book shout incongruously, "Mailer and Breslin are still in the running!" And, with true ad-man's imagination, "The excitement stirred by the candidacies of Norman Mailer and Jimmy Breslin continues." Well, if it does, it is certainly not overpowering this town. And if the senior member of the ticket is still in any sense in the running at the time of this writing (a few days before the election) he is running in sulking silence. Breslin at least has continued to voice concern and to participate, even to the extent of endorsing and campaigning for John Lindsay.

In truth, the few short pieces by Mr. Breslin constitute the main redeeming social content of the book. In one, he tells of his reaction when writer Jack Newfield first told him over coffee he had endorsed the idea of Mailer for mayor and Breslin for president of the City Council.

"I did two things," he writes. "I laughed. Then I sipped the coffee. While I did it, I was saying to myself, 'Why is Mailer on the top of the ticket?'" Later, he telephoned Mailer to announce his assent to the deal. "While I was dialing," he says, "I began to compromise myself. Norman went to college, I thought. *Maybe it's only right that he's the mayor and I'm the president of the City Council. But that's the only reason. He has a Harvard diploma. On ability, I should be mayor.*"

There is every possibility that Breslin may yet be mayor someday. But not by running on fairy tales like making New York City the fifty-first state (thereby replacing for five million other-borough residents the tyranny of Albany with a tyranny of Manhattan) or on the claim that a pleasant concept like a once-a-month Sweet Sunday would really make a dent in the air pollution crisis. Not on slogans like "power to the neighborhoods" when the crying need is for *regional* planning with regional *power* to overcome the present sovereignty of more than two thousand separate overlapping districts, boards, and authorities of all kinds already working at cross-purposes for local advantage. Not by lecturing the victims of urban decay on ideological dialectics about "left conservatism." He will do it by immersing himself in the bubbling tar pit of the bureaucracy—by evolving ideas on how to make it solve more problems than it creates for the benefit of the human souls upon which it now feeds.

The value of this book, if any, would be as a primer on how *not* to run for mayor of New York City.

Fred Darwin

A radio news commentator, Fred Darwin wrote "Cities in Bondage."

—© *Richard Frank.*

Norman Mailer and Jimmy Breslin: "Vote the rascals in!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spend a few minutes with Almadén Solera Sherries and Ports

and you'll appreciate them for the rest of your life.

Flor—the remarkable cause of Sherry

Around the 1st Century B.C., a unique yeast started to materialize from the Spanish air quite suddenly, at vintage time. A snowy, whipped-cream-like surface bloomed over some, but not all wines. It looked like an enormous, white lily. So the Spanish called it *Flor* for flower. Gradually, all the lighter, finer wines thus began to flower...their bouquet changed, and their character deepened...they became dryer, crisper, and acquired more nose...the first Sherry was happening.

And now, 2000 years later at Almadén, this miracle is happening beautifully in California. Here's how it developed.

The Sherry grape

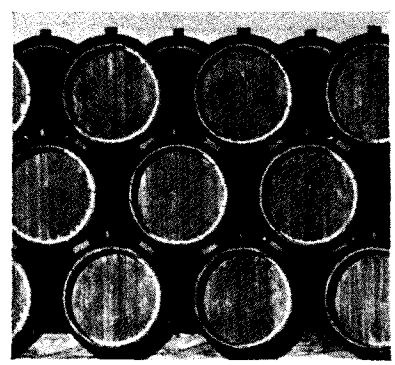
The golden Palomino grape—the essential start of the best Sherry, was brought over from Jerez, Spain and planted in the rich soil of California. It was a perfect fit. At this point, two essential ingredients for fine Sherry had been brought to Almadén: *Flor* yeast and the Palomino grape. Next we swung our attention to method, and realized that the Solera system—that process used originally in Spain—was the only way to produce highest quality Sherry. And that required special barrels.

White oak from Tennessee

The best wood for aging Sherry is white oak from Tennessee; even the Spaniards haven't found another oak as good. So we arranged to have white oak cut down and shipped regularly to Spain; there, with skilled hands, Spanish coopers shape it into butts or casks. These are returned to Almadén where they hold the wine in two important stages. The first is in what the Spaniards call a *Criadera* (literally, a nursery) where the dry, young Palomino wine takes on the *Flor* flavor. Next is the *Solera*.

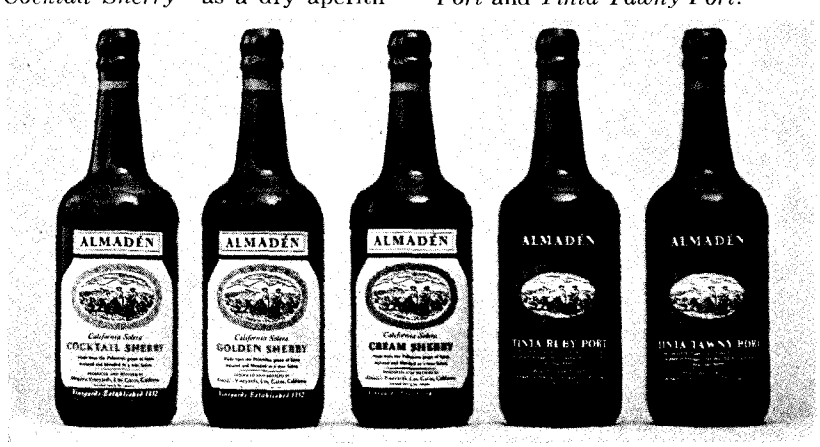
The Solera System —2000 years old.

A vast, dim room holds tier over tier of small oak barrels—some 20,000 in all. The young wine is poured into the topmost tier. What is drawn off for Sherry comes from the bottom tier—and never more than a third of a barrel at a time; this is replenished from the barrel above, and that barrel from a still higher barrel. This is the Solera System: through the years, the young Palomino wine blends with the older wines, moving slowly, from barrel to barrel, until it takes on the richness and quality of its ancestors. It's easily the most expensive but definitely the best way to make Sherry. There are three Almadén Sherries, all made in this painstaking way, for you to try: *Cocktail Sherry*—as a dry aperitif to be served before dinner chilled or over the rocks; *Golden Sherry*—not quite so dry, to be served chilled on the rocks with walnuts; and *Cream Sherry*—for those who prefer a sweeter Sherry as a before or after dinner drink (or anytime for that matter).



The Port grape

The best Port grape of Portugal, the Tinta Madeira, is used for Almadén Port. Notice it on the label...you will find it on few, very few, American Port labels...it is always an indication of superior quality, of a true, varietal Port wine. Matured in oak, in the same Solera process as the Sherries, Almadén Ports achieve their maximum softness and flavor. They are made just as Port is made in Portugal. Try them: *Tinta Ruby Port* and *Tinta Tawny Port*.



Almadén Vineyards, Los Gatos and Paicines, California

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Books are dangerous. I know what I'm talking about."

About 8,000,000 Americans will back up this statement.

They know that books can cause eyestrain, tension, fatigue and headaches. Books cause children to drop out of school and adults to virtually drop out of life.

These are people with acute visual impairments. People who wear glasses half an inch thick. Who bend over their magnifying glasses just trying to read a menu. Others whose eyesight is deteriorating with age.

For them, the act of reading is so painful, or the act of being seen reading is so embarrassing that they'd just as soon forget about books.

And that's more than just a shame. Because 8,000,000 people is too many good minds to go down the drain.

Fortunately, there's a new development that can reclaim these minds. And Olin helped pioneer it.

Large-type books.

It seems obvious today. But for years, nobody could foresee the enormous difference type size would make to the visually handicapped. (After all, they could always wear thicker glasses.)

There were also technical problems that stood in the way. Large-type books would use twice as much paper as normal books. Their bulk alone would make them impractical.

And large type could not insure legibility. The paper had to be exceptionally white, with a minimum of see-through and glare.

Olin was able to develop exactly what was needed. It's called Waylite® paper and it's nearly weightless. It's also just as opaque as ordinary paper but much whiter, with infinitely less glare.

At the moment, Waylite is being used in the first large-type dictionary.

It contains the entire vocabulary of the G. & C. Merriam-Webster Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary in 18-point type. (About double the size of this type.)

But the idea of large type is just beginning to gather momentum. In the future, Waylite will be keeping more and more large-type books a lot smaller.

To say nothing of keeping 8,000,000 minds a lot larger.

Olin

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction

THE RETURN OF PHILIP LATINOVICZ

by Miroslav Krleza, translated from the Serbo-Croatian by Zora G. Depolo

Vanguard, 222 pp., $6.95

PARIS HAD ITS BALZAC AND ZOLA, Dublin its Joyce, and Croatia has its Miroslav Krleza. Many of his works deal with the tribulations of the Croats under the ungainly Austro-Hungarian Empire. He is one of the two leading Yugoslav writers today (the other is Ivo Andric), a distinction he won almost half a century ago with the short-story collection *Croatian God Mars*. His other major works include the plays *In Agony* and *Aretheus* and the novels *On the Edge of Reason*, *Banquet in Blitvia*, and *The Banners*.

The Return of Philip Latinovicz, Krleza's first novel, was published in 1932, during the modernistic, almost expressionistic phase in his development. The novel's main dialectic—art *vs.* life—is also a variation on the *Return of the Native* theme.

After spending twenty-three years in West European capitals, where he was imbued with *savoir-faire*, dilettantism, and world-weariness, Philip, a young painter, returns to his home town in a Godforsaken Croatian plain. The time is the late 1920s. Though the trappings of Austrian rule have become things of the past, life in the small town has hardly changed; on the contrary, everything seems to be as usual—the powers-that-be, the thin crust of intelligentsia alienated from the people, the squalor and hopelessness of a "stuffy backwater." Philip, "a godless, westernized, restless bird of passage, nervy and decadent," soon realizes that even here "somebody is always being hunted" and that "devouring goes on everywhere."

Miroslav Krleza—"master of hint and allusion."

Yet these philosophical conclusions seem to bother Philip less than his inability to cope with two women, each in her own way diametrically opposed to his artistic nature: his primitive, sensual mother, concerned with her unbridled lust and with the perpetuation of her privileged status as a woman of pleasure for the provincial establishment; and a youngish widow, the *femme fatale* of the novel, who is just as sensual and morally loose but who wields a much greater destructive power because of the illusion of happiness she offers her men. In addition, Philip has been plagued since childhood with the question of his father's identity. All these trials make his homecoming a tortured experience and his future increasingly doubtful. He tries to find refuge in his art, only to realize that "art is a fine thing but life is a serious matter."

The love story and the dilemma of the artist in a prosaic world are only two aspects of this short but significant work. They serve Krleza as a framework for his commentaries upon life, *Kulturphilosophie*, social order, and human foibles. As a far-left revolutionary, he is bitter, blunt, and pessimistic about the future of bourgeois society. The world he presents is filled with mud, slime, rot, perfidy, bleakness:

> People move like wax dolls, scratch the napes of their necks, chew tobacco, and leave behind them a cloud of cigar smoke, the reek of their bodies and of misery. Every individual drags around with him the enormous circles of his own existence, his own warm entrails and other persons' warm entrails, from which he has issued like a worm, to crawl and twist, to bite and prick with his poisonous sting, to eat and devour; and others devour him, and have harnessed him, and beat him about the head with a whip. Everything moves in circles of resistance and starvation and horror, and amid all this painting is a largely unknown and superfluous matter.

This pessimistic stance does not derive from Krleza's obvious fondness for philosophizing but rather from his indictment of an industrialized capitalist society and its by-product—a neglected provincial town.

The author walks the tightrope of social criticism without slipping over into preaching. Moreover, due to his artistry this traditional, almost old-fashioned novel is still charming and refreshing. A certain long-windedness and seemingly endless descriptions are compensated by a wealth of detail, exquisite character sketches, fine nuances, and a sharp eye for color and shape. Krleza is a master of hint and allusion, and he knows how to keep his distance. His pessimism—even at times nihilism—and his irony, often turning to sarcasm, are tempered with humor and compassion. Though somewhat contrived and methodical, his novel still packs a terrific punch. The final scene resembles that of Dostoevsky's *Idiot*, when Rogozhin and Prince Myshkin sit numbly and disconsolately beside Nastasya's corpse.

Many Yugoslav writers are indebted to Krleza, more than they realize or admit. One of the most political of Yugoslav authors, he is at the same time one of the most accomplished, profound, and meaningful, not only in Yugoslav but in European literature. That he has been bypassed for the Nobel Prize bespeaks the sad fate of many excellent but little-known writers from "peripheral" countries. *The Return of Philip Latinovicz* is Krleza's first major work to be published here. In this excellent translation it should convince the reader of the author's power.

Vasa D. Mihailovich

Vasa D. Mihailovich, associate professor of Slavic literatures at the University of North Carolina, is co-editor of a forthcoming anthology of modern Yugoslav writing.

A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE

by Richard Yates

Knopf, 340 pp, $5.95

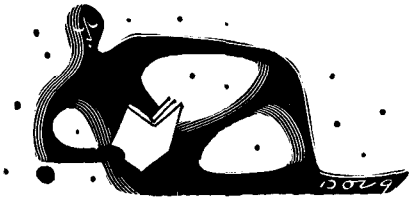
THE LIVES OF QUIET DESPERATION which, according to Thoreau, the majority of us lead are explored with high intelligence and careful craft in Richard Yates's second novel. *A Special Providence* is the story of Alice Prentice, a fifty-three-year-old would-be artist, and her only son, Robert, an eighteen-year-old rifleman serving in Europe during the final months of World War II. One suspects the book is somewhat autobiographical: the exceptional Mr. Yates served as an infantry private late in the war. Yet as presented here both son and mother are unexceptional, the kind of people one sees every day on the subway and instantly forgets.

As if to escape the ordinariness of their lives, the widowed Alice and her Bobby are dreamers. His dream is of heroism and acceptance by his peers, hers of fame and acceptance by art critics. Both are versions of the American Dream, to which the two have succumbed, a VistaVision projected in livid color. Alice in her excessive optimism is confident that "a special provi-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dence" will see her through life, although it fails her at every turn; conversely, it is providence alone and certainly not wit or skill that enables Robert to get through the war alive. Their individual stories form a counterpoint, his gradual rise played against her decline.

Yates unravels their stories in a leisurely and direct manner, more in the tradition of Bennett than of Barth. And in a time of hysterical experimentation in the novel, his is a triumph of lucidity—utterly lacking in stylistic



gymnastics or self-conscious mannerisms. Which is not to say Yates's technique is artless. Within the limits of quotidian detail he is especially skillful at devising symbolic acts that reverberate with meaning. When Robert accidentally squashes a large-size tube of Ipana toothpaste that he has carried into combat in his shirt pocket, the maimed tube represents at once the shattered domestic life he had known and his incomplete manhood. There is also an implicit irony in his being splattered with toothpaste instead of blood while aspiring to heroism in battle.

Another symbol central to the novel is the sculpture Alice has made of the young Bobby, first as a faun and then as Pan, subconsciously willing her son to play an aggressive sexual role. One of her dreams is to sculpture Robert's head again once he has become a man. Robert refuses, however; he will not allow her to mold him as a man as she literally molded him as a child.

The novel operates on a mythological level here: Alice enacts the role of a faithful Penelope, certain her Odysseus will return after adventures abroad. And just as Penelope protected herself through her weaving, Alice's art helps to sustain her. Robert, on the other hand, is no Odysseus. Like Joyce's Stephen Dedalus, he is very much Telemachus in search of a spiritual father. He believes he has found one in Private John Quint, but Quint is killed, and Robert feels indirectly responsible.

Finally, through learning to survive on the battlefield, Robert learns to survive in civilian life too. His responsibility to himself becomes imperative. It is nothing short of an act of self-preservation when he decides not to return to his mother. Like all the men in Alice's life, Robert deserts her. He

WHEN A TRUCKLOAD OF HARD MAPLE
arrives at Jack Daniel's, the boys in our rickyard go to work.

They're the ones who saw up the wood, stack it in ricks and burn it in the open air. What they get is a very special charcoal, which is ground up fine and packed into vats ten feet deep. Then, our just-made whiskey is seeped through the charcoal to mellow its taste and smooth out its flavor. *This* is charcoal mellowing, the extra blessing that gives Jack Daniel's its rare sippin' smoothness. One sip, we believe, and you'll be thankful for our hardworking boys in the rickyard.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.
© 1969, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must in order to become a man. Alice's one legacy to her son is the tenacity and toughness of spirit that enable him to make the necessary break.

A Special Providence, then, is essentially about the high cost of living one's own life. Yates called his 1962 collection of short stories *Eleven Kinds of Loneliness,* and the novel once again explores varieties of loneliness and the failure of love. The final vision of Alice Prentice is more chilling than any of Sherwood Anderson's grotesques because she is so grotesque in her very ordinariness—a middle-aged lady in Child's having two Manhattans and the chicken croquettes, after working all day in a lens-grinding shop. This of course is another of Yates's ironies: though she helps produce glasses to correct the vision of others, Alice has never seen anything clearly concerning herself.

Yates describes equally convincingly an aging woman's drunken evening and a green recruit's experiences in combat. The death of Quint is genuinely moving rather than sensational. And the two central characters are explored in the round, especially Alice, a believable human being who could cry over both Keats and Kate Smith.

Yates has succeeded through his skill in rising above his mundane material. In lesser hands the possessive, romantic Alice and the callow Robert would have been merely hackneyed.

To list faults seems ungrateful. It must be said, however, that the author has a tendency to be overexplicit, to tell the reader exactly what a character is thinking rather than to demonstrate. Most of the chapters end in an epiphany or some act of grace, climaxes that would be more suitable to the short story. And, for such a commonplace eighteen-year-old in search of his manhood, Robert Prentice displays surprisingly little interest in sex.

But for the many admirers of *Revolutionary Road,* Mr. Yates's first novel (which was a finalist for the National Book Award in 1961), *A Special Providence* should not be disappointing. While the subject matter is more familiar than that of the previous book, the treatment is not. Yates's cool craft and direct vision coalesce in a novel that must be considered a very special providence indeed.

Robert Phillips

Robert Phillips is the author of a forthcoming collection of short stories, "The Land of Lost Content."

original lithographs

enrico baj
robert bechtle
jose luis cuevas
mel ramos

Hand inked and printed in limited editions, signed and numbered by the artist.

GP COLLECTORS PRESS
621 Minna St., San Francisco 94103
Enclosed is 50¢ for illustrated catalog #4G
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

TOUCHING EVIL

by Norma Rosen

Harcourt, Brace & World, 269 pp., $5.75

IN HER THIRD BOOK Norma Rosen examines the possibility for joy in today's climate of moral extremity. Rejecting, as always, the grandiose, she has scaled down the dimensions of her text to fit the anxieties of two sensitive but otherwise unexceptional young middle-class women living in New York in 1961. Every afternoon Hattie, balloon-pregnant, and Jean, who would like to be, watch the Eichmann trial on TV. "Where does the mother get her assurance from?" Hattie asks. "What are we supposed to be passing *on*?"

Mrs. Rosen leads us down the paths of the female psyche like a Pied Piper. With vivid language as her flute, she freshens the familiar scenery but not the *raison d'être* she offers in the form of a symbolic tiny garment. Although there is delicate sensibility in *Touching Evil,* much honesty and comic vivacity, in sum the novel limits itself to a womb's-eye view of the road to love and humanity.

In a sense the book follows two parallel processes of gestation: Hattie's actual discomforts and Jean's metaphoric prepartum distress. At twenty-four Hattie, for the first time, is encountering evil, manifested in the Eichmann case. To keep her balance she bombards Jean with daily manuscripts—pages of memories, thoughts, novel fragments. These bulletins are incorporated as long italicized interludes in the mainstream of the narrative, composed of Jean's diary-letters to her absent lover, who is trying to work out a divorce. As she, too, explores her past against the implications of the trial, her maternal longings grow urgent; Jean is an anxious thirty-six. She befriends a teen-aged Puerto Rican dropout, and in a mingling of motherly solicitude and "vaginal nostalgia" permits him casual use of her body and apartment. She even attempts to educate him by reading aloud parts of Hattie's writings. In these sections especially, the boy, Jesús, already a pale character, grows almost dim. But he is, I suppose, a kind of foetus-figure in process of being born. For Jean's lover remains ambivalent, and if she is to nurture a young life, why should it not be Jesús?

In its separate parts—its delicately precise episodes, gentle and often funny—*Touching Evil* is more satisfying than as a whole. The story seems mechanically forced, demonstrating its thesis by contrived, even implausible devices: Hattie's manuscripts, the shared viewing of the trial, Jean's meeting with Jesús. And I was made uncomfortable by a kind of self-pitying pleasure behind the mock-humorous glimpses of unfeeling fathers and undependable husbands.

"Women's bodies can absorb anything," Hattie remarks complacently. A masochistic pride in aching ovaries, gynecological indignities, agonizing births makes this a howling female, men-are-no-damn-good novel.

Muriel Haynes

Muriel Haynes is a free-lance writer and critic.

t zero

by Italo Calvino, translated from the Italian by William Weaver

Harcourt, Brace & World, 152 pp., $4.95

A PIXYISH, QUIZZICAL-LOOKING MAN in his forties, Italo Calvino belongs to the new genre of European writers who trace their origins back to Kafka. Like Camus and others, these authors require undivided attention and, indeed, a kind of determination on the part of the reader, who must be resolved to penetrate the thickets of the writer's mind, to search through heavy growth for the kernel of insight, the seed of truth that makes the effort worth while. Calvino could hardly have hit on a more demanding formula than the one he uses repeatedly in *t zero,* a series of short scientific fantasies.

In each of the related stories Calvino begins with a short, italicized prefix that reads as though it were taken from some scientific encyclopedia of the future. "The progenitor of the birds [runs one] is the Archeopteryx (still endowed with certain characteristics of the Reptiles from which he descends), who dates from the Jurassic period, tens of millions of years after the first Mammals." Thus having set

(*Continued on page* 54)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Personal History

THE MEMOIRS OF HECTOR BERLIOZ

translated from the French and edited by David Cairns

Knopf, 636 pp., $12.50

HECTOR BERLIOZ'S *Mémoires* are a classic of musical autobiography. If not absolutely "everyone" has read it, everyone at all acquainted with musical literature must be familiar with some of its stories: Berlioz's attempt to return to Paris from Italy in feminine disguise in order to kill his faithless fiancée, her mother, and his rival; his audible bids for "ideas" during a performance of Cherubini's *Ali Baba*; the conductor Habeneck taking snuff at a crucial point in Berlioz's *Requiem* in order to wreck the performance; the hoax in which the composer pretended that the shepherds' chorus in *L'Enfance du Christ* was the work of Pierre Ducré, an imaginary eighteenth-century choirmaster; the symphony that was never written because the cost of performing it would have been ruinous.

Anyone—musician or not—who has never read the book as a whole has missed a masterpiece, comparable in its scope and approach with Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, in the gusto of its writing with Dickens. Truth is imaginatively intensified; everything is larger than life and characters become caricatures, though acid irony takes the place of Dickens's facetious humor. And if Dickens was justly celebrated for his power over the reader's tear-ducts, no sensitive person can read without being deeply moved Berlioz's accounts of his return to his dead father's house and his visit in old age to the sweetheart of his childhood.

As a writer, Berlioz is sometimes thoughtlessly bracketed with Schumann and Wagner. He was vastly their superior. *Mein Leben* is always readable, unlike much of Wagner's prose, but it is not in the same class as the *Mémoires*. Nothing is more difficult than to convey in words a live impression of a musical work and its performance. Here is Berlioz:

> After a trumpet fanfare based on the rhythm of its opening bars, the theme is announced *piano* by flutes and clarinets accompanied by pizzicato strings. The audience remained calm and judicious during this unexpected exposition. But when a long crescendo ensued, with fragments of the theme reintroduced fugally, broken by the dull strokes of the bass drum, like the thud of distant cannon, the whole place began to stir and hum with excitement; and when the orchestra unleashed its full fury and the long-delayed fortissimo burst forth, a tumult of shouting and stamping shook the theater; the accumulated pressure of all that seething mass of emotion exploded with a violence that sent a thrill of fear right through me; I felt as though my hair were standing on end . . .

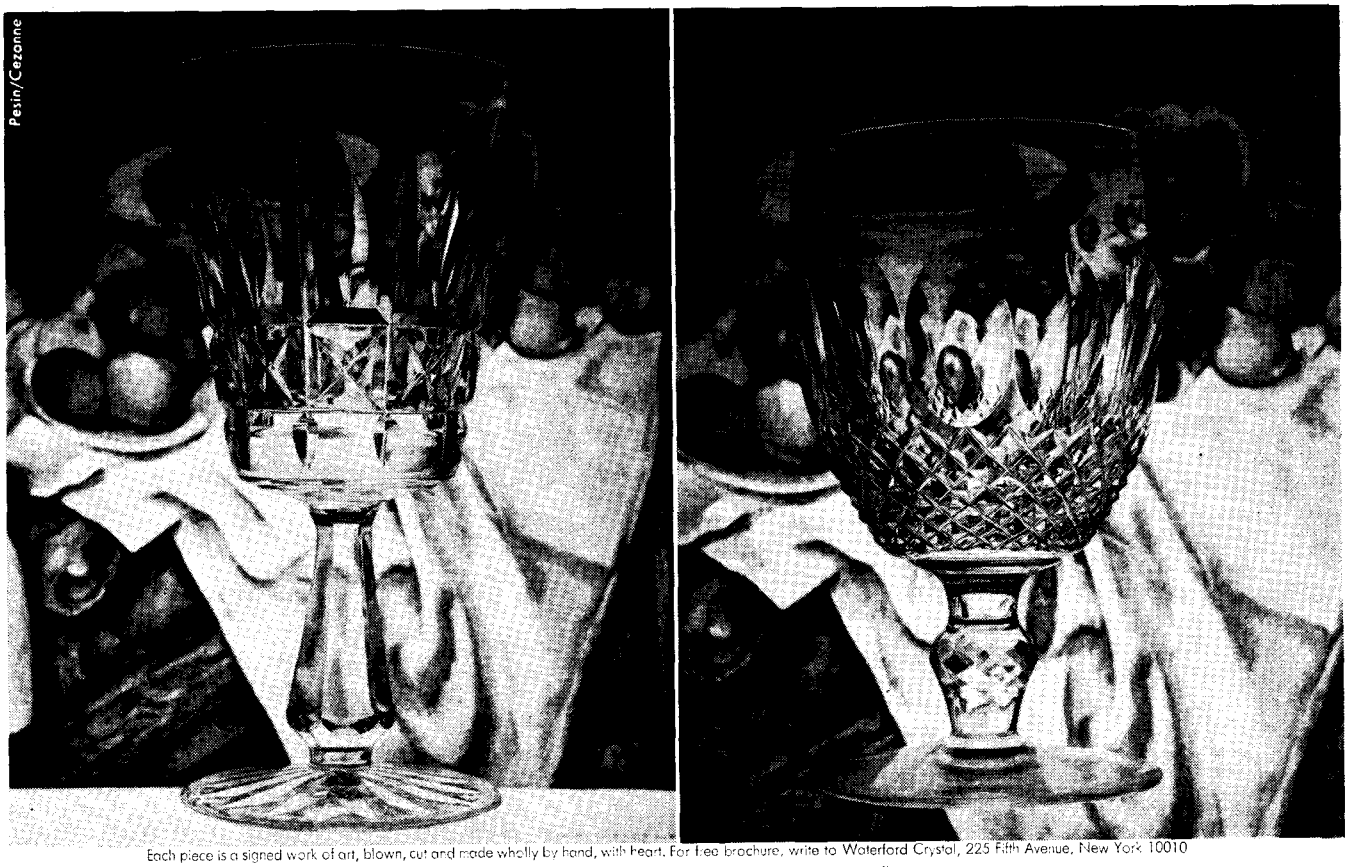
He is writing, of course, of the first performance of his own "Hungarian March," the autograph score of which he presented to the city of Pesth (not yet Budapest), where it may be seen in the Széchényi National Library.

Berlioz could also describe his music with Olympian detachment, though with Olympian disdain of its critics:

> The value of these melodies, their distinction, originality, and charm, may well be contested; it is not for me to estimate it. But to deny their existence is, I submit, dishonest or simply

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 Cf, 2Da, 3 I c, 4Hd, 5Gj, 6Kk, 7Le, 8Ji, 9Bg, 10 Eh, 11 Ab, 12F l.



Each piece is a signed work of art, blown, cut and made wholly by hand, with heart. For free brochure, write to Waterford Crystal, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010

Every Piece of Waterford is a Signed Original.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

silly. Only, as they are very often on a very large scale, a shallow, undeveloped sensibility is slow to grasp their form. They may also be combined with other subsidiary melodies which, for these same weak spirits, obscure their outline. Finally, such melodies are so unlike the desperately trivial little tunes which the riff-raff of the musical world understands by the term, that it cannot bring itself to admit that they are tunes at all.

The predominant features of my music are passionate expression, inward intensity, rhythmic impetus, and a quality of unexpectedness. When I say passionate expression, I mean an expression bent on reproducing the inner meaning of its subject, even when that subject is the opposite of passion, and gentle, tender feelings are being expressed, or a profound calm. . . .

His own favorite (and Wagner's and many others') among his works was the Love Scene in *Roméo et Juliette.*

Sometimes in writing of other composers Berlioz challenges accepted opinions. For instance, he compares Chopin's *rubato* on the piano unfavorably with the violinist Ernst's:

Chopin chafed under the restraints of time, and to my mind pushed rhythmic freedom much too far. Ernst can take liberties with the beat when artistic reasons . . . demand it, but he is essentially a rhythmical player; there is steadiness at the heart of his most daring fancies. Chopin simply could not play in strict time; Ernst is capable of abandoning strict time, but only so that the underlying pulse may be felt all the more strongly when he returns to it.

Berlioz admired Mendelssohn extravagantly, and was cruelly hurt when he learned in 1864, upon the publication of Mendelssohn's *Reisebriefe,* that the feeling had been anything but reciprocated. Berlioz is wrong, however, when he says that Mendelssohn had not seen the score of the Fantastic Symphony in 1831; the full text of Mendelssohn's letter of March 15—which has apparently escaped David Cairns's notice—gives abundant proof that he had.

The *Mémoires* are as characteristic of their author as any of his compositions and, as someone has said, much more French; they are in fact so French that they almost defy translation into idiomatic English. Up to the present, English readers have known them mainly through Ernest Newman's adaptation (which was actually suggested by the American publisher of the present version, Alfred Knopf) of the Victorian translation published by the Holmes sisters eighty-five years ago. Now comes one of the leading younger British Berliozians with a fresh version, which he has "tried to make as English as possible while stopping short of the absurdity of pretending that it is an English book." And, with the exception of a few words or phrases like "for the umpteenth time" or "my phobia of organ gigues," which strike the wrong note not because they are English but because they are twentieth-century, he has succeeded—as the foregoing quotations show.

Yet it is not so much on account of his translation that Cairns supersedes Holmes-Newman as by his knowledge of recent Berlioz studies. His reconstructions of the chronology of "dark periods" in the composer's early life are most valuable, and his love of the master's work has not blinded him to that "proneness of artists to write for effect," to which Berlioz frankly and amusingly confessed. Newman was not credulous, but sometimes he was too incredulous; he thought it "more than doubtful," for instance, that the snuff-taking incident ever took place. Cairns discusses the pros and cons at length in his admirable appendix of "Errors, Disputed Points, and Other Matters," and concludes that it probably did. Newman was skeptical about the famous *canard* that when Paganini gave Berlioz 20,000 francs he was merely acting as the agent of the publisher Armand Bertin, and Cairns's labors to prove its untruth are unnecessary. Documentary evidence of its falsity was published twelve years ago by Geraldine de Courcy in her *Paganini the Genoese.*

Gerald Abraham

Books by the British musicologist Gerald Abraham include "A Hundred Years of Music" and "Slavonic and Romantic Music."

—Sketch by Horace Vernet (c. 1831), from the book.

Hector Berlioz—passionate expression.

SHAW: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, 1856-1898

selected by Stanley Weintraub

Weybright & Talley, 336 pp., $10

BERNARD SHAW: A Reassessment

by Colin Wilson

Atheneum, 306 pp., $6.95

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW was too shy to write an autobiography. To compensate, he created the fictional character GBS and built a successful promotional campaign around him. It is from this self-advertising material that Stanley Weintraub, editor of *The Shaw Review,* has produced *Shaw: An Autobiography.* Weintraub's arrangement of Shaw's reminiscent writings into a coherent and chronological pattern demonstrates a scholar's familiarity with Shaw's work; it consists of some 300 extracts, ranging in length from a sentence to a number of pages, drawn from at least seventy different sources, though principally from Shaw's *Sixteen Self-Sketches, London Music,* and the preface to *Immaturity.* The final effect of all this is peculiarly unfortunate and unfair both to Shaw and to the reader. It's the sort of book that once put down can't be picked up. If Shaw were alive today I don't believe he would have permitted it to be published, for he was aware that an audience can be numbed by such unrelieved trumpetings.

Shaw was never totally at ease with his "persona," and Weintraub includes some significant passages in which he let the mask slip. None is more revealing than this extract from the preface to *Immaturity*:

Whether it be that I was born mad or a little too sane, my kingdom was not of this world: I was at home only in the realm of my imagination, and at my ease only with the mighty dead. Therefore I had to become an actor, and create for myself a fantastic personality fit and apt for dealing with men, and adaptable to the various parts I had to play . . . I was outside society, outside politics, outside sport, outside the Church. If the term had been invented then I should have been called The Complete Outsider.

Shaw was so determined that this "fantastic personality" should remain intact that he rewrote passages and in other ways exercised control over his two official biographers, Archibald Henderson and Hesketh Pearson. Indeed, it appears from letters now in the British Museum that Shaw all but destroyed psychologically a would-be biographer, T. D. O'Bolger, who exhibited signs of independence. Perhaps it is time for a full-scale Shaw biogra-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phy, free of that claptrap figure GBS. It would be satisfying if Stanley Weintraub, a writer of style and scholarship, would put paste and scissors aside and attempt it.

Meanwhile we have Colin Wilson's *Bernard Shaw: A Reassessment*. Not since Eric Bentley's *Bernard Shaw* (1947) have I more enjoyed a book on Shaw, or felt more certain that a real contribution was being made to an understanding of him both in his own and in our time. Wilson is not a scholar, but he is an informed, vital, opinionated Shaw enthusiast, and I believe him when he confesses that "This book has given me more trouble than anything I have ever written." Wilson shares with Shaw a tendency toward charlatanism, and in grappling with him, in separating the mask from the mind, he has presented both Shaw and himself in the best light. He seems to have been preparing for this study from the time of his first published book, *The Outsider*.

Wilson deals with the man, the times and the plays. He goes beyond Erik Erikson's article "Biographic: GBS (70) on George Bernard Shaw (20)," in which Shaw's identity crisis was pinpointed at the moment recorded in the passage quoted above. Wilson considers that moment as one of persona construction rather than identity realization. He holds that the identity of the top 5 per cent of the people in any culture is arrived at only through psychological and existential evolution. Thus Wilson sees a series of crises in Shaw's life, both personal (the marriage with Charlotte Payne-Townshend) and public (his opposition to England's role in World War I and the subsequent public reaction against him). According to Wilson, the best of the plays—*Man and Superman, John Bull's Other Island, Major Barbara*—are the result of a search for a balance between personal identity and public mask. As Eric Bentley puts it, Shaw believed not in "either/or" but in "both/and," and the dialectic tension thus produced made for great drama. Only when Shaw took his mask seriously and accepted the myth of GBS did he produce such comparative failures as *Androcles and the Lion* and *Getting Married*.

In large part, the book is a development of Brigid Brophy's insight in *Black Ship to Hell* (1962): "If we are to save civilization, we must reform our attitude towards it. . . Fortunately, the twentieth century . . . provides us with two great mainstays: Bernard Shaw and Sigmund Freud, respectively metabiologist and hyperbiologist." Wilson claims that Freud "completely altered the concept of human personality so that it came to include the 'depths'. . . What Shaw did was to take *two steps* beyond Victorian rationalism, and to insist that the 'depths' contained positive and creative forces."

Such a view makes Shaw a part of this generation, as contemporary as Norman O. Brown. In the book's concluding chapter, "My Own Part in the Matter," Wilson cites Karl Popper, Michael Polanyi, Arthur Koestler, Rollo May, and Abraham Maslow, and observes that they share with Shaw a desire to move beyond nihilistic existentialism to the "new existentialism," to an evolutionary psychology that senses a purpose in life, an upward and purely intellectual drive.

The most stimulating parallel in this section is the one between Shaw and Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. To both, creation is always at the present moment of world history rather than at the beginning. In that sense they are both positive existentialists. Wilson was wise to present this material as a "Postscript," for it borders on mysticism and as such may alienate many readers. Still, it is a view that informs the entire book, provides an essential clue to the baffling figure of GBS/Shaw, and suggests a way out of our scientific and deterministic cul-de-sac.

Daniel J. Leary

Daniel J. Leary, professor of English at the City College of the City University of New York, is completing a critical study of Shaw's major plays.

WIT TWISTER #139

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

A cloud forms like a _ _ _ _ _
_ _ across the moon.
Now _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ in shade
than in the light,
The thief works silently and
_ _ _ _ _ _ soon
The _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ stolen
from the queen that night.

(*Answer on page* 54)

Galbraith on Brandon

"The Washington correspondent of the London *Sunday Times*, Henry Brandon, is a quiet man about town who always seems to be listening. In recent years this has meant hearing a lot of nonsense . . . The story Brandon tells is lucid and persuasive and there are numerous dividends from his patient attention. General Westmoreland, 'with a mixture of bitterness and resentment,' told him he never requested those 206,000 men after the Tet offensive . . . Brandon has a fascinating and brutal account of how Washington reacted to the peace efforts of Harold Wilson with Kosygin in February 1967 . . .

". . . there's a lot of good in what he's done." $4.50.

excerpts from a review by John Kenneth Galbraith, in Book World

Anatomy of Error: by HENRY BRANDON

Gambit, INCORPORATED
53 Beacon Street, Boston, Masstts

A DIFFERENT INTERNATIONAL ENGLISH-LANGUAGE NEWSPAPER
EVERY FORTNIGHT!

Here's the next best thing to a trip around the world—a fascinating gift—a great way of keeping informed! One year's subscription gives you assortment of famous newspapers from all over the free world, mailed direct from its own country on date of issue, every other week throughout the year. Such papers as Borneo Bulletin, Saigon Post, Irish Times, Manchester Guardian, Baghdad News, Calcutta Statesman. Specially selected, informative issues. Invaluable for school children, exciting for entire family! 26 newspapers. *Gift card sent air mail if you wish. Only* $9.98. *Satisfaction guaranteed. Check or money order.*

READERS WORLD PRESS CLUB
Dept. SR-N29, New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040

NCTE First International Conference on the
HUMANITIES
Section #4, July 28-Aug. 20, 1970, motoring in
ITALY from the Bay of Naples to Venice & Switzerland, then five days in PARIS.
$475. Limited enrollment. Information:
STUDY ABROAD INCORPORATED
INTERNATIONAL HQ P.O. BOX 1505 ESCONDIDO, CAL. 92025 | EASTERN OFFICE 250 WEST 57TH STREET NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction

Continued from page 50

the scene, Calvino uses still another device, a first-person narrator of wit and pathetic charm called Qfwfq to tell his story.

In the case of the tale of the birds, the flash of insight comes at the end, when Qfwfq, married to Org-Onir-Or-nit-Or, the queen of the birds, goes to his marriage bed. There he has a moment during which apparently he participates in a mystical experience and sees an ineffable truth—but one must say apparently because Calvino is never explicit about such things; indeed, he is often unintelligible. "For a fraction of a second between the loss of everything I knew before and the gain of everything I would know afterward, I managed," says Qfwfq, "to embrace in a single thought the world of things as they were and of things as they could have been, and I realized that a single system included all. The world of birds, of monsters, or Or's beauty was the same as the one where I had always lived, which none of us had understood wholly." But, in a finish characteristic of Calvino, Qfwfq is not allowed to share his experience. With a

rush of words he tries, but is cut off: "Qfwfq! You've lost me! Birds! He's yours!" shouts his Queen.

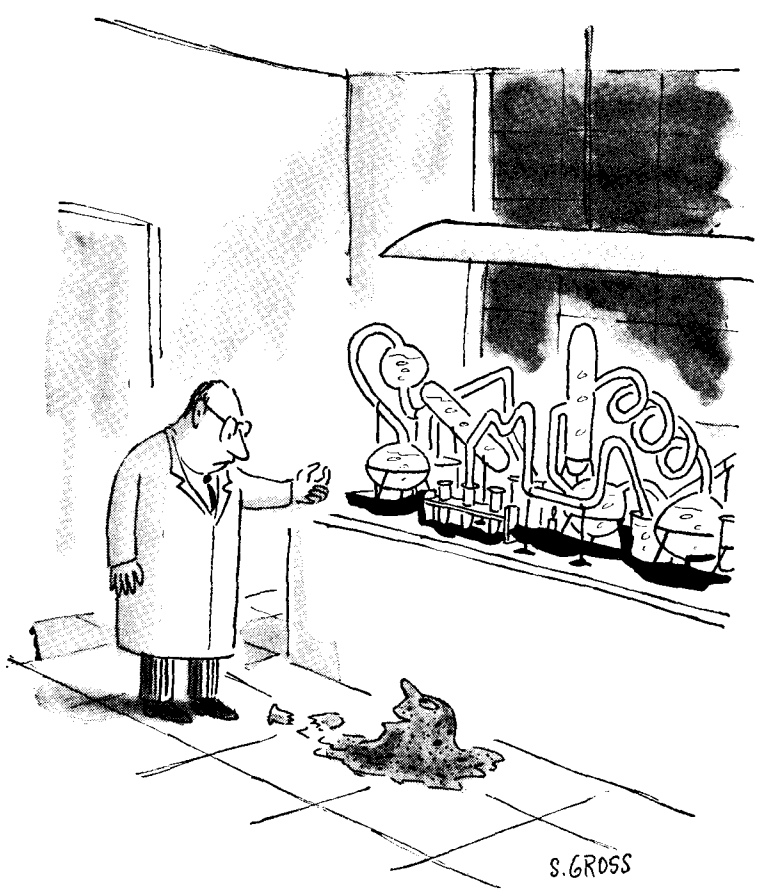
Enjoyment of Calvino is an acquired taste; he has the imagination of William Golding or Ronald Firbank and, like them, he takes knowing. Although his vocabulary, for the most part, is simple and direct, it occasionally embodies scientific jargon, putting one off. However, the human sensitivity of Qfwfq more than compensates for such obscurities.

As with his previous prize-winning book, *Cosmicomics*, Calvino has clearly scored a success here. And the success has been abetted, again as before, by an excellent translation from the Italian by William Weaver, whose work is distinguished in the best possible meaning of the word—*i.e.*, one cannot distinguish that this is a translation at all.

Walter Guzzardi, Jr.

Walter Guzzardi's interest in Italian literature dates back to the years during which he was Time-Life Bureau chief in Rome.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 53: bruise, busier, buries, rubies.



"Congratulations, you Klutz! You've just made organic matter."

SIAM MIAMI

by Morris Renek

Macmillan, 448 pp., $6.95

"THOUGH SHE CAME FROM a well-to-do and respected Midwestern family, she wanted a name that was fresh, exotic and a little bit Jewish." Well, kiddies, as someone was already using the name Barbra Streisand, what else could a swell girl and a terrific singer, albeit one with "needle-pointed sweat pimples" on her back, do but call herself Siam Miami?

So she does, and she is off and running for the longest 448 pages of turgid writing this reviewer has ever put himself through. It is the saga of a show-biz singer who, despite her needle-pointed back, is on her way up. Now, Siam was on her way up once before, but an evil man brought her low. A type who, one suspects, tied maidens to railroad tracks in an earlier era, he is, unbeknownst to Siam, behind her current second try at the top. Will she make it? Or will all of the blood, sweat, and pimples—plus some loving with Barney, who's been sent on tour with Siam to take charge of everything from publicity to enemas (I'm not kidding!)—go for nought when Mr. Wrong reveals his desires to Siam?

Find out for yourself if you must, but nothing would get me to go back and reread any of Morris Renek's tortured paragraphs. And I don't think I'm alone in this. His editor, if he had one, didn't seem very anxious to read Renek. As a result, he allows the sluggish prose to wander on and on at will.

If I don't believe in Morris Renek as a writer, and I don't, I certainly do believe that he knows the world of which he writes. The crummy hotels, the shabby clubs—the sweaty, gritty world of all the Siams pushing around the country has a smell of authenticity about it that at times is so strong it even escapes the maze of the Renek writing style.

But beyond that, what's it all about, Morris? On second thought, don't tell me. It would take too long.

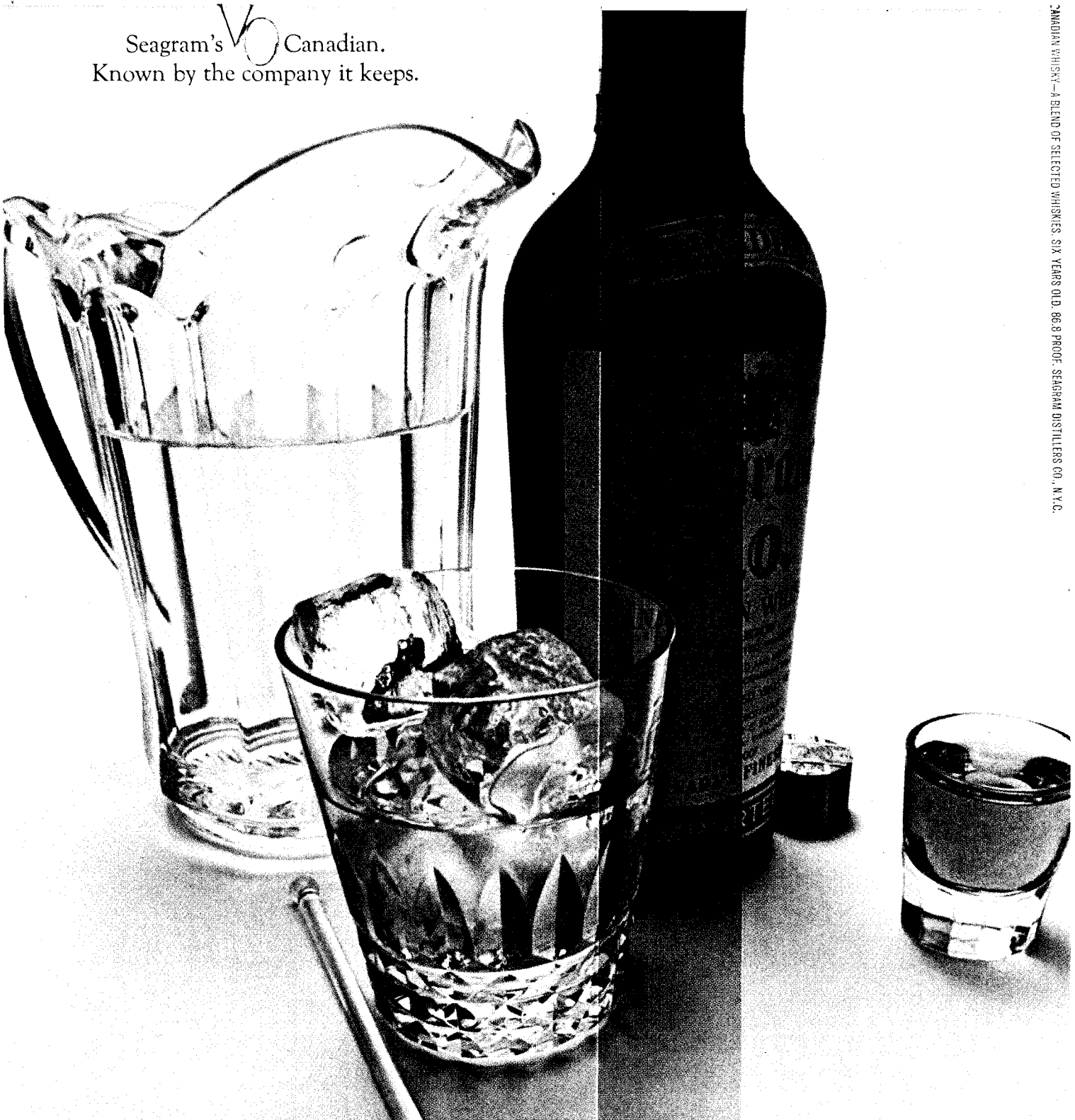
Haskel Frankel

Haskel Frankel is a free-lance writer.

ADVERTISING SALES OFFICES: New York, Richard H. Morton, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017; Chicago, Richard K. Sullivan, 401 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611; Detroit, Bruce E. Miller, New Center Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202; Cleveland, George Dawson, 30559 Pine Tree Road, Cleveland, Ohio, 44124; San Francisco, L. H. Sanford Heckinger, 417 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94104; Los Angeles, Howard M. Cleff, 3850 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 90005; Southeast Office: Ray Rickles & Co., 3783 Pine Tree Drive, Miami Beach, Florida 33140. **Printed by the McCall Printing Company, Dayton, Ohio.**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seagram's V.O. Canadian.
Known by the company it keeps.

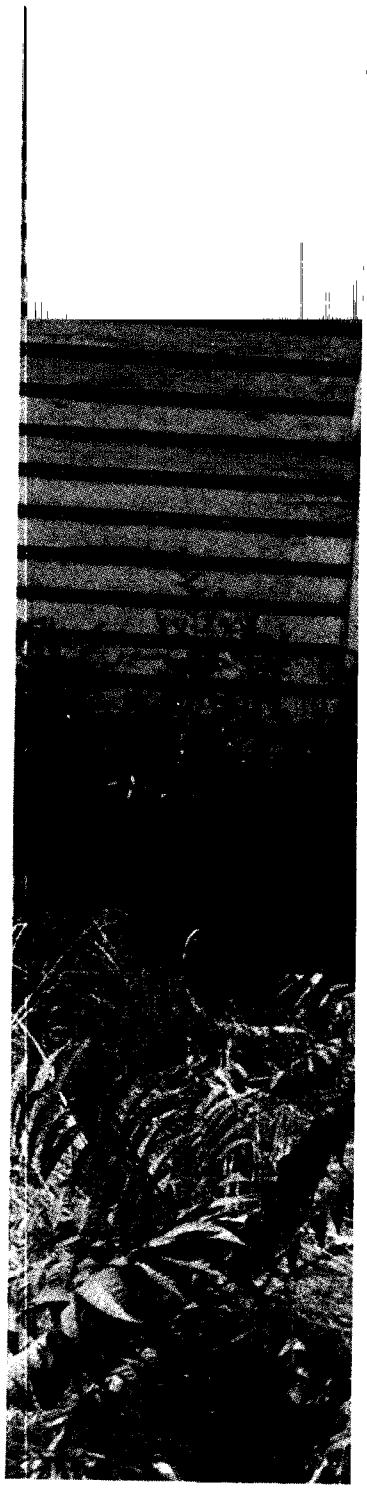


At just about any party you can name, somebody's hoping to see the Smooth Canadian.

It's so smooth and so light that more people prefer Seagram's V.O. than any other brand of imported whisky (including scotch). Which means that if a host hopes to have a successful party, he really ought to have successful whisky, too.

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. SIX YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The decline and fall of the American neighborhood.

Houses don't make neighborhoods. People do.

And that is why better schools build better neighborhoods.

But in much of America, the picture is ugly.

Half our kids won't finish high school. And one-third of all high schoolers won't graduate.

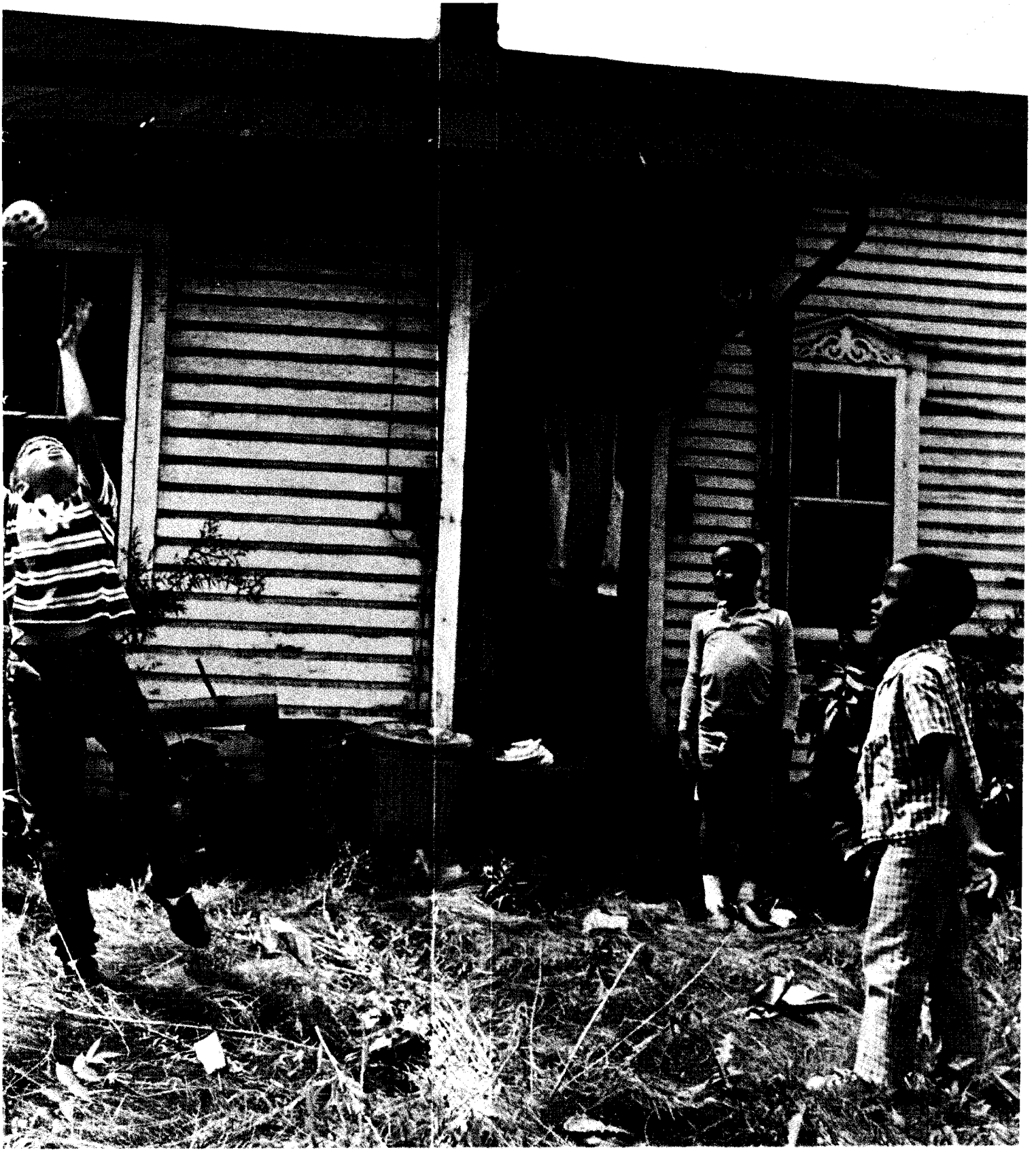
The drop-outs? At best, they'll be unemployables trapped in a society where it requires more and more education to survive.

The cost to our country is enormous. It is measured in growing relief rolls. And defined by the limits of the American slum, urban and rural.

All of this is good reason for us to support better schools — with all our energy, all our talent, all our resources.

For better schools can build better citizens. And better citizens will build better neighborhoods. And a better America.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This message is sponsored by the **Addressograph Multigraph Corporation.**

As businessmen, as Americans, we have a stake in education.

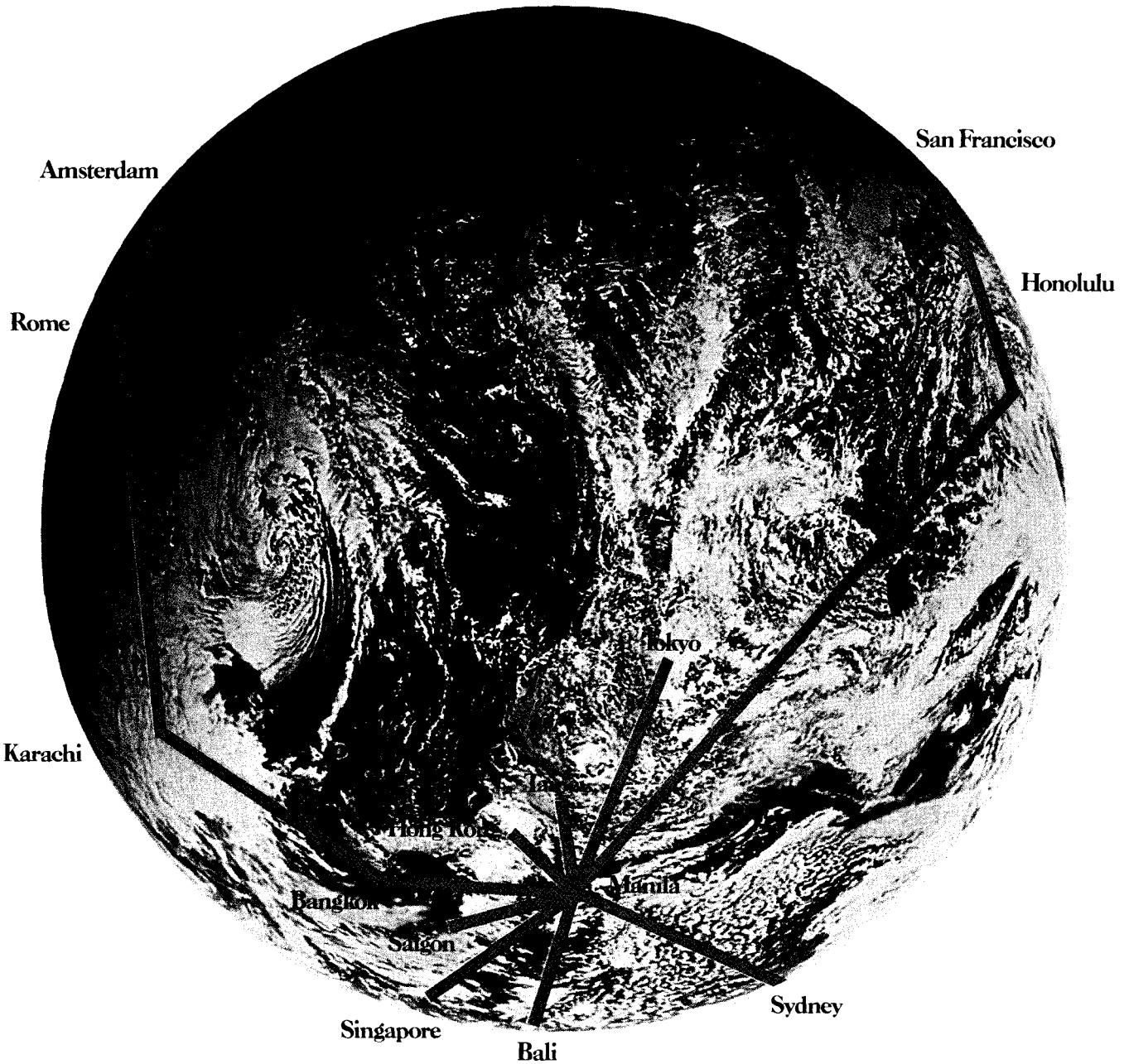
First, because we are deeply involved in ways to use communications technology to improve the quality of American education. (For instance, our **Copier-Duplicator** and **VariTyper** divisions, both produce products and systems actually used in classrooms. The Multilith offset duplicator, as an example, is being used in programs aimed at recapturing the interest of potential drop-outs.)

Second, because we believe America's future—and ours—is no better than the future of American education.

If you'd like more information on how educators are using our products to improve their schools, or if you'd like reprints of this message, write Addressograph-Multigraph Corporation, 1200 Babbitt Road, Cleveland, Ohio 44117. (Information sources on request.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Philippine Airlines is bigger than you thought.



Some people think all we do is hop around the Philippines.

You know, Manila to Cebu to Zamboanga.

The truth is a little bit bigger than that.

Every week we have 1000 flights to 63 airports in 4 continents.

Every year we fly a million and a half passengers more than 18 million miles around the world.

We send our flight crews to the best training center in the world: the Schipol School in Amsterdam.

And the training never stops. Our pilots continuously undergo highly specialized navigational training.

We fly some of the longest-range flights in the world. In the longest-range jets in the world.

And we're very big on food.

It's all prepared under the watchful eye of a famous Roman chef: a very big man in the food world.

So next time you're going to any of the places above, we'd like to take you there.

In a big way.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Samuel Beckett

Continued from page 27

mean something! Ah, that's a good one!" Nothing means anything, and the characters in the play can merely be passive witnesses to the extinction of all hope and of all life. *Endgame* is a powerful metaphor of the agony of living and of the only aspiration that remains: final annihilation. "Finished, it's finished, nearly finished, it must be nearly finished," are Hamm's opening lines. Like a *corrida* that moves relentlessly to the killing of the bull, and like the end game in chess (from which the title is taken) in which the king is tracked down and checkmated, Beckett's play leads its characters to the abyss beyond existence. Faced with a world from which meaning has gone, they even long for their own disappearance and for the disappearance of everything else along with them. And yet, like his counterparts in the novels, Hamm continues to speak, to tell a story, his story, or rather a parody of his story. Not only does he tell it, he also comments sardonically on his own tale. Once again, this voice that continues and that seems not to be able to stop epitomizes Beckett's man, and by extension the writer. It is a caricature of both man and the writer, but caricature is typical of Beckett's approach.

Beckett's work bears a strange resemblance to his person: both are lean, spare, infinitely sad, and unbelievably humorous. The ascetic quality of his writings is seen in the forms utilized by Beckett. They dispense with all traditional extraneous elements—plot, the psychology of characters, suspense, description. Far from eliminating thereby all recognizable components of theater and literature, Beckett has distilled the work of art in order to focus it on the metaphoric representation of the human condition. In this, he has proved to be the most seminal writer of our time, precipitating both the so-called theater of the absurd—the most meaningful mode of drama of the Fifties and Sixties—and the growing body of literature concerned with man as the product of language—that is, with the very process of artistic creation.

Everything Beckett has written deals directly with the tragic predicament of life, and almost everything delves into the mystery of the symbol of that life, language: "The expression that there is nothing to express, nothing with which to express, nothing from which to express, no power to express, no desire to express, together with the obligation to express." With his near-total pessimism, his often riotous irony and derisory puns, in a voice that frequently gasps and even breaks down into a meaningless "quaquaqua" but is doggedly determined to go on, Samuel Beckett has touched the very essence of the despair and the grandeur of the human experience.

Futures For Children

An American Indian Child needs Your Help—to continue his schooling—to live in an improving community—to have confidence in himself, and hope for his future.

A **Futures** American Indian Child Sponsorship provides direct financial assistance to the child; the **Futures** Community Counseling program assists his community to progress through self-help.

Sponsors receive: a case history, photograph, reports, quarterly newsletter. Direct correspondence is encouraged.

Application for Sponsorship

Enclosed is my check for $____. ($12.50 monthly; $37.50 quarterly; $75.00 semi-annually; $150 annually.)

Any Contribution will be helpful. Enclosed is my check for $____.

☐ Please send additional information.

Name_____

Address:_____

Date:_____ Zip Code_____

SR-15

FUTURES FOR CHILDREN
5612 Parkston Road,
Washington, D.C. 20016

Contributions U.S. income tax deductible.
Incorporated in New York State 1961.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shhh!

Games for Thinkers

A NEW DIMENSION IN EDUCATION
Designed by university professors to teach and challenge those who enjoy BRAIN — TO — BRAIN COMBAT.

WFF 'N PROOF (logic)	$8.75*
EQUATIONS (mathematics)	5.50
ON-SETS (set theory)	5.50
PROPAGANDA (social studies)	6.50
CONFIGURATIONS (geometry)	5.50
5-GAME SPECIAL (the above)	27.95

o ıage included

Send check to: WFF 'N PROOF
Box 71-GE, New Haven, Conn. 06501
..e Catalog — Dealer inquires invited
Satisfaction Guaranteed

Perfect Gifts

Swiss Watchmakers Break-through! Now available after years of development

WORLD'S VERY FIRST DIGITAL WRIST WATCH

Flashes time and date directly in numerals

100% ACCURATE
REG. $24.98
NOW ONLY $14.98 ppd

This is new! This is good! Know the time exactly to the second by a quick glance at this strikingly designed Swiss jewelled-movement wrist watch. Flashes hour, minute, and date in large, clear numbers. Gold or silvertone case (specify), tarnishproof stainless steel back, satin-brushed dial. Sweep-second hand, black leather strap. Shock-resistant, unbreakable mainspring.

Have the time of your life for only $14.98 ppd. 10-day money-back guarantee. 1-year warranty.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Prompt shipment. Send check or money order — no C.O.D.'s

Write for FREE color catalog of unique gifts.

HOBI INC Dept. SR-119
7 Delaware Drive • Lake Success, N.Y. 11040

"Israel as it must be, comes

through clearly," says PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY. LIBRARY JOURNAL: *"Uniformly well-written, several authors will (become) major novelists."*

At bookstores...$5.95

NEW ISRAELI WRITERS
Short Stories of the First Generation
Edited by Dalia Rabikovitz

SABRA BOOKS
38 West 32nd St., N.Y. 10001

Universities

Continued from page 25

freedom of thought and speech, academic freedom, had generated within the walls the principles listed above. The free university is that in which the scholar and teacher is free to learn and to teach. He is free because society values and keeps its hands off the double product—the educated student on one side, new knowledge on the other.

Principles, of course, need devices for their application and protection. The American university had evolved some fairly good ones for the purpose:

1) The trustees (or regents or legislative committees), whose defined role showed that they did not own the university, nor were employers of employees: they bestowed tenure as a guaranty against themselves.

2) The administration, conceived again not as bosses but as servants; easily removed if unsatisfactory; in practice, a body that worked like slaves to suit faculty wishes and that protected scholars against trustees as well as against parents and alumni.

3) The professional associations—learned, accrediting, or self-serving like the American Association of University Professors—all upholders of academic freedom.

4) Public opinion and notably the press, which until very recent years could be counted on to respect and defend the individual scholar, researcher, discoverer, expert.

At each level, the attitude of the imperfect beings entrusted with administrative responsibilities was that they could only influence the action of others, not command it; that decisions must be rational and discussions civil; that any signs of strong reluctance after discussion must be deferred to, and that rights and duties, like concessions, must be reciprocal.

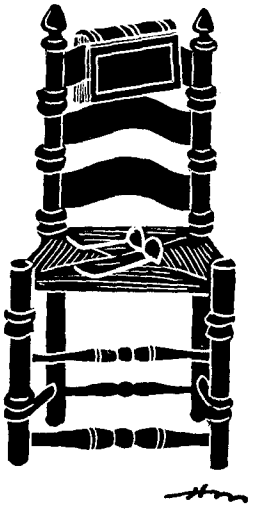
This is not to say that the institution always worked like a dream. Friction, abuses, injustice beset all human undertakings. But no one can deny that compared with other institutions, universities enjoyed a government in keeping with their high purpose—government by separation of powers, by consent through committees, and by extensive self-restraint. Within the best universities and colleges there was continuous consultation, a wide tolerance of eccentricity and free-wheeling, a maximum of exceptions and special attention—and these had long since been extended to the students.

In recalling this fast-waning institution, one may indeed think of occasions when the principles were violated. But one should also think of the great diversity of opinion and of purpose that was permitted to flourish, even when challenged. For example: boards of trustees, generally Republican and conservative, allowing leaves to professors working in Washington for the New Deal or for John Kennedy; or in the Thirties ignoring the Communist affiliation even of junior officers without tenure. Go back fifty years and you will think of the protectors of Veblen and his work, of defiant instruction in Marxism, of research and indoctrination in contraception. You will think of President Lowell saying: "If the Overseers ask for Laski's resignation, they will get mine." Lowell was not exactly a socialist defending a fellow member of his party.

Nor should we forget the common realities of the last half century—the open campus, receptive to all the shocking modern literature and subversive speakers; the college newspapers receiving subsidies from administrations they denounce and insult by name; the frequent public championing of dissent, as when President Brewster of Yale stood between angry alumni and Professor Staughton Lynd.

Fifteen years ago, Walter P. Metzger, the leading authority on academic freedom, summed up the extraordinary character of the American university: "No one can follow the history of academic freedom without wondering at the fact that any society, interested in the immediate goals of solidarity and self-preservation, should possess the vision to subsidize free criticism and inquiry, and without feeling that the academic freedom we still possess is one of the remarkable achievements of man. At the same time, one cannot but be appalled at the slender thread by which it hangs."

When certain students, with encouragement from many sides, cut the thread, they did it (as they thought) in the name of still greater freedom. They wanted a "voice," and, with a trifle of self-contradiction, a "dialogue" on "non-negotiable demands." Senti-



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

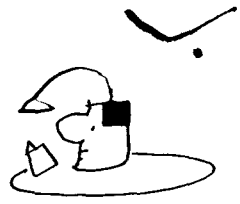
mentalists believed that the university "bulldozed the student," carried on "a war against the young." The truth is that for years student opinion had been exerting an influence on curriculum and campus rules and habits, not only through free expression in the sacrosanct student paper, but, more importantly, through free access to faculty members and ease of deportment with them. Go to Europe and Asia and see how they "interact" there. Here student reports of bad teachers have affected promotions and choice of men —a force acting from day to day and not only in annually published evaluations.

The common faith in education as an individual right had also made the student's free choice among programs and courses the accepted thing, while the combining of programs, the multiplicity of certificates and degrees, the preservation of credits through all changes of mind—all these practices encouraged the development of the untrammeled self.

To be sure, this student freedom was only freedom to be a student. As long as parents believed in certain mores, there were parietal rules and library fines and some fuss made over cheating at examinations or stealing books from the bookstore. But that was not because the university was tyrannical; it was because, rightly or wrongly, students were thought young and inexperienced and in need of guidance.

Before 1900 and the free elective system, the ancient discipline and professorial control had made students rebellious. From Jefferson's University of Virginia to Charles W. Eliot's Harvard, student hostility and violence were a recurrent problem. It seemed to be resolved by letting the student choose his courses and preparing him for them sooner. He became docile, which means teachable, and he was believed to acquiesce in the fact that he knew less than his teachers, did not own the university, and benefited from what it stood for.

Such was the institution that a couple of years' violence have made into a historical memory. True, the American university had begun to lose its soul through misguided public service, and students had grievances they should have analyzed and publicized. But by organizing hatred instead, by assaulting and imprisoning their teachers, dividing faculties into factions, turning weak heads into cowards and demagogues, ignoring the grave and legitimate causes for reform, advocating the bearing of arms on campus, and preferring "confrontation" to getting their own way, hostile students



have ushered in the reactionary university of the future, medieval model.

For it is clear that once the traditions of deference and civility are broken they cannot be knit up again at will. No one can be sure of the future, but the past is not dumb. Medieval student power met its quietus when the aggressive traits of its leaders were, so to speak, taken over by the state. The students, losing their privilege, became subjects like any other and were put down. For the American university there is no telling whether the return to the Middle Ages will not be halted at the phase of royal repression. Already more than half the states have passed acts of control, mild yet menacing by simply being there.

Nobody with a heart and a mind can look forward to the fulfillment of either reactionary hope—it took so long to develop the republic of learning in which *study* was the sole aim and test of the institution! Who can bear to think of reliving 1266 and All That? Still, it will be interesting to watch what happens to the university during the next seven hundred years.

uniCLUB saves you more on more of what you want!

RECORDS TAPES STEREO GEAR BOOKS

Here are 10 facts about uniCLUB. They are 10 reasons to clip the coupon and join now!

1. Any LP or tape on every U.S. or foreign label available. Columbia–Capitol–RCA–London & 350 more. *No* exceptions.

2. You save a *minimum* of 35% on LP's; 33% on tapes and 25% on books.

LP's LIST	uniClub
$1.98	$1.35
2.98	1.95
3.79/98	2.49
4.79/98	3.09
5.79/98	3.79

3. You can save even more by taking advantage of the regular extra discount "Specials." Save up to 80% off list price. Right now, for example, the entire RCA Red-Seal catalog is $2.75 mono; $3.25 stereo. The Vox $4.98 series is $1.75 mono and stereo.

4. Never a requirement to buy. No monthly "stop-order" forms to return. You receive just what you order.

5. LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP
The club membership fee is $5. This is for lifetime privileges which are increasing all the time.

6. FREE CLUB MAGAZINE
Members regularly receive "uniGUIDE" advising them of the latest releases, recommended best-buys and extra discount "Specials." When you join you receive a free 300-page Schwann record catalog listing every available record and its price. You receive a free Harrison tape catalog if you specify.

7. FASTEST SERVICE ANYWHERE
Your orders are not only processed but **shipped the same day** we receive them. This unique service is possible because your orders are picked from an inventory of over 250,000 LP's & tapes. You get factory-new sealed albums and tapes only. Defects are fully returnable at no charge.

8. SAVE UP TO 50% ON STEREO GEAR
Individual components or complete systems—uniCLUB supplies hi-fidelity equipment of virtually every manufacturer at tremendous savings. This month's "Hi-Fi Special" is a Garrard SL 95 turntable; List $129.50, to members only $83.00.

9. BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS
The Book Division—only uniCLUB has it—offers members at least 25% off on any book in print.* You get only original publishers' editions. uniGUIDE lists best-sellers, just-published works and book "Specials."
*Texts are reduced 10%.

10. FOUR CLUBS IN ONE
uniCLUB is really a time-saver. It makes joining many clubs unnecessary. Now you can buy all your records, tapes, auto-cartridges, books and stereo-gear from one convenient source. We hope you'll join today!

SAVE MONEY EVEN ON YOUR MEMBERSHIP FEE
Give gift memberships with full lifetime privileges for only $2.50 each. Splitting the cost with one other person lowers cost to $3.75; enrolling five at a time brings cost down to only $3 each.

Send my Free Schwann catalog; order blanks & uniGUIDE by return mail.
$5 enclosed guarantees me:
1. LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP in uniCLUB
2. 35%-80% savings on LP albums, ⅓ off on tapes, 25% on books.
3. No requirements ever to buy anything. Nothing will ever be sent until I order it.

I must be delighted with uniCLUB or within 10 days I will let you know and receive a full refund.

uniCLUB Inc.
342 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
DEPT. SR-119

NAME

ADDRESS

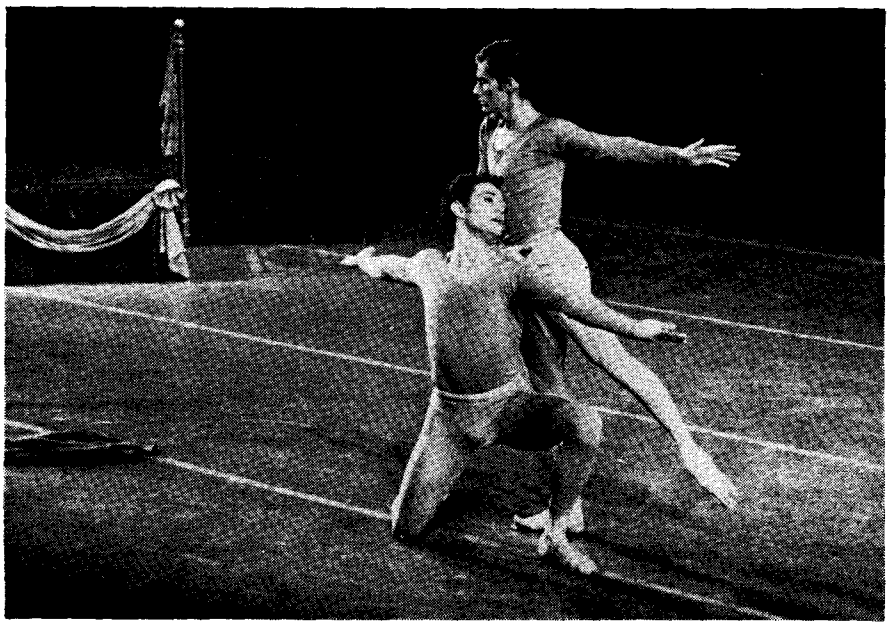
CITY STATE ZIP

☐ Send gift memberships at $2.50 each to names and addresses listed on attached sheet.
☐ I am also interested in pre-recorded tapes.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World of Dance

Walter Terry

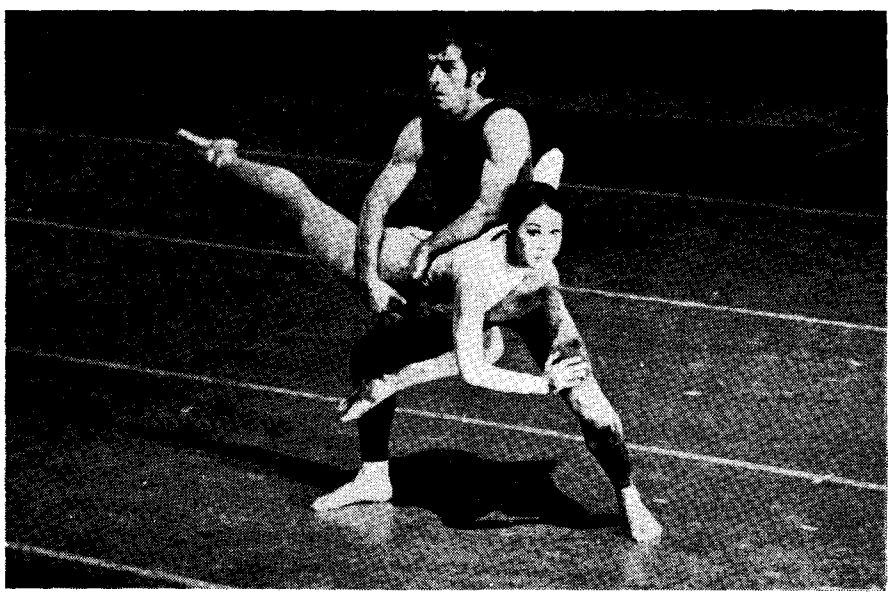


—*Photos by Martha Swope.*

Bruce Marks and John Sowinski in the American Ballet Company's new production of Herbert Ross's "The Maids," in which they play the title roles. "We can now see it for what it is, a superb dance-drama."

A New Company Is Born

THAT LOVELY LITTLE law of averages was at work for Eliot Feld and his new American Dance Company (WORLD OF DANCE, Nov. 8) during the youthful troupe's first U.S. engagement (at the Brooklyn Academy of Music). In my initial report, I noted that the young dancers were beautifully rehearsed and highly disciplined but, in several instances, still wet behind the ears with respect to performing authority; that *Cortège Burlesque*, a circus satire in *pas de deux* form, was amusing but needed stellar artists to carry it off; that new stagings of Donald McKayle's *Games* and Herbert Ross's *Caprichos* were excellent, with the former, because of its cast of juveniles, more successful than the latter, with its demands for mature characterizations. Feld's own *Harbinger* and *At Midnight*, which thrust him to instant fame with the American Ballet Theatre two years ago, were skillfully danced by the new company.



Eliot Feld, using pain-killers for a broken bone in his foot, danced in the world premiere of his new "Pagan Spring," with Elizabeth Lee.

As the repertory continued to unfold during the rest of the two-week season, the law of averages, the pro's and con's, continued to work. There were three ballets by Feld himself: *Meadowlark* (music of Haydn arranged by Hershy Kay, décor by Robert Munford, costumes by Stanley Simmons), created last year for the Royal Winnipeg Ballet; *Intermezzo* (music of Brahms and costumes by Simmons), first presented last summer at the Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto, Italy; and, in its world premiere, *Pagan Spring* (Bartók's Dance Suite, décor by Leonard Baskin).

Meadowlark (WORLD OF DANCE, Oct. 26, 1968) is Feld's first classical ballet (his first two were closer to modern dance than to ballet) and it is a beauty. Its steps, its gestures, its choreographic figures are as gay and as sunny as its flowered *al fresco* setting and as the demeanor of eighteenth-century aristocrats playing prettily at being idealized peasants. Balletomanes might like to think of it as a *grand (très grand!) pas bucolique.*

Intermezzo is also classical and also aristocratic but it is of a different dance genre. It is pure dance, that is, a movement visualization of the sounds, phrasings, and timbres of the music. This is the genre which has already been glorified in dance history by George Balanchine's *Liebeslieder Walze* (Brahms) and Jerome Robbins's *Dances at a Gathering* (Chopin), both created for the New York City Ballet. Feld, however, speaks in his own highly original choreographic terms. Among its many charming patterns is a recurring lift (not an over-the-head Bolshoi-style lift), in which the ladies seem to be sitting in air or, perhaps, emulating Queen Elizabeth I in a lift from *lavolta.*

With *Pagan Spring*, Feld didn't make it. The genre here includes *Sacre du Printemps* or, perhaps, Robbins's *Les Noces* (both, of course, with Stravinsky's music and dramatic argument), but in this case Feld's inherent originality fails him. Here, he is self-consciously *primitif* in his overuse of flexed ankles, knees, elbows and splayed fingers. This is surface, even superficial, primitive; for anything that is primitive is "prime," that is, "first," and the compulsion to express the magic of sex, the wonder of spring, the miracle of birth and rebirth is an inner happening. Feld misses this despite some stunning ensemble designs

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for men and women and the chosen maiden, and the duet for himself and Elizabeth Lee, the strongest episode in the ballet.

Feld, incidentally, was not supposed to perform at all, since he had broken a bone in his foot before the opening. But he was determined, at the last minute, to dance in his *Pagan Spring*, and, with the aid of pain-killers, he did just that; and since he is a dynamic performer, he was able to contribute more as a dancer than a choreographer to his own ballet.

Two more revivals, not by Feld, again provided an average between hit and failure. The first (the failure) was *Carnaval* (1910), staged by Yurok Lazowski after the choreography by Michel Fokine to the Schumann music. It is, by today's standards, a trivial work both choreographically and dramatically, for it is one of those many "linking" ballets that served as a span from the ballets of Petipa to the new ballet of Serge Diaghilev. When Karsavina, Nijinsky, and Bolm first danced it in Western Europe (it had been seen a few months earlier in St. Petersburg), the impact was enormous. For us, the force of novelty is gone, and only the shell of a once adventuresome choreographic study remains. The Feld dancers, I must add, did nothing to restore it to life. It wasn't just dull, it was dead.

Ross's *The Maids*, based on the play by Jean Genet and set to music of Milhaud, was first seen in an American Ballet Theatre Workshop production in New York in 1957. It was a shocker then, since the two maids were danced by two boys (as Genet, according to Sartre, wished). But in this era of homosexual plays and movies, the sheer shock is gone and we can now see it for what it is, a superb dance-drama in which attraction and repulsion, desire and abnegation, physical union and individual isolation, and Genet's belief that "profound unreality" passes itself off "as reality" are projected through spare and powerful and cuttingly direct choreographic action.

Paul Olsen and Loren Hightower, who headed the first cast, restaged *The Maids* for Feld's American Ballet Company, and Bruce Marks (guest artist from the American Ballet Theatre) and John Sowinski danced the title parts with passion and a curious, tortured purity which suggested the classical catharsis of Greek drama.

All, then, was not perfect with the American Ballet Company in its first U.S. appearances, but so much was entertaining or stirring that it was inarguable that an important American dance company had come into vibrant being.

Would you pay $6.95 for a child's gift that won't be outgrown, broken, worn out, lost or forgotten six months after Christmas?

The name of this unique gift is HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN. It is the most honored, and possibly the most beloved, monthly children's magazine in the world. And, in a day and age when fads in toys and trinkets and clothes appear and vanish almost before you turn around, HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN could be one of the most exciting Christmas presents you will ever give.

For HIGHLIGHTS is not only different from the usual gift; it is different from other children's magazines as well.

Its intent is not only to delight and entertain, but to challenge and teach. The editors are nationally known experts in child psychology and family life; they firmly believe that the growing child finds his greatest pleasure in thinking, creating, and surprising himself and his parents by reaching intellectual heights no one had ever suspected he could.

Ten times a year, HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN brings its young subscribers good fiction and poetry; authoritative articles on science, music, math, nature, astronomy and famous people; lessons in good manners; craft projects; puzzles, games and just plain fun. Each issue is 42 or more pages long, bound in sturdy tagboard. The pages are attractively and colorfully illustrated; the type is large and easy-to-read. There are no coloring or cut-out pages, for HIGHLIGHTS is meant to become part of each young subscriber's permanent library.

HIGHLIGHTS *appeals to a wide age range:* from tots of 2 who love to listen to its stories and do the simple preparation-for-reading exercises within its pages . . . to 12-year-olds who find the biographies and science articles prime sources for school reports. A special annual Resource/Index issue, available at the end of each calendar year, organizes each year's 10-issue collection as a reference source, to be turned to again and again as the child's interests and reading ability expand.

HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN is not available on the newsstands, but is sold by subscription only, for the editors feel that part of its value is its continuing program of fresh, imaginative material.

It is sent addressed to the child himself, something all his own in a world where so much seems to be decided by adults. Where there are several children in the family, a single subscription may be shared in several names.

For a relatively small price, HIGHLIGHTS brings your love and remembrance to children you treasure . . . not just at Christmas, but ten times a year. The contribution HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN can make to a child's development, however, as it reinforces reading as a pathway to pleasure and information, is a gift that will last a lifetime.

This year give the gift that won't be forgotten: give HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN.
Special Christmas gift rates: *1 one-year gift (10 issues) $6.95; 2 gifts, $6.50 each; 3 or more gifts, $6.00 each. Annual Resource/Index issue, $1.*

Please send a subscription to HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN as my gift to:

child's name _____ age _____
address _____
city _____ state _____ zip _____
Sign gift card "from _____"
10 • GSZN

child's name _____ age _____
address _____
city _____ state _____ zip _____
Sign gift card "from _____"
10 • GSZN

9S-543

your name _____
address, if different from child's _____
city _____ state _____ zip _____
$_____ is enclosed for _____ gifts.
$_____ is enclosed for _____ Resource/Index issues.
☐ Bill me after January 1st.

(For additional orders, please give us the information on a separate sheet of paper.)

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN
2300 W. Fifth Ave., Columbus, Ohio 43216

•GDZ 45

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

No Music to My Ears

MOVIE MUSICALS are a little like the buses on Fifth Avenue. You wait for a long time, and then they all come along in bunches. The bunch at the moment includes *Paint Your Wagon* and *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, with *Hello, Dolly* just in the offing. These are big buses, enormous buses, freshly painted to conceal the fact that they have been in service for a good many years. But here the analogy to the Fifth Avenue bus must end, for these vehicles—*Paint Your Wagon* and *Mr. Chips*, at least—are empty. *Dolly* has yet to be sampled.

Paint Your Wagon is virtually a compendium of all the wrong decisions that can make a movie musical go flat. To begin with, the original Lerner and Loewe musical itself was no classic; it had a weak book and few memorable tunes (one of which, the haunting "Another Autumn," has been left out of the film altogether). Then, in casting the picture, Paramount seems to have made a special search for stars who can't sing. While Lee Marvin, with an untrained baritone, takes a manful stab at his tunes, and Clint Eastwood essays a soft, crooning style for his several numbers, Jean Seberg doesn't even try; her one song, added for the occasion by André Previn, is patently dubbed.

But the mistakes merely begin there. Someone, no doubt impressed by the scenery (and the grosses) of *The Sound of Music*, thought it would be a grand idea to film *Paint Your Wagon* against natural settings. "We'll make it big as all outdoors," you can almost hear him saying. The entire company, therefore, was dispatched to northern Oregon (standing in for California during the gold-rush days), and a whole mining town, complete with saloons, stores, and bawdy houses, was erected in the midst of the tall pines and towering mountains. And then they chose Joshua Logan, fresh from his triumphs with *Camelot*, to direct it.

Mr. Logan, who is by all accounts a most amiable man, has a disconcerting penchant for pointing his cameras directly at his performers' nostrils. Warners spent untold millions of dollars to provide a suitably regal court for King Arthur and his friends, and Paramount spent untold millions more to create an authentic gold town; yet in both instances, all one sees are nostrils. (To be sure, this is a slight exaggeration. Occasionally, one glimpses a distant slope beyond Clint Eastwood's ear; and there are certain scenes, like the "Coach Comin' In" number, where the surrounding terrain simply could not be avoided.) But the overwhelming impression is that the whole thing could have been done—perhaps better, certainly cheaper—on Paramount's back lot. After all, $20-million is a good deal to pay for a series of close-ups that resemble in size and stoniness the faces on Mount Rushmore.

Unfortunately, there is more to it than that. The new book, provided by Alan Jay Lerner (with adaptation by Paddy Chayefsky), seems to celebrate the sinning of the forty-niners including a *ménage à trois* set up by the principals—and to both ridicule and resent the intrusion of a parson (who, as written, is just short of maniacal) and other reformers. Indeed, the one sequence that seems to have provided any genuine fun for the film's makers is when a fresh-faced, rigidly raised country boy is inducted by Marvin into the delights of whisky, gambling, and women. The authors note with obvious satisfaction the lad's immediate conversion and exemplary prowess in each of these fields of endeavor. Significantly, another of the songs that Previn and Lerner have added to the original score has the spirited refrain, "The best things in life are dirty." It seems to sum up the film's entire attitude quite adequately.

If *Paint Your Wagon* leaves a sour taste in the mouth, *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* may well prove harmful to diabetics. Based on the highly successful MGM movie of 1939, which in turn was inspired—if that is the word—by James Hilton's saccharine novel, this new version adds some rather undistinguished songs by Leslie Bricusse, and the Terence Rattigan script updates the action enough to carry it through World War II (with Mrs. Chips dying now in an air raid). And yet, obvious as its tear-jerking devices may be, somehow it almost works. For one thing, the makers never forgot that they were telling a strong, proven story; most of the songs are clustered in the earlier, more romantic half, minimized after the intermission. And Herbert Ross's direction creates an easy flow from scene to scene, overlapping the songs with dialogue or extending musical sequences into subsequent shots. Best of all, Petula Clark, who really can sing, has been entrusted with most of the vocals; and Peter O'Toole, who really can't, invests the words of his songs with such emotion and intelligence that the melodic line becomes completely secondary. *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* may not be everybody's cup of tea—personally, I like more lemon in mine—but it is tasteful, graceful, and clean.

"Billy, I want to interest you in our new Kandy Kredit Kard."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Taking Sides

THE APPOINTMENT, by the National Association of Broadcasters, of Frederick S. Weaver, a Negro public relations representative, as a consultant on community relations, has raised eyebrows across the country among black leaders who are vigorously opposing the Pastore bill (S. 2004). Although Mr. Weaver, president of a New York firm, Public Relations Enterprises, Inc., denies it, observers assert that he has been hired to drum up support among blacks for the bill, which is now before a Senate committee.

The bill would prevent the Federal Communications Commission from considering the application of a challenger to an existing broadcast licensee until the FCC had decided not to renew the incumbent's license. A political analogy would be that no one could run for an incumbent's office until his constituents had first voted to unseat him; the effect of the bill would be to make any comparative analysis of the incumbent and his challenger impossible.

Many black citizens and several black organizations have taken a strong stand against the bill, arguing that it would virtually freeze blacks out of access to radio and television stations. Of 7,000 radio-TV stations in the country, only seven—all radio stations—are owned by blacks. The NAB has put the full force of its powerful persuasive efforts behind the bill, and since August, when the Senate committee hearings began, blacks have been counter-rallying against the measure, making their objections known to Senators and Congressmen. Republican Senator Edward Brooke, a co-sponsor of the Pastore bill, is supposedly reconsidering his support.

The NAB appointment of Weaver is being widely interpreted as a move to diminish black counterpressure against the bill. The bill's black opponents are waiting to see what black support—if any—the public relations consultant can muster for the bill. Weaver is under contract for his services to CBS; the National Urban League is also one of his firm's clients.

In a recent telephone conversation, Weaver told me that he had not been retained by the NAB to do anything about the Pastore bill, and that he hasn't been asked to do anything—so far. "Naturally, if I'm asked," Weaver said, "it will get my attention. I have no position one way or another on the bill. If there is anything in the bill that is disadvantageous to blacks, it is not apparent to me. Many substantial citizens are for this bill. Some Negroes who were opposing it now favor it."

Weaver noted that he is a great-grandson of Frederick Douglass, the abolitionist, and that he has consistently worked hard for equal opportunities for Negroes. When queried about a leader of B.E.S.T. (Black Efforts for Soul in Television) who testified against President Nixon's appointments of Dean Burch and Robert Wells to the FCC, Weaver said: "I don't give a damn for these rabble-rousers and Johnny-come-latelies. I don't see the Urban League or the NAACP taking a stand against the Pastore bill." The public relations consultant said that no blacks had offered to buy stations, implying that there was no black demand for licenses.

William D. Wright, director of Unity House, an organization of blacks in Washington, D.C. (supported by the Unitarian Church), that is fighting the Pastore bill, has said that black groups are involved in current challenges to incumbent licensees in several cities. Asked about the availability of black capital for purchase of licenses, Mr. Wright said: "The money will come from everywhere once the need is known." Black Americans in the past, he added, have been apathetic to broadcasting, feeling that it had no relevance to their lives.

With the appearance of Negro stars on television, the attention of the black community has been increasingly drawn to the medium, as well as to the market-place mechanisms and regulatory contexts that shape the character of broadcasting. Black leaders see their opposition to the Pastore bill as a defensive measure—a protection of not only black, but of all citizens' rights to access to the media. They want to take vigorous action to enlarge participation of the black community in broadcasting. They see the need for a black FCC member, for black communications lawyers, and for black artists and executives.

Weaver's appointment, and his disagreement with other black leaders about the Pastore bill, cannot help but focus the issue more sharply, particularly in the Negro press, which, for the most part, has been silent on the merits of the proposed legislation.

Some observers believe that Weaver's appointment may boomerang back upon the NAB. In trying to whip up black support for the bill, the public relations consultant will have to draw attention to it; this very act will invite scrutiny of the bill, and once all the arguments are clear—so goes the belief—blacks generally will not be able to avoid taking a stand against it.

As for the Urban League and the NAACP, some people are wondering when they will stand up to be counted. A spokesman for the Urban League, in New York, told me that the organization, being tax-exempt, cannot engage in lobbying the Congress. In principle, he said, the League is opposed to any bill that would diminish Negro access to media; but he refused to take a position on S. 2004.

The director of Unity House, although affiliated with a church that is also tax-exempt, has not hesitated to take a clear stand against the Pastore bill.

NUMBERS, PLEASE!

The numbers and letters on the label that brings Saturday Review your way each week may not mean much to you at first glance. But they are essential in helping our Subscription Department quickly identify your records. That is why it is important to include your address label whenever you write Saturday Review about your subscription.

ATTACH LABEL HERE

CHANGE of ADDRESS

Please let us know at least four weeks before you plan to move. For fastest service, clip or paste your current mailing address in space provided, fill in your name and address, and mail to Saturday Review's Subscriber Service Division.

NEW or RENEWAL SUBSCRIPTION

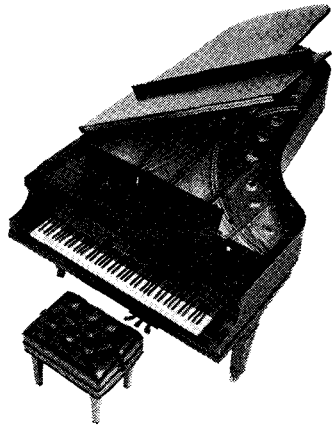
Check here to enter or extend your subscription:
☐ One year $9 ☐ Three years $21
☐ Two years $16 ☐ Five years $25
Outside U.S. and Canada, add $2 per year
☐ New subscription ☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Renewal ☐ Bill me

Name Address

City State ZIP

Saturday Review Subscriber Service Division
380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

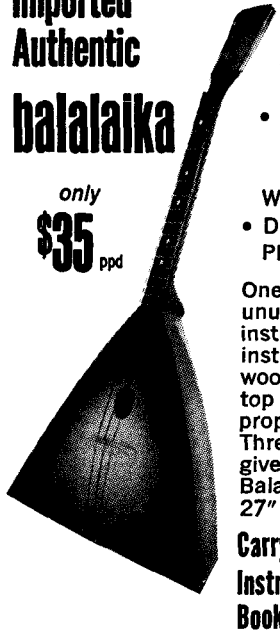
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Dave Brubeck's Accompanist

The New Baldwin

Imported Authentic balalaika



only $35 ppd

FINELY MADE • MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

WONDERFUL • DECORATIVE PIECE

One of the more unusual musical instruments, this instrument is all wood with spruce top to produce proper resonance. Three wire strings give authentic Balalaika tone. 27" long.

Carrying Bag..$6.95 ppd

Instruction Book.....$3.00 ppd

G. SCHIRMER 4 East 49th Street New York 10017, Dept. 34

#1 National Non-fiction Bestseller

The secret weapon in executive warfare.

THE PETER PRINCIPLE

Why Things Always Go Wrong

Dr. Laurence J. Peter and Raymond Hull

$4.95 MORROW

Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Life and Times of the Juilliard Quartet

THE "NEW" Juilliard Quartet and the new Juilliard School began another aspect of a long association when the group led by Robert Mann made its first appearance in Alice Tully Hall a memorable one. This was still another in a continuing series of ceremonials, with a commissioned quartet by Stefan Wolpe in its premiere performance, along with the Mozart in C (K.465) and the Beethoven C-sharp minor (Op.131).

Basically, the Juilliard Quartet is only a few years away from celebrating the 25th anniversary of its founding by William Schuman in 1946. If the secure style and distinctive ensemble that have characterized it almost from the start were, in the latest hearing, admirably present, what then is new about it? Merely the latest in the cycle of personnel change that is inevitable with any organization as its history extends over decades. Most recently (last spring) it was Samuel Rhodes who moved into the violist's chair vacated by Raphael Hillyer. A few years ago it was Earl Carlyss who took the place of Isadore Cohen as second violin (his only predecessor was Robert Koff).

Fortunately present along with Mann is his long-time collaborator Claus Adam, who has now been cellist longer than the group's original fourth member, Arthur Winograd, whom he replaced in 1955. Thus the top and the bottom of the ensemble have remained firmly fixed as a frame of reference within which other elements can be precisely, effectively integrated. If the old order changes, so far as manpower is concerned, the older order of results was warmly, imaginatively present in the playing of the Mozart quartet considered by many the greatest of his works in this format.

From the first beautifully resonant throb of the cello's low C with which the work begins to the last incisive ensemble chord, it was playing of model animation and discipline. All those "puzzling" sharps and flats in the opening Adagio which caused some anguished contemporaries to call it the "Dissonant" Quartet vanish into a network of readily recognizable cross references when each part is as clearly defined as it was in this performance. What Mozart's mind was aiming for—a zeroing-in on a central tonal focus from seemingly remote, even contradictory points of origin—left no uncertainty or doubt with the listener because there was no uncertainty or doubt in the performers. It all flowed forward in a performance that was immaculate in its technical detail yet vibrant with feeling from start to finish.

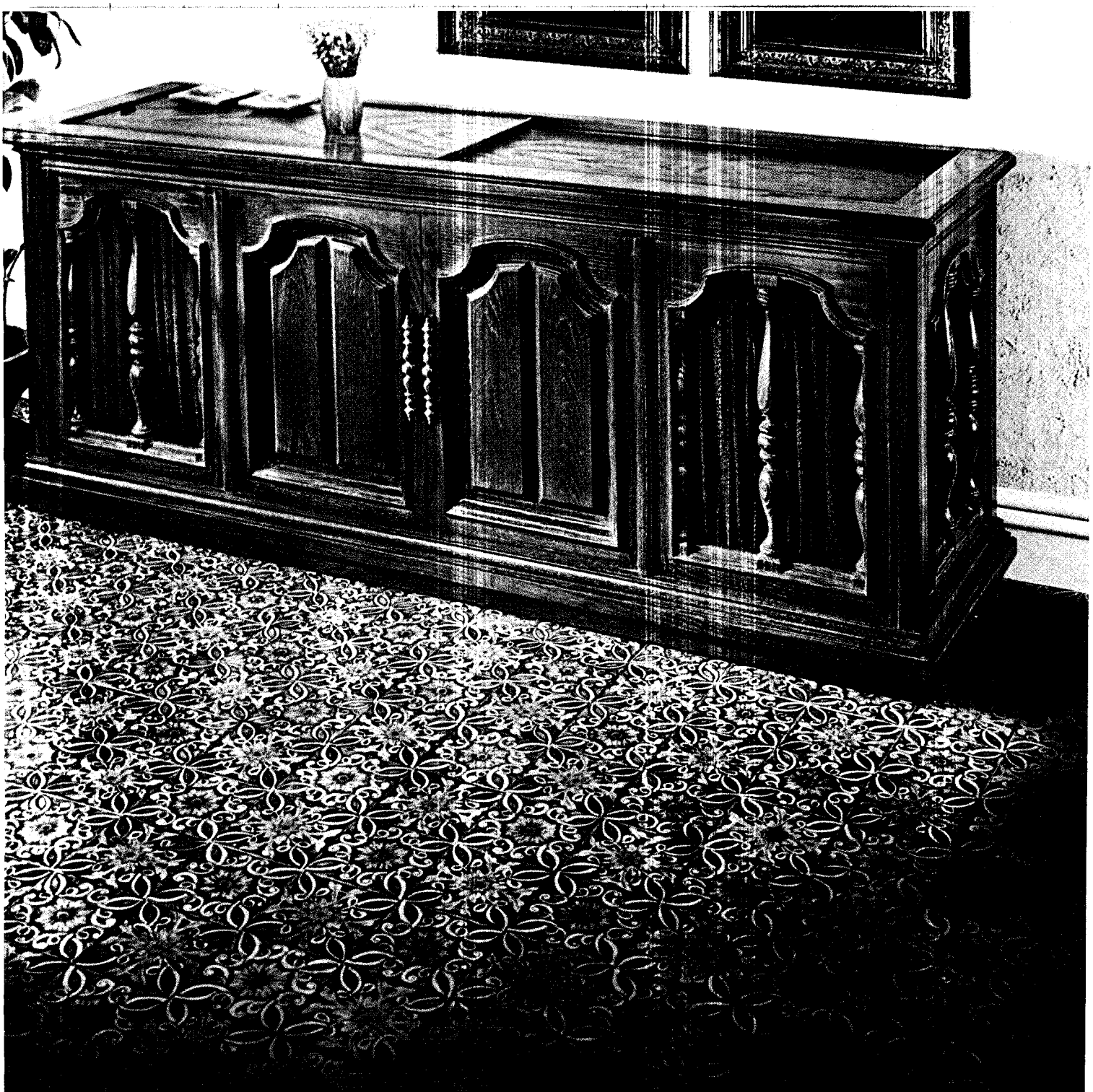
The scene, in the contemporary sense of the term, changed drastically in the Wolpe. In its own terms, the composer's sense of order was doubtless implicit in everything that was heard (or unheard). For my taste, it elaborated upon fragmentary and cryptic statements that challenged rather than invited audience participation. (The lack of program notes of even the briefest, most general kind was no service to better understanding.) A work of approximately twenty minutes' length divided into two movements of about equal length, it arrives finally at a brief, non-codified, "in the clear" message which may be either a whimsical touch (suggesting that the composer could have done the whole thing that way had he so desired) or an untraceable emanation from what had preceded. What preceded was, to my order of comprehension, tediously cerebral and without a clearly defined context. So far as the interpretation by the four performers was concerned, it conveyed every earmark of fidelity, precision, and devotion to the composer's interests. Wolpe was present to share the audience's applause with the performers.

Steven Staryk is the kind of musician whose natural aptitude was subject to such expert supervision as to produce a performer for whom technical problems may not be exactly nonexistent, but for whose solution he is ideally equipped. It is an order of accomplishment one encounters from time to time among pianists and vocalists: Staryk happens to be a violinist, and aptly cast to fill the pedagogic part he is now playing at Oberlin Conservatory.

Given his order of command, Staryk could have selected from the violin repertory at random and been equally qualified for almost anything he undertook. That he chose to devote himself, with the considerable pianistic assis-

(*Continued on page* 103)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



People who prize fine music make Magnavox the number one stereo console in the world.

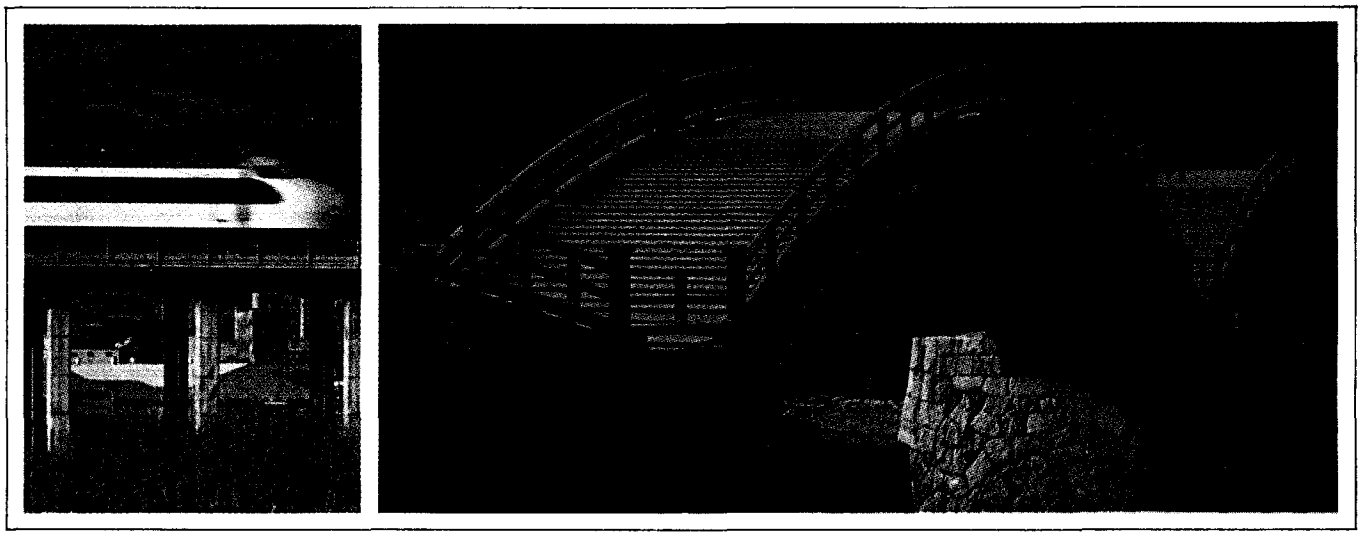
Year after year Magnavox is number one. Because more people realize that Magnavox is the unchallenged leader in the flawless re-creation of music. Magnavox has engineered precise musical fidelity and purity of tone into each stereo instrument. New air-suspension speakers, in many of this year's models, add even greater presence to music... from records, stereo FM/AM radio or tape.

THE FRANCISCO, STEREO CONSOLE IN OLD-WORLD SPANISH STYLING. MAGNAVOX IS SOLD THROUGH SELECTED DEALERS, SEE THE YELLOW PAGES. CONSOLE PRICES START AT $169.50.

the magnificent **Magnavox**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

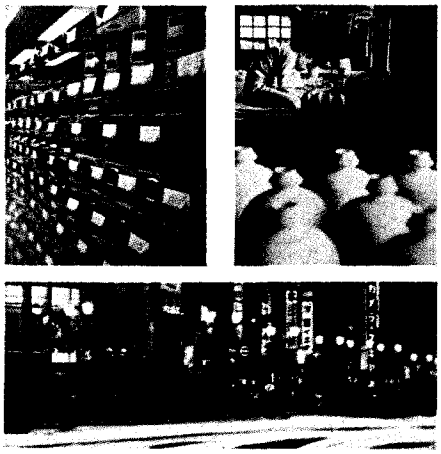
Ride the world's fastest train back to ninth-century Japan



Board the luxurious Tokaido Express in Tokyo. The countryside flashes by at 125 miles an hour. You're on your way to Kyoto, where time has stood still in the gardens and palaces for a thousand stately years. And to Osaka, site of EXPO '70.

It's one of Japan's particular delights—the mixture of classic yesterday and a vibrant today. The wail of the *Bugaku* at a Meiji Shrine —and the beat of electric guitars in a swinging cabaret. The clatter of a wooden loom and the stutter of a motorcycle. Puzzlingly harmonious. Completely Japanese.

You discover the Inland Sea with its piney picture-islands and misty vistas — from a speeding hydrofoil. You stroll Tokyo's Ginza, past window after window of excellent watches, cameras, mini-TV's. Then, abruptly here's a folk art shop, with pottery fired in ancient



kilns, and traditional toys carved by hereditary craftsmen.

Night falls, and the centuries go on stage. *Noh* drama from ancient times. *Kabuki*, the theater of the 17th century. And contemporary musicals.

There's the same fine disregard for eras in Japanese sports. Baseball draws huge crowds. So does *sumo*, where gargantuan wrestlers begin each bout by scattering salt to rout demons. (If you're a golfer, tee off on a gardenlike course, with a girl caddy to carry your clubs.)

It's all waiting for you now in unique Japan . . . and during any season you choose to visit. Ask your travel agent about it. Or mail us a card for the new edition of "Your Guide to Japan."

JAPAN NATIONAL TOURIST ORGANIZATION

45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 10020
333 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60601
1420 Commerce Street, Dallas 75201
1737 Post Street, San Francisco 94115
727 West 7th Street, Los Angeles 90017
109 Kaiulani Avenue, Honolulu 96815
165 University Ave., Toronto 1, Ontario
. . . also in Mexico City and Sao Paulo.

Information on EXPO '70—Osaka, March 15-September 13, 1970—is available from all our offices.

All in a Japanese day

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

Mao's Macao

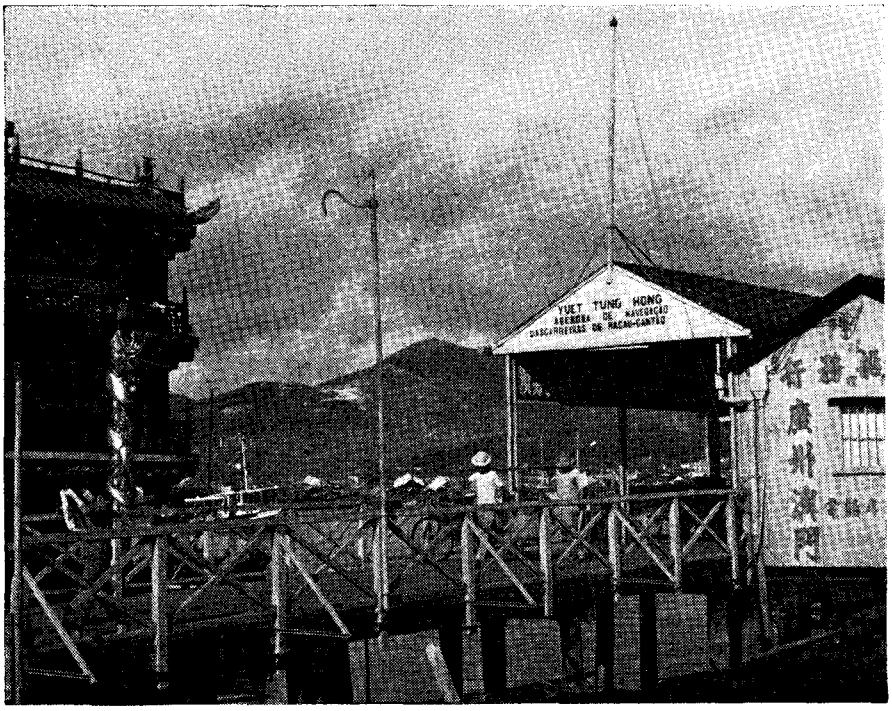
HO YIN is Macao's ranking Communist, the head of a shadow cabinet that helps to run the affairs of this tiny Portuguese colony appended to the storied south coast of mainland China. He is also a gracious multimillionaire, a Chamber of Commerce executive, and a connoisseur of football, women, and wine.

Ho Yin symbolizes the historical anomaly of Macao and illustrates the danger of judging this part of the world by any normal values. Journalists and professional China watchers, arriving by hydrofoil from Hong Kong —40 miles across the Pearl River estuary—are often baffled by the illogic that confronts them. They retreat to the refuge of the Hong Kong Foreign Correspondents' Club and try to write of Macao with the rationality editors expect of sensible men. But how do they explain Ho Yin? And what of William K. McCoy, a United Nations representative, who rents a house from Ho Yin, one of five lovely hillside homes the Communist boss won in a fan-tan game?

The traveler who has lived enough with Asians to unburden himself of the tyranny of logic, and to stop thinking "we" and "they," will find Macao a fascination in itself and also one of the most accessible windows to China. (My other favorite views are from Taiwan and the New Territories north of Kowloon, part of the Hong Kong crown colony.)

Many news reports out of Macao still use as a frame of reference the local reverberations of Mao Tse-tung's cultural revolution in 1966. Macao is depicted as living under a "red sword that dangles from a slender thread," or as a fruit "ripe for China to pick whenever Peking chooses to give up a window to the world and gain one more city." Macanese take a different view. They are prepared for the future with the conviction, rooted deep in history, that Macao's Portuguese will outlast the British in Hong Kong. Portugal has held at least nominal control for four centuries, and there is no reason to believe it will soon be dislodged. In fact, local capital is investing heavily in new industries and tourist facilities.

After the 1966 confrontation, the Portuguese agreed to pay indemnity to the families of several young Maoist demonstrators wounded or killed by the police, promised to ban further activities by Nationalist agents from Taiwan, and pledged to refuse any more "illegal" refugees. Back in Lisbon, Portugal's anti-Communist govern-



Macao on the Pearl River—"Crossing the . . . estuary is to pass a stretch of the South China coast that seems unchanged for a thousand years."

THE QE2
PLUS ST. THOMAS, BARBADOS, MADEIRA, LISBON, PARIS AND LONDON
VS.
MARCH 23 TO APRIL 6.

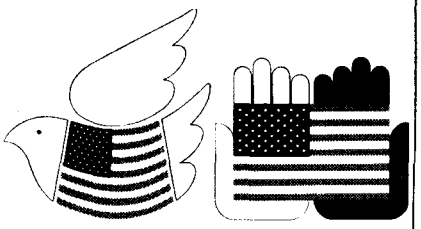
Choose any of 5 great vacations when the QE2 begins her Southern Atlantic Holiday from New York, March 23. Take 2 weeks and head for London on the QE2, then return home via Pan Am. Or stop at one of four exciting ports along the way and fly back for as little as $325. For complete information see your travel agent or write Cunard, Dept. SP, 555 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

SAFETY INFORMATION: The Queen Elizabeth 2 registered in Great Britain meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960 and the 1966 fire safety requirements.

CUNARD QE2

How do you feel about those flags on cars?

If it angers you to see the super-patriots and love-it-or-leave-it guys taking over the American flag—show where you stand! Display these full-color "Peace" and "Equality" decals on car windows, bulletin boards.



©1969 SAVE OUR FLAG, INC.

PEACE decal Set of two . . . $1

EQUALITY decal Set of two . . . $1

Each decal over 4" square.
Seen on CBS News, NBC Today Show, in Life.
AT GIFT STORES. OR MAIL THIS COUPON.

Save Our Flag, Inc. Dept. A
P.O. Box 79, Gedney Station, White Plains, N.Y. 10605
Please send me ..... sets Peace decals
..... sets Equality decals
Enclosed is $..... ($1 per set plus 15¢ per order for p&h.)
Name _____ (please print)
Address _____
City _____ State & zip _____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment continues to shun diplomatic recognition of the Red Chinese government.

Few signs remain of the 1966 clash. The red Communist flag with yellow stars flies over the taxi drivers' clubhouse, greeting visitors as they alight from the hydrofoil. This should not polarize one's opinions. I think the militant Communist who heads up most union activities in Macao, and other politicos, would agree with the Chinese fisherman who told me: "I fish to make a living for my family. I want to live in peace. I am not a Communist, I am not a Nationalist, but Chairman Mao has made China important to all the nations of the world, and I am a Chinese."

Of the province's 300,000 population, only about 8,000 are classified as "non-Chinese." There are no more than 2,000 Caucasians. The other 6,000 are a handsome Macanese blend of Portuguese and Chinese. There are 72,000 refugees, the majority of whom came here during the "useless mouths" period of immigration, when Red China permitted and even encouraged the aged, the ill, the crippled, and the drug-addicted to enter Macao legally. The illegal refugees reach Macao at enormous risk and hardship, by picking their way across the narrow, heavily guarded border, or by boat or by swimming.

One finds poverty in Macao, but no squalor and almost no violent crime. The narrow streets and alleyways are safe to walk at any hour. The daughters and wives of Westerners living here do the same. At the height of the 1966 confrontation, Sigrid McCoy, attractive, German-born wife of the U.N. representative, approached a shouting, fist-waving crowd of Chinese students in front of a government building. They immediately opened a path for her, one student pointing to the sidewalk and saying, "Please, Mrs. McCoy, don't step on our running-mad-dog-of-imperialism sign. We just painted it."

Older guidebooks to Macao will still direct the visitor to the statue of Colonel Vicente Nicolau de Mesquita, describing him as a "nineteenth-century military hero," a Portuguese who led thirty-six volunteers in the capture of an enemy fort. One needn't bother looking for his statue in Civic Square. It was one of the few Portuguese casualties of the cultural revolution. "I think a suggestion was made that the students focus their anger on it," a Portuguese official confided to me. "I don't know why it was ever put up in the first place. Mesquita was at best a scoundrel—at worst, a wife-murderer." The statue of Jorge Alvares, the navigator who reached the China coast in 1513, lost its right arm, a source of embarrassment to the 1966 revolutionists. A new right arm is soon to be installed.

Macao is an escape hatch for residents of Hong Kong, who often take off across the estuary with a sigh of relief on a Friday afternoon. The traveler who spends any time in Hong Kong will feel the same way. Hong Kong is one of the world's most exciting cities, but it's a nine-to-five money-making machine. Macao takes a siesta from noon to 2:30 p.m. Government and business people prepare for siesta with a long coffee break at the Solmar Restaurant on Rua da Praia Grande. The Solmar is Macao's sidewalk parliament where decisions of both the official and shadow cabinets are often initiated or made final.

Macao seduces the visitor in many ways, most of all by never being what he expects it to be. Crossing the Pearl River estuary is to pass a stretch of the South China coast that seems unchanged for a thousand years. Sampans and high-sterned junks under batwing sails drift like birds suspended between tranquil blue water and lazy white clouds. One prepares to approach a city of the Mandarins; then abruptly the blue water changes to silt-brown and the seven hills of Macao rise up, painted with the pastels of Mediterranean villas.

The white tower of the Guia lighthouse, oldest lighthouse on the coast of China, stands guard placidly, not far from the fort built 300 years ago by Jesuits to fend off the Dutch. From a neighboring hilltop looms the spectacular façade of the Church of São Paolo, all that remains of the great edifice designed by an Italian priest and constructed by Japanese Christians in 1602.

As the hydrofoil planes in closer, the "Mediterranean" melts into China. Cobblestone streets are bright with Chinese shops under overhanging balconies of old Portugal. Pedicabs share the streets with cars and motor scooters. Thousands of sampans and junks bob along the waterfront. These are the homes of the water people, who are born, marry, live, and die in the small boats.

The peninsula is only three miles long from tip to Portas do Cerco, the Barrier Gate through which passes all legal traffic between China and Macao. The peninsula is only a mile across at its widest. Just to the south are the two thinly settled islands of Taipa and Coloane, which account for two-thirds of the land area of the province.

Up to now, Japanese tourists have been the largest national group visiting Macao. They also stay the longest.

(*Continued on page* 104)

Ski

at St. Moritz, Davos, Garmisch, Kitzbuhel, Megev, and Gstaad.

Lowest group fares in history by major scheduled jet airlines. No organization membership is required, and we form the groups.

For example, when you travel to Zurich:

1. You prepay a total of:	**$295**
2. The hotel voucher is worth:	**$ 60**
3. So, the real cost of your round trip is:	**$235**

The $60 covers modest accommodations for two weeks (one week in St. Moritz and one week in Davos) or it can be applied toward different accommodations. The $235 cost figure includes transportation to the resorts and back to the airports.

Fourteen 2-week trips will depart from New York in December through March. For information write to Travel Wholesalers International, 1707 L Street, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036. Or telephone (202) 296-9161.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The theatres of London, Moscow & Leningrad. A magnificent $465.

East is East and West is West, and what a show it is to see them one after the other in two magnificent weeks.

If you'd like to see a show like that, reserve a couple of weeks this fall or winter for a trip we call "The Bard & The Bolshoi." It's a look at the world from both sides now, for an amazingly-low $465.

You start with 8 nights in London. Your hotel room with private bath. Big English breakfasts. And orchestra or dress circle tickets to four plays or musicals.

Then it's off to Russia, for 3 nights in Moscow plus tickets to the Bolshoi Ballet and Moscow State Circus. And 2 nights in Leningrad, with tickets to two performances at the Kirov Opera & Ballet Theatre.

Your hotels are the finest in the USSR, and we take you around to see the sights in both cities.

All for $465 and Air-India besides, to fly you over, in-between and home again.

All together now, let your travel agent hear it for "The Bard & The Bolshoi."

Air-India has something money can't buy.

SR-91115

AIR-INDIA
666 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10019

Please send me your free
☐ "The Bard & The Bolshoi" folder ☐ plus folders on your $300 British Isles vacations.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

My travel agent is_____

Tour prices based on 14-21 day 15 person group economy air fare from N.Y. We'll form the group. Modest surcharge for October departures.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drop-In Night at the Electric Circus

by DAVID BAR-ILLAN

There I was, seated on one of the low stools reserved for visiting "squares" at the wall farthest from the loudspeakers, my senses repeatedly raped by painful assaults of science-fiction sounds, sights, and smells, staring incredulously at the multi-limbed St. Vitus's dance on the floor, and sinking into that futile exercise in despair known as "what does it all mean," when I suddenly noticed him, in the three-quarter darkness, sitting next to me. Somehow, his presence did not seem startling: a phantasmagoric cave like the Electric Circus is at least as likely a place to raise the dead as CBC Television, and, in the environment, his appearance was hardly noticeable. The shoulder-length hair was different only for its whiteness, and the kaleidoscope of Indian pantaloons, Japanese wrestler costumes, and silken pajama-suits around us made his cloak seem, if anything, rather conservative. The only thing that struck me as incongruous was the sanguine calm of his face in circumstances that no musician, with the possible exception of a Beethoven in an advanced stage of deafness, could find bearable.

My experience in netherworld meetings being limited to vicarious, second-hand stuff by way of Dante, Shakespeare, Shaw, Menotti, et al., I didn't quite remember what the protocol in such instances was. Trying to assume a respectful but not sycophantic tone, and with as much savoir-faire and cogency as I could muster, I blurted, "What are *you* doing here?" He did not even bother to unglue his eyes from the opposite wall, where the projected image of a blood-drop, magnified a couple of million times, was pulsating to the fifteen-thousand-decibel beat, and matter-of-factly answered, "Nobody ever accused *me* of not being where the action is."

His demeanor having now put me completely at ease, I took my time on the next question and came up with a profound "How do you like it?" promptly vowing to myself that if I lived to be a hundred I would never again scoff at the inanity of interviewers' questions. "Well, of course, this multi-media idea was originated by *me* in 1858 when I composed *Lenore* to be played as an accompaniment to the recitation of a poem, while a mime and a couple of ballerinas performed in the background, with light-colors and backdrop-scenery changing at every stanza. So in principle there is nothing new here, but I do wish I had all this optical and stereophonic equipment. Then you *really* would have seen something."

"... nothing but the present."

His voice was getting lost in the pandemonium and my eyes were smarting from the sweet smoke that smelled like no cigarette should. Bellowing into his ear, I said, "Would you care to talk where I can hear you?" We strolled to a vestibule, glow-painted in screaming lavender-purple-violet-red, where the noise was halved and a mere shout could be heard. "Is this the future?" I asked, trying not to betray the shivers that the very question sent up my back. "Certainly not. It is nothing but the present. In fact, a very small part of the present. Vulgar, plain, and quite uninventive, but with a certain ingenuousness and spontaneity about it. It's a popular fashion and, like all its predecessors, it will disappear. But it will also leave its mark." "It will certainly boost the hearing-aid industry," I could not help interjecting. "But when I hear it proclaimed that there is more originality and vitality in this world of rock than in the concert hall and opera house, I feel that the poverty of serious music today must be staggering indeed." He was obviously steering the conversation, and I felt he needed little encouragement. I merely asked, "What do you think the reasons for this poverty are?" and prepared for the deluge that did not fail to follow.

"You seem to suffer from too much analysis, too much musicology, too much verbalization." There was something bullet-like in the curt, measured way in which he spat his phrases. They were not opinions, but verdicts. "In an effort to define and analyze art you have reached a point that permits so-called composers to describe any sound, or for that matter any silence, as music. Not that there is anything wrong with experimentation, mind you. I experimented with whole tone music, bitonal music, and atonal music decades before they became fashionable, but I always used materials as tools for personal expression, as a means of communication, as my servants, not as my masters. You, on the other hand, have allowed idiom to take precedence over essence and craft. To condemn music because it is traditional, and to praise it because it is avant-garde, or vice versa, is nothing short of idiotic. But some of your contemporaries seem more concerned with the possibility that history will, God forbid, mock them than with a spontaneous, sincere reaction."

For the first time his voice sounded impassioned, almost pained. I thought a little flattery might soothe him, so I said, "As the greatest pianist of all time, what do you think of piano music today?" His language had been so hip that I almost involuntarily added, "I mean, both composition-wise and performance-wise."

"What piano music? The stuff composed by engineers, architects, electricians, statisticians, and mathematicians? The piano is a romantic instrument, a glorifier of individual expression, not a tabulation machine. A composer, no matter how great he is, must be a good pianist consumed with burning passion for the instrument to be able to write idiomatically for the piano. And there are very few of those left. But surely I'm not telling you anything you don't know. Most performing pianists today seem to agree with me—the ratio between contemporary music and old music in their repertoire is nothing like what it was in my day. And if you feel that, as a performer, you are presiding over a gallery of museum pieces rather than heralding the exciting new, you are unfortunately quite right. Not that mu-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seums don't occupy an important, perhaps vital, part in the cultural fabric. Undoubtedly, there is great adventure in discovering and rediscovering Rembrandts, Shakespeares, and Beethovens. . . ."

The sudden flickering of a strobe light at six flashes per second seemed to startle him for a minute, and I took the opportunity to interrupt. "Would you describe the various revivals of past eras—and the current efforts to revive the lesser known romantic composers, as well as your own less famous compositions—as part of this museum adventure?"

His smile turned indulgent. "My age, like all others, produced hundreds of composers who ranged from atrocious to mediocre. Most of them roundly deserve their oblivion. Ultimately, only an experienced, educated public can determine the fate of a composition."

By now I was feverishly taking notes on the back of an envelope, and—trying to return to what interested me most—I said, "You mentioned that pianists today are mostly interpreters of museum pieces, but you did not comment on the level of their performance. There is, God knows, no dearth of pianists—in fact, there are too many for the public to support—but they are often called inferior to pianists of former generations, particularly when they perform works of your era, and. . . ."

"There have always been too many pianists," he interrupted. "There are always too many artists vying for public attention in any field. The creation of a larger public, rather than merely awarding scholarships, fellowships, and prizes to the talented, is an economical prerequisite for the survival of the performing arts. Unless you channel the resources of the foundations and governments into a massive educational program, unless you make music an integral part of the cultural life of a sizable segment of the public, and unless music makes an indispensable claim on part of the population's ever growing leisure time, you will end up with a gaggle of grant-happy artists and no audience.

"As far as today's pianists are concerned, there has never been a better lot. They are just different. And those who hark back to the golden age of the past are more nostalgic than realistic. In my days they used to say, 'Ah yes, but do you remember Czerny?' If I have any blanket criticism of today's pianists—and, like all generalizations, this one, too, is full of holes—it is that they are too concerned with *composers' wishes* and *historical truths*. I suppose it is a natural affliction of curators, a consequence of performing *old* music. But I am sure they would rid themselves of many hang-ups if they treated us with less reverence and more familiarity—as if we were their contemporaries—and if they unabashedly used our music for what it was intended—as a vehicle for their own personalities. Personality! That is what makes one pianist different from another! That is what moves and excites an audience! Personality is what a great performer *is*. It cannot be transformed in time. It is not expressed in *capturing* the past, but in translating the emotional contents of the great works into the language and the gestures of the present. Nothing strikes me as more ridiculous than those well-worn phrases of praise, 'When he played, it was as if Beethoven himself was sitting at the piano,' or 'This is the way Bach wanted his music played.' I assure you, when *I* played, nobody thought of anyone else but *me*. If anyone had, I would have considered it a gross insult."

But I sensed a slight fatigue in his voice, and I felt the interview was coming to its end. I had in mind numerous questions: which version of his Paganini études did he really prefer, why did he change the ending of the Second Ballade, and about some of these puzzling ossias that have always bothered me. But having become, despite myself, a typical interviewer, I could not help an oily digression.

"I hope you don't mind a personal question, sir," and—lest he protest—I hurried on, mustering all my courage, "You became a legendary figure not only as an outstanding musical personality, but for your great success with women, particularly ladies of the *nobility*. Do you agree with present-day psychologists that this proclivity betrays a compulsive need to act out an Oedipal drive expressed in. . . ."

His patience seemed exhausted, and making no effort to hide his condescension, he said, "My dear young man, what all your latter-day armchair psychologists seem to forget is that in my day associating with women of the upper classes was purely a matter of hygienic prudence. Need I remind you, to make my point, of the other great nineteenth-century virtuoso, Paganini—who was less choosy about the social stratum of his inamoratas and whose medical history was hair-raising?"

His voice trailed off; he seemed to be disappearing. But his eyes were still riveted to the quaking dance floor, as if trying to maintain contact. I followed the Liszt line of vision, and my eyes landed on a soft-featured, blond-tressed face of one of the few dancers on the floor who was unmistakably a girl. Her eyes were shut, her mouth open, and her head was swinging to the merciless beat with a look of primal, ageless abandon.

Jazz at the White House

Throughout most of this century, jazz has proved itself a resilient music. Its demise has often been prophesied, and it has gone through periods of spiritual dryness, but it has always come back strongly. After the Jazz Age of the Twenties, for example, it was not possible in the early Thirties to foresee the triumphs of the Swing Era. Nor, as the big bands foundered in the Forties, was the future of crowded concert halls and mass audiences at outdoor festivals imaginable.

From the beginning, there were misguided attempts to make a "lady" out of jazz, or to put it into "white tie and tails." As the music grew in sophistication, so did the desire to forget or deny the circumstances of its birth and upbringing. The old entertainment values were no longer regarded as apppropriate to the status attained in the concert hall. With international recognition as an art form, jazz became self-conscious, demanding respect from its audiences, even for its most outrageous experiments.

Encouraged by an intelligentsia that preferred novelty to quality, jazz musicians tended to play more and more for themselves. They ceased to announce the titles of the compositions performed; they turned their backs to their audiences; and they saw no need to acknowledge applause. For a time, the novelty of such boorish behavior, coupled with a comparable eccentricity in the music, attracted the curious, but eventually jazz ceased to be synonymous with a good time, and it ceased to appeal to the young. Audiences dwindled, and the poseurs and cultists moved on to the synthetic pastures and electronic extravagances of rock.

Those on whom jazz much relied for its existence—the record companies, club owners, impresarios, and booking agents—were not at all unaware of what was happening. As accountants and computers replaced artistic consciences, major record companies progressively turned off the taps of the promotional pipelines that had helped nourish jazz. There was more profit to be made from hillbilly music and rock, and the advertising money was redirected there.

Did everyone, then, suddenly cease to care for the Great American Art Form?

The audience, of course, had not dis-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jazz LPs

Data	Report
Charlie Christian: *Charlie Christian.* Christian, guitar; Joe Guy, Dizzy Gillespie, or Lips Page, trumpets; Don Byas, tenor saxophone; Thelonious Monk or Kenny Kersey, piano; Nick Fenton, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums. Everest Archives of Folk and Jazz Music simulated stereo, FS-219, $5.98.	This set was formerly available on Esoteric, and it is notable for Christian's solos throughout the first side and on the last two titles of the second. The recordings were made in 1941 at Minton's in Harlem, and they afford an incomparable example of the great guitarist improvising at length under informal conditions. Another album of interest in the same series, *WNEW Saturday Night Swing Session* (FS-231), consists of performances recorded in 1947 with such musicians as Roy Eldridge, Fats Navarro, Bill Harris, and Flip Phillips.
Johnny Dodds: *Chicago Mess Around.* Dodds, clarinet, in duo, trio, quartet, and sextet. Milestone compatible mono, MLP-2011, $4.98.	The fourteen titles in this collection were recorded between 1926 and 1929 for Paramount, and they complement an earlier Milestone set (MLP-2002). Among the more interesting performances are a couple of duets with pianist Tiny Parham, and four by Lovie Austin's Blues Serenaders, who at that time included the formidable Tommy Ladnier. The notes are in the form of reminiscences about his father by Major John Dodds II (U.S.A.F., retired), and their first-hand portrayal of the clarinetist's character adds a great deal to the album.
Urbie Green: *21 Trombones—Rock, Blues, Jazz.* Green, trombone, with twenty trombonists; Bernie Leighton or Dick Hyman, piano and Roxychord; Tony Mottola, Jay Berliner, guitar; Bob Haggart, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Phil Kraus, Jack Arnold, percussion. Project 3 stereo, 5024-SD, $5.98.	With Green out front as soloist, twenty trombones—sixteen tenors, four basses—make a rich and gorgeous sound. There is more emphasis on jazz in this set than in its successful predecessor (5014-SD), and Green's versatility and astonishing virtuosity are better demonstrated. Rock does not raise its unkempt head so disturbingly as the album title might seem to suggest, but the soloist is never disconcerted by its occasional rhythmic presence. On "Just Dropped In," he replies to its provocation with a violent, plunger-muted solo that reveals a seldom-heard aspect of his musical personality. The recording quality is superb.
Quincy Jones: *Walking in Space.* Jones, arranger and conductor, with big band and vocal quartet. A. & M. stereo, SP-3023, $5.98. **Gary McFarland:** *Slaves.* McFarland, arranger and conductor; Grady Tate, vocal; with orchestra. Skye stereo, SK-11, $5.98.	Quincy Jones, on a brief vacation from the film studios, has put together an absorbing album with plenty of room for soloists, among whom Ray Brown (bass), Eric Gale (guitar), Jimmy Cleveland (trombone), Hubert Laws (flute), and Freddy Hubbard (trumpet) are outstanding. Four female voices are strikingly used on the twelve-minute "Walking in Space," and the writing for the top-notch brass team is consistently full and assured. The Skye liner neglects to provide a personnel, but Gale is again the impressive guitar soloist. The soulful violin on "Slaves" is by Ray Nance, the flawless open trumpet on "Nightwind" by Snooky Young, and the muted trumpet on "Pickin' Cotton" by Jimmy Nottingham. Four of the six numbers are given separate treatment as both instrumentals and vocal vehicles for Grady Tate, an innovation that could prove very enjoyable with superior material.
Johnny Otis: *Cold Shot.* Otis, drums, piano, vibes, and vocal; Shuggie Otis, guitar, harmonica and bass; Al Rivera or Broadway Thomas, bass; Hootie Galvan or Buddy Redd, drums; Sugarcane Harris, violin; Mighty Mouth Evans, vocal. Kent stereo, 534, $4.79.	A veteran of jazz and rhythm-and-blues, Otis has here produced the most refreshing blues album of the year. His teenage son, Shuggie, plays masterly guitar with complete idiomatic assurance, carefully controlled tone, and an improvisational ability that puts him ahead of most of the competition. Evans is the chief singer, and his blend of fervor and wry humor is extremely satisfying. On the uncensored "Signifyin' Monkey," the humor is enhanced by the casual authenticity with which otherwise offensive epithets are used. More, it is to be hoped, will be heard of violinist Harris, who plays only on the final number, but to great effect. The overall integrity of the music, the group rapport, and the excellent tempos must all surely owe much to the guiding hand—and experience—of Otis, Sr.
Maxine Sullivan and Bob Wilber: *Close as Pages in a Book.* Maxine Sullivan, vocal; Bob Wilber, soprano saxophone and clarinet; Bernie Leighton, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Gus Johnson, drums. Monmouth-Evergreen stereo, ME-6919, $4.98.	Maxine Sullivan is one of those increasingly rare singers whose voice and personality are always at the service of the song, rather than vice versa. Most of the material in this collection is very good indeed, and her interpretations concede that songwriters—as well as performers—sometimes have something interesting to say. The concession in no way detracts from her unaffected artistry, which has merely mellowed with the years, and the fact that reasonably intelligent lyrics are intelligibly delivered seems a positive gain. The banks of "Loch Lomond" are understandably less bonny than they used to be, but her versions of "Gone with the Wind," "Restless," and "Too Many Tears" are quite moving. She also swings easily on "Ev'ry Time" and "You're Driving Me Crazy," and duets charmingly and "instrumentally" with the admirable Wilber on Ellington's "Rockin' in Rhythm."
Ralph Sutton: *Knocked-out Nocturne.* Sutton, piano; Yank Lawson, trumpet; Bob Wilber, soprano saxophone; Bob Haggart, bass; Gus Johnson, drums. Project 3 stereo, 5040-SD, $5.98.	This album perhaps explains why Sutton has been so little featured on those on the same label by the World's Greatest Jazz Band, of which he is such an important part. With four of its members in sympathetic attendance, he brings his two-handed authority to a dozen numbers made famous by Fats Waller, James P. Johnson, The Lion, Bix Beiderbecke, and Bob Zurke. The brilliant recording emphasizes his relationship—in terms of power and *joie de vivre*—with Waller, but on the two impressionistic pieces by Beiderbecke, and to a lesser extent on The Lion's "Echoes of Spring," his playing has a gently reflective appeal. The performance of "Love Lies" suggests the desirability of a further collection in which the numbers are *not* associated with other pianists.
Joe Turner: *The Real Boss of the Blues.* Turner, vocal, with unidentified small group; Gene Page, arranger and conductor. BluesTime stereo, BTS-9002, $4.98.	From a jazz viewpoint, Turner *is* the real boss of the blues. The drive and confident masculinity of his approach always made him—in a later and different area of the blues—a male counterpart of Bessie Smith, but for more than two decades he has been typecast as a rock 'n' roller, and his records have been aimed at the juke box. Such thinking is evident on the first side of this record, where he nevertheless dominates accompaniments tailored to contemporary teen tastes. The second side is made up of just two long performances, and here the feeling is looser and better. There is some shameful, cackling tenor saxophone, but the harmonica and guitar players contribute appropriate solos. —S.D.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

persed and completely vanished overnight. Plenty of adult enthusiasts remained—and cared. Private individuals, disgusted with the commercial policies to which they were increasingly subjected, began to get into the act. Record labels such as Master Jazz, Blue Angel, and Sackville are essentially an expression of this disgust. Festivals at places so far apart as Lancaster and Aspen reflect it. The formation—and success—of the New York Hot Jazz Society emphasizes it.

Fortunately, too, there is recognition in high places of the significance of jazz as an American music. Leonard Garment is one of those close to President Nixon with practical knowledge of it, and the Voice of America's widely experienced Willis Conover has given beneficial advice in regard to artists and programing. In the past, the State Department has sent jazz musicians to all parts of the world with great success. The personal triumphs as men and musicians of, for example, Duke Ellington in the Middle East and India and Earl Hines in Russia, were not soon forgotten.

The present administration's appreciation of the value of jazz was further indicated at a state dinner for His Imperial Majesty Mohammad Reza Pahlavi, Shah of Iran, on October 21. The members of the Modern Jazz Quartet not only played a concert for the Shah on this occasion, but, as American artists of international fame, were seated with their wives at the dining table alongside government officials, diplomats, Senators, and Congressmen.

Like Ellington and Hines, the Modern Jazz Quartet had won its right to government recognition on artistic grounds. Founded in 1952, it has since pursued an undeviating path with all the single-mindedness of which its leader, John Lewis, is capable.

During a rehearsal in the White House, and after commenting on the sensitive faces of the musicians, one of the social secretaries remarked that they had had rather a surfeit of chamber music recently.

"Well, we are as close to chamber music as you can get in jazz," bassist Percy Heath replied with a grin. "And we don't really need a rehearsal, because John knows to a second how long each number on the program will take."

When the guests had taken their seats in the East Room that evening, President Nixon introduced the Shah as not only representing a nation 6,500 years old, but as one who also thinks in terms of the present and the future. "Among those various aspects of the present with which he has become acquainted," the President continued, "and for which he has shown some tolerance, and even some affection, is modern American jazz. And so tonight we have one of the most outstanding groups in this respect—the Modern Jazz Quartet."

The program consisted of four compositions by John Lewis and the Adagio from Joaquin Rodrigo's *Concierto de Aranjuez*. The opening selection, "The Blue Necklace," on which Lewis played crotala in the introduction, seemed to attract the listeners immediately with its meticulous, miniature percussion effects. There followed two pieces the quartet had recorded in London earlier this year, but that have not yet been released here. "A Visitor from Venus" was pretty and melodic, with handsome bowing by Heath, while "A Visitor from Mars" incorporated a bold jazz riff, striking drum patterns, and cymbal crashes evocative of martial intent. The Adagio brought more warmth and feeling, a mood somewhat reminiscent of that of the quartet's masterpiece, "Django," and a notably expressive piano solo from Lewis. "Jasmin Tree," a composition played at a bright tempo

(*Continued on page* 101)

"The Shah expressed . . . appreciation of 'The Blue Necklace' and 'Jasmin Tree.'"

A complete, lavishly illustrated history of America's only native musical form

The Blues is beauty wrung out of a full heart and a troubled spirit. Its sound embodies the slave ships, the cabins of the South, the jails and work gangs, the tenements, the trains that roll between the lonely cities of America. Its melodies and rhythms convey the raw emotions of a people.

In this giant 8½" x 12" volume, a leading world authority on the blues tells the story of this music from the very beginning — and of its great musicians: Leadbelly, Bessie Smith, Ma Rainey, Big Bill Broonzy, and hundreds of others. With more than 500 photos and drawings, musical examples, blues lyrics, and a discography.

"A bright work of scholarship, encyclopedic in scope... A profusion of well-chosen illustrations makes it a vivid photographic essay as well as an invaluable compendium."
—ARNOLD SHAW, N. Y. Times Book Review

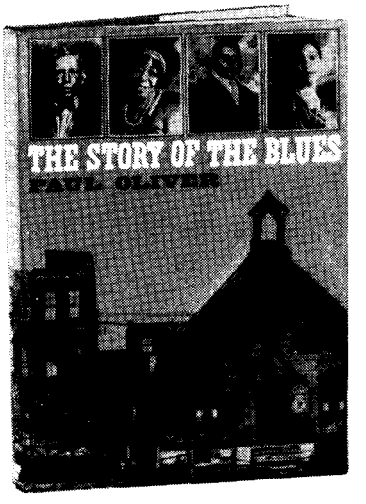
THE STORY OF THE BLUES

By PAUL OLIVER

Author of **Blues Fell This Morning**

$12.50, now at your bookstore, or send remittance (plus applicable sales tax) to

CHILTON BOOK COMPANY
401 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19106



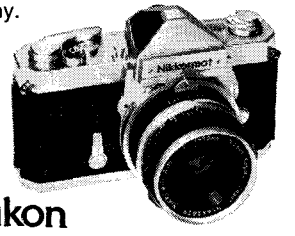
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photo-impressionism

Many a good photograph has been taken with the simplest of cameras. But this one wasn't. Because when you take the light away from its "ideal" spot over your shoulder it's a different story. With any ordinary camera this lovely example of impressionism would have been nothing but a two-dimensional silhouette.

But the Nikkormat FTN is no ordinary camera. For one thing, it has a meter system ("electric eye") that's prepared for tough lighting conditions like this. Most meters are one of two basic types. One reads the whole scene, corner to corner, and lumps everything together. In the picture above, the bright background would've confused one of these "averaging" meters. The other type ("spot" meter) reads a small part of the scene, which would be fine for this picture, but would require two or three separate readings and a lot of calculation for a regular, front-lit scene. Our system combines the best of both. It reads the whole scene, but concentrates on the center. It works. It works on more kinds of scenes with less fiddling around than any other system. We call it "center-weighted" metering.

This meter is just one of the things the Nikkormat shares with the more famous (and more expensive) Nikon F. It also accepts all the 30-some lenses (from 6 mm through 1200mm) and most of the accessories of the Nikon System—the most versatile in 35mm photography. Yet the Nikkormat FTN costs less than $270, with 50mm f2 lens. See it at your dealer, or write.



Nikon Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc. (In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.)

Nikkormat FTN by Nikon

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDUCATION IN AMERICA

Editor-at-Large: PAUL WOODRING

Education Editor: JAMES CASS
Associate Education Editor: WALLACE ROBERTS
Assistant Education Editor: BONNIE BARRETT STRETCH

77 **Editorial**

78 **Letters to the Education Editor**

82 **Sense About Sensitivity Training** by Max Birnbaum

84 **Public Schools: The Myth of the Melting Pot** by Colin Greer

88 **Street Academies: One Step off the Sidewalk** by Jonathan Black

90 **Schools Make News**

Book Reviews:
92 **"The Lives of Children: The Story of the First Street School"** by George Dennison, reviewed by Peter H. Wagschal

93 **"The Devil Has Slippery Shoes"** by Polly Greenberg, reviewed by Wallace Roberts

95 **New Books**

This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Charles F. Kettering Foundation. The editors of SR retain responsibility for its contents.

Correspondence for the Education Supplement should be addressed to: Education Editor, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Freedom for the Academic Press

Early last month the American Alumni Council (AAC) issued a "Statement on Professional Standards for College Publications." The action came at a time when communication between the campus and its public is more difficult—and more crucial—than ever before. It is unlikely that the AAC guidelines for editors and administrators will revolutionize administrative attitudes toward critical reporting and interpretation of campus events by official or quasi-official publications; the habit of administrative control is too strong. But it may provide a basis for the development of a tradition of freedom and support for an independent academic press that, in the long run, will prove far more beneficial to the institutions than would a press that functions as an extension of the development office.

The non-revolutionary recommendations of the AAC include much that is common sense. Among the numerous guidelines proposed, those defining editorial and institutional responsibilities are especially crucial:

- Each institution should have some regular publication to inform its alumni, parents, donors, and other members of the college family about its activities.

- It should provide sufficient support so that a competent editor can be recruited or trained.

- The editor should perform his editorial duties with due concern for the ultimate welfare of the institution and its alumni. And a full understanding concerning the editor's responsibility should be reached when he is hired.

- To insure an open and vigorous alumni press, the editor should be assured the freedom to exercise his editorial judgment without pre-publication censorship.

Alumni magazines and similar college publications have come a long way since they were devoted exclusively to gossipy class notes, administration handouts, and eulogies of retiring professors. The best of them continue to publish news of alumni and to tell the administration's story, but they also devote a major part of their effort to critical, realistic reporting and analysis of the contemporary campus scene. Even without administrative interference, however, the job is not an easy one. George Keller, who won many awards as editor of *Columbia College Today*, resigned recently in the wake of a major furor stirred up by his ninety-six-page report on the student uprising at Columbia in the spring of 1968. "The big problem for alumni editors," the *Chronicle of Higher Education* quotes him as saying, "is that they have no tradition and no base to stand on. You feel naked and alone."

There are several factors involved in the changing campus scene today. First, events on the campus are news that inevitably is going to be widely reported by the media, whether or not a college wishes it. Second, in a period of extraordinarily rapid change, issues will arise that make for controversy—and administrative discomfort. And third, there are almost certain to be critical students and faculty members who will not allow such matters to remain buried in the institutional archives.

Therefore, every college president might well make it his first order of business to see that events on his campus are reported fully and fairly by an independent editor whose primary loyalty is to the institution. Colleges and universities are more dependent than ever before on the continuing support of their many publics, and they cannot afford the luxury of a credibility gap. The surest guarantee of continued loyalty and trust in the institution is a free academic press. —J. C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Education Editor

Activism for Scholars?

HOWARD ZINN'S article "The Academic Revolution: The Case for Radical Change" [*SR*, Oct. 18], presents neither an accurate picture of the present situation nor of reasonable prospects for the future. The academician should not be pilloried any more than the businessman or the average citizen for not rolling up his sleeves and rebuilding the ghettos with his own hands. It seems to me that even the most aloof academician, he who truly turns his back on his own society to escape to another period or culture, represents less of an evil than his time-serving colleagues who labor in behalf of the Defense Department or the CIA.

Mr. Zinn seems incredibly naïve in proposing that academicians refuse to support war, teach the tactics of insurgency, etc. The consequent loss of funds from government and other sources would require tremendous adjustment in our "great" universities that depend so heavily on such support. Were faculties willing, boards of trustees would be loath to sever the purse strings.

RICHARD S. STEIN,
Illinois Institute of Technology,
Chicago, Ill.

AS ONE TEACHER, let me merely say that Howard Zinn's article is tops in surgical incisiveness and profound (yet practical) proposals. Perhaps the ideas expressed might help in time to lead many academicians from sterile standpattism to face present-day challenges.

PROFESSOR JOSEPH R. NOVOGROD,
Long Island University,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

PROFESSOR ZINN is correct in stating that the American Political Science Association made radical changes at its latest annual meeting and that the American Historical Association moved its meeting from Chicago to "protest Mayor Daley's hooliganism." He is, however, incorrect in stating that the Modern Language Association of America elected "a young, radical English teacher as president." It elected Professor Henry Nash Smith of the University of California to its Presidency, moving him up from the First Vice Presidency, as is traditional. Professor Smith is neither young nor radical. I consider him middle-aged and liberal; he is also a distinguished scholar. What we did that was subversive was to defeat the Establishment's nominee for Third Vice President. To that tri-eminent post we elected (by vote of 292 to 187) young, radical Louis Kampf, an associate professor at MIT. We also passed some resolutions that affirm the social responsibility of our profession. The Old Guard (which remained mute on Stalin, Mussolini, and Hitler) is still muttering.

MARTIN SHOCKLEY,
North Texas State University,
Denton, Tex.

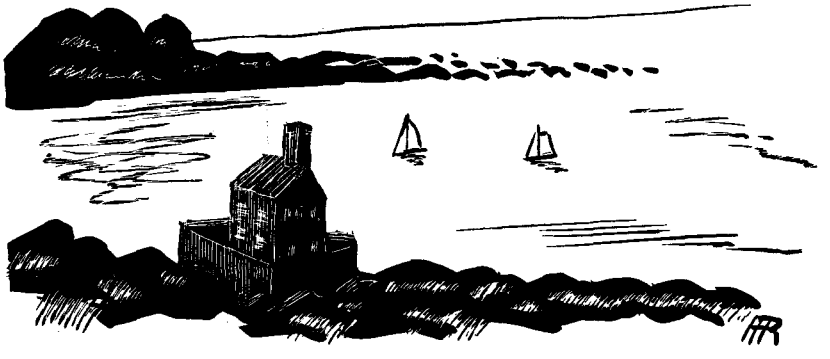
EDITOR'S NOTE: *Professor Zinn's original statement read: " . . . a young radical English teacher to the Presidential succession." The change, which made the printed statement incorrect, occurred in the copy-editing process. Our apologies both to Professor Zinn and our readers.*

PROFESSOR ZINN'S effective indictment of several prevailing academic myths has at least one disturbing aspect: the notion of societal debt—"It is time that we scholars began to earn our keep in this world."

Presumably because of their societal position, scholars *owe* something to society over and above teaching or research. The Orwellian implications of societal debt are not lost on Professor Zinn. He certainly does want the scholars to keep the books, not the state. But the difficulty inherent in the concept of social debt remains. What if Professor X comes up with no debits, despite the fact that he has left undone those things that he ought to have done (at least according to Professor Zinn's values and/or mine). Who tells him he should recalculate the ledger? His colleagues? His conscience? So certain is he of professorial *mea culpa*, Professor Zinn does not address the problem.

Without postulating the purity, the relevance, or any societal value at all of research or teaching, it is at least possible that, by being honest to themselves and their own interests (relevant or not), scholars make valuable contributions to sanity and perspective. They might even become human beings, disagreement with Professor Zinn's priorities notwithstanding. No mean achievement in the age of society.

CHRISTOPHER VASILLOPULOS,
San Francisco, Calif.



Insiders

IN HIS editorial "The Public Schools' Public" [*SR*, Oct. 18], James Cass says that word of mouth reports from one's own children or other students are "notably poor sources for information" about the schools. I'm inclined to disagree with him about this. Indeed, where the schools are worst—most contemptuous of the children, most oppressive—it is probably *only* from the children themselves that we can get any kind of picture of what is really going on in there. Surely we have learned by now that when institutions are in complete control of other people's lives, the institutions themselves are not trustworthy sources of information about ways in which they're doing the controlling. If the prisoners in a jail are being mistreated, it is from the prisoners that we find it out, not the jailers.

JOHN HOLT,
Boston, Mass.

Battling Catch-22

GEORGE LEONARD'S review of *The Underachieving School* by John Holt [*SR*, Oct. 18], was well done, and those of us on the front lines, attempting to innovate many of Holt's and Leonard's ideas, are grateful to *SR* for adding to our ammunition by carrying it. Creating for children a learning environment rich in stimuli, flexible, and fun, and doing it in the public schools is a great challenge. Anyone who has tried it knows both the frustration that comes with trying to relate with children in the absurd Catch-22 world of public schools and the joy that comes from being successful in even the smallest ways, for example, getting the administration to allow you to let the children organize even part of the school day around their own interests. The writings and advocacy of the John Holts and George Leonards and Paul Goodmans and all the others are helping, and I for one am grateful for their support.

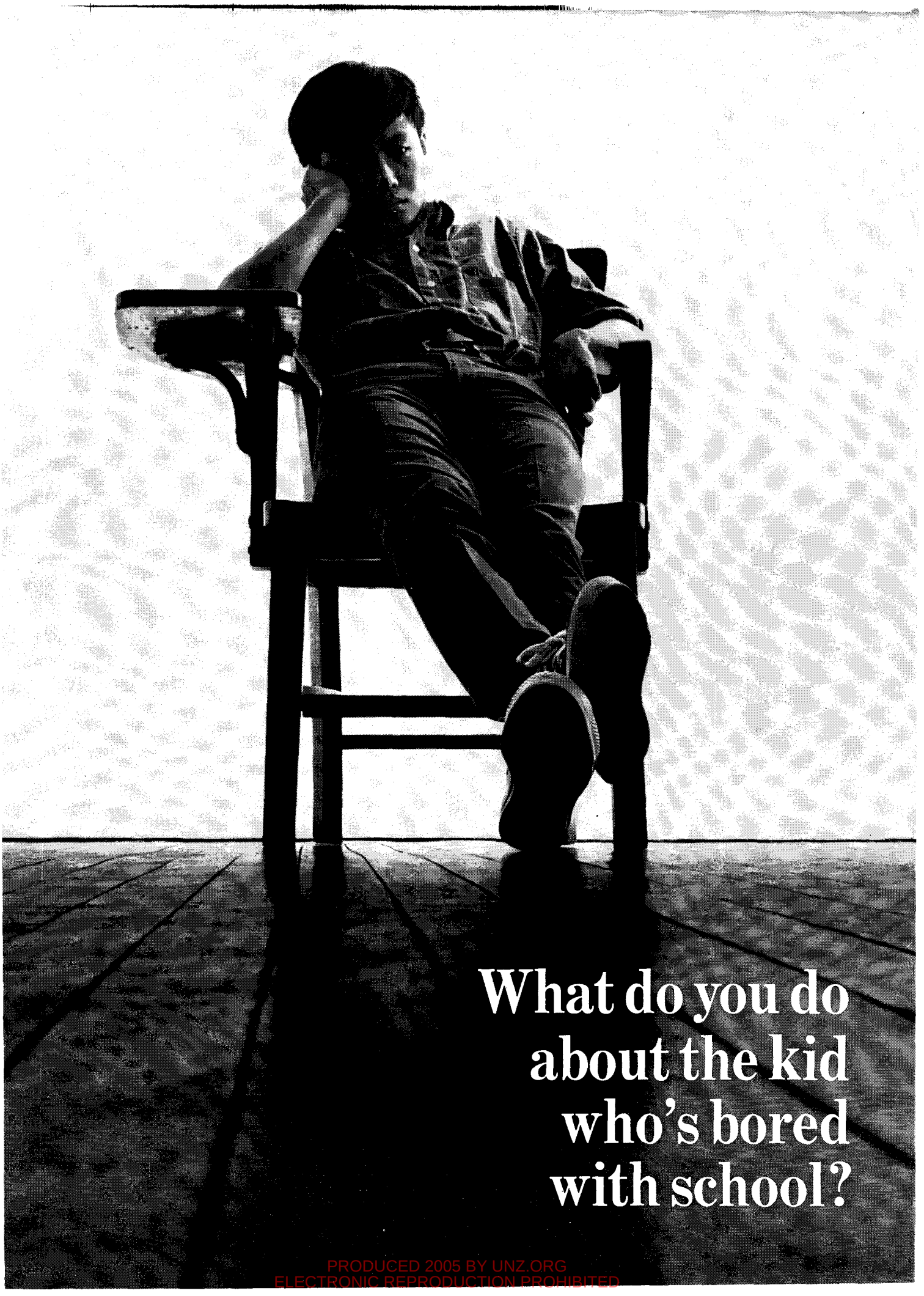
LAWRENCE CHASE,
Wood Dale, Ill.

Learning to Relate

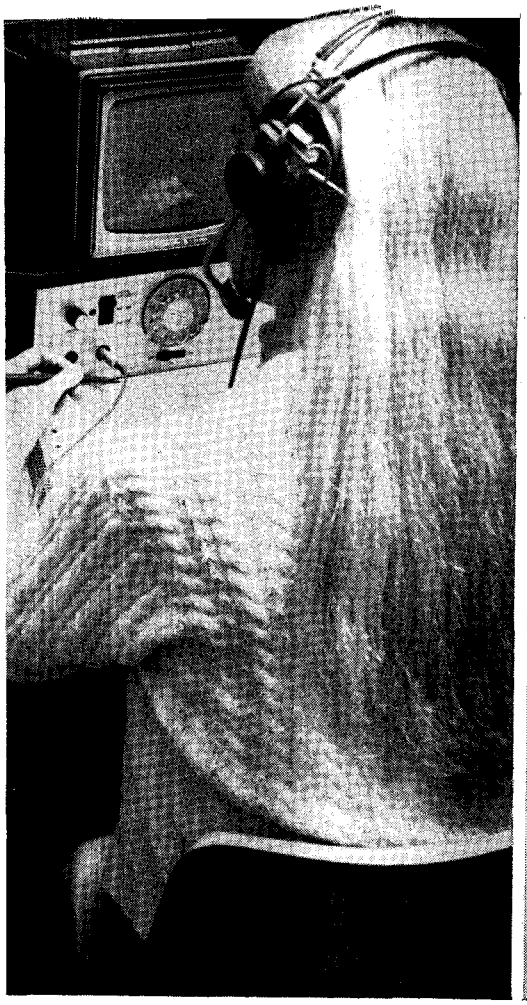
THOMAS J. COTTLE'S article "Strategy for Change" [*SR*, Sept. 20] is a long overdue description of the profound power sensitivity training can have in today's society. In these times of crisis, interpersonal fear, and hostility, we are learning new and better ways of relating to people without playing defensive and destructive roles and games. It is most distressing that, as Carl Rogers has observed, the schools have been the one American institution most resistant to experimenting with the whole "encounter movement."

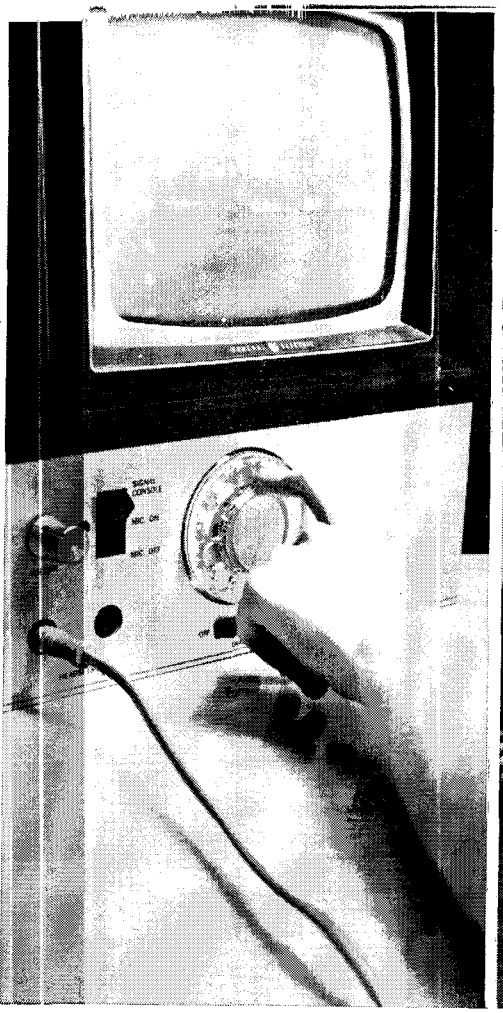
THOMAS KLEIN,
Northwestern University,
Evanston, Ill.

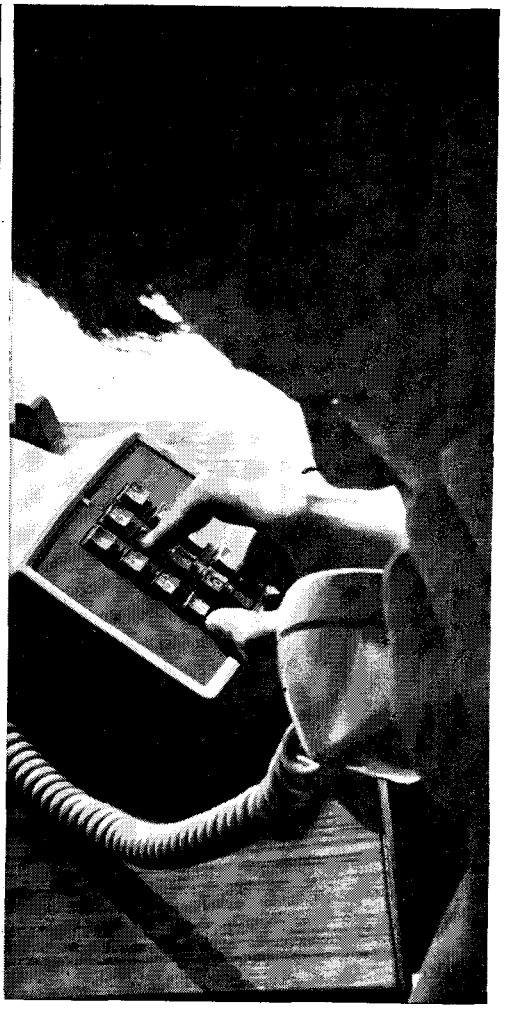
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED







We've all heard about the student who has the potential but lacks the desire to learn. So he just sits there. Daydreaming.

To motivate students, many schools today are investigating the merits of individualized instruction. They're developing projects and using systems similar to the one being used in Connecticut's West Hartford school district.

The West Hartford system allows students to request information from a central resource center. The requested information travels over the telephone network to reach the student almost instantly.

"The motive for developing our system was very simple," reports Superintendent Dr. Charles Richter. "To establish a pattern of self-initiated learning in the student."

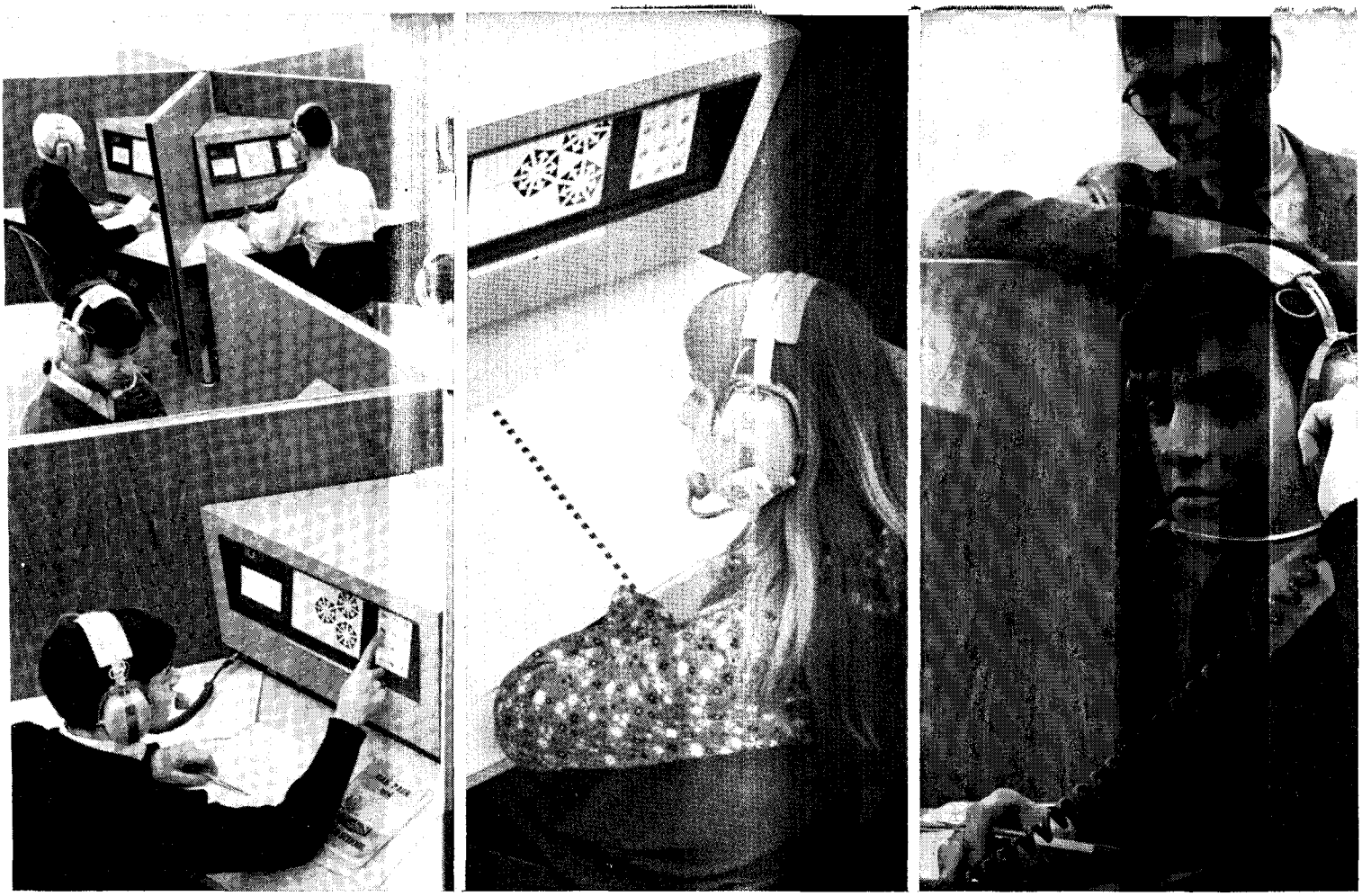
Information available at Hall High School's Learning Resource Center can be retrieved by any student in a West Hartford school over telephone lines. Thus, one of the strong advantages of the information retrieval system is that it gives each student access to a wider range of instructional materials than any school alone could provide.

"We expect the system to spread beyond West Hartford," Richter says. "Eventually, we should be able to interchange material simultaneously with any school system in our region—simply by dialing a phone."

The Beverly Hills school district in California has taken another approach. In addition to voice tape retrieval, each student carrel is equipped with a closed-circuit TV monitor.

A system like this is practical because students in participating schools can make use of the central AV library. They simply

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



dial the library and request the program desired.

"This material," says William Higgins, Audio Visual Consultant for the Beverly Hills school district, "must be made available to individual students as well as teachers. With our new dial-access systems, students are in a better position than ever before to direct their own learning."

Students at Oak Park and River Forest High School near Chicago have a system that can even be accessed from home by using a Touch-Tone® phone. And, of course, sitting in a learning center, by dialing into the random access system they can select any program that interests them.

How do students react to such innovative, educational technology?

"Every seat in the retrieval center was warm for the five weeks from the time the system was in full operation until summer vacation," reports Ted Johnson, director of the Oak Park project. "That speaks for itself. Students of many ability levels found the system helpful."

Educators are encouraged by the motivational rewards gained through the effective use of educational technology. Now, perhaps, some of those bored students will rejoin the learning process. Your local Bell System educational communications specialist can help you implement your innovative programs that use communications technology.

As Dr. Charles Richter, after several years' experience with individualized teaching in West Hartford, has said: "Most children are never taught how to 'get' an education; they merely receive it. We need to develop generations of young people with a continuous self-motivated passion for learning."

AT&T

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SENSE ABOUT SENSITIVITY TRAINING

School systems now infatuated with training will have to learn, as industry has, that not all sorts of training are functional for all personnel.

by MAX BIRNBAUM

During the 1960s, public education discovered the emotions. Cognitive learning and skill training, the traditional components of education, no longer satisfied the needs of a generation that had experienced the civil rights revolt, the widening generation gap, and the increasing confusion of teachers, administrators, and school board members about ends and means in education. The result was a growing interest in various approaches to affective learning that assigns to the emotional factor in education a role as important as—or, perhaps, more important than—the traditional substantive content and skills. Among these approaches the most enthusiastically embraced has been the so-called sensitivity training.

The term is used loosely to include a wide range of laboratory training approaches in human relations, group dynamics, organizational development (or, as I prefer, applied human relations training), as well as a number of verbal and non-verbal experiences that seek to increase awareness and release human potential. It is an unfortunate term because of its vagueness, but it appears that its very impreciseness and beguiling simplicity are the qualities that have helped it gain wide currency.

By whatever name it is known, however, human relations training is capable, if properly employed, of producing substantial educational change. It holds tremendous potential for improving education by dealing with its affective components, reducing the unnecessary friction between generations, and creating a revolution in instruction by helping teachers to learn how to use the classroom group for learning purposes.

The pity is that this promising innovation may be killed before its unique properties have a fair chance to demonstrate their worth. The opposition to its serious exploration is strong and is apt to grow. But it is not those who oppose sensitivity training because it smacks of therapy, which to a very small degree it does, nor even the members of the renascent John Birch Society, who would equate it with brainwashing, who pose the major challenge. Rather, the most serious threat to sensitivity training comes first from its enthusiastic but frequently unsophisticated school supporters, and second from a host of newly hatched trainers, long on enthusiasm or entrepreneurial expertise, but short on professional experience, skill, and wisdom.

What is needed today is a clearer sense of how sensitivity training developed, the varied forms it may take, and the results that can be anticipated in any given situation. Unfortunately, not all of the "experts" agree on the many issues raised by this kind of training, and there will be those who disagree strongly with many of the judgments presented here. But clearer definition of the issues, wider discussion, and more careful analysis of results should help schoolmen toward more effective use of training for fundamental improvement in the schools.

Contrary to the impression given by some recent popular writing on the subject, it was neither the author of *Joy* nor the devoted creators of Esalen who were responsible for the development of human relations training. Rather, it was Leland Bradford, then director of the Adult Education Division of the National Education Association, together with his old friends and collaborators Ronald Lippitt, now of the University of Michigan, and Kenneth Benne, now of the Boston University Human Relations Center, who were primarily responsible. Drawing on the work of the great social psychologist Kurt Lewin, they established the first training center more than two decades ago at Bethel, Maine, and founded the National Training Laboratories (NTL). And it was Bradford's tough and dogged fight against strong opposition within education that finally won sanction and support for human relations training, first from industry, then from the social and behavioral scientists, and finally from the education hierachy itself. Now, as he is about to retire as director of NTL, Lee Bradford has the satisfaction of seeing human relations training widely embraced by the education world.

As the field developed, the T-group (Training group) became the heart of any laboratory or workshop that is devoted to the study of group dynamics or human relations. The traditional T-group consists of a small group of people—ideally ten to sixteen—who meet in a residential setting (the laboratory) for approximately two weeks. Although

MAX BIRNBAUM is associate professor of human relations and director of Boston University Human Relations Laboratory.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only one part of this educational experience (theory, interpretation, and skill development are also included), the T-group is, because of its intense emotional impact, by far the most significant aspect of any human relations lab. The objectives of the T-group are to help individual participants become aware of why both they and others behave as they do in groups—or, in the jargon of the professional, become aware of the underlying behavior dynamics of the group. This is accomplished, with the help of a trainer, by creating an atmosphere in which the motivations for typical human behavior, of which individuals are often unaware, are brought to the surface in an exaggerated form. Once they are made clear and explicit, they can be discussed and analyzed. Thus, the individual participant can observe both his own behavior and that of others in the group, discover sources of different kinds of behavior, and identify the effect they have upon the functioning of the group. The effort to stimulate exaggerated behavior in order to get at the motivation behind it more explicitly is an uncomfortable experience for many people, but the feeling is usually transitory. The emotional component of the experience makes it appear to verge on therapy, but there is a significant difference between therapy that is focused on the problems of emotionally disturbed people and training that aims at the improvement of human relations skills of normal people.

In the early years of the movement, the T-group emphasis was primarily on the sociology of groups rather than on their psychology—that is, on the roles and functions of leadership and membership, rather than on the individual personality and personal development. (Bradford, Benne, and Lippitt came from adult education, philosophy, and social psychology.) The trend toward a psychological emphasis appeared in the early 1950s when the movement began to attract a larger number of people trained in clinical psychology or psychiatry. And it was at that point the T-group emerged as a new social invention that bears some rough resemblance to a combination of seminar and therapy group, but it actually is neither.

Recognition of the power of the T-group, as well as its limitations, has led to wide experimentation with other applications. Laboratory sessions of varying length and widely differing objectives have been developed, ranging from a single day or weekend to two or three weeks, and having as their purpose varying kinds of individual and organizational change. Much of the confusion in the field stems from the lack of clearly defined purposes, and guidelines that indicate the kind of training session most effective in achieving a particular objective. Most specifically, confusion results from the failure to differentiate between those training experiences that are designed to improve an individual's capacity to work effectively as a manager or member of a group for educational or re-educational purposes, and those that are designed to stimulate the individual's personal growth and so are clearly in a domain that might be labeled paratherapy, in the sense that it is parallel to therapy, rather than therapy itself. Therefore, it is necessary to look at the varying kinds of training that are becoming popular today to see what purposes each is best designed to serve.

Organizational development is a general term that includes a variety of approaches that combine affective and intellectual components in the use of small groups as a medium for consultation, problem solving, and re-education of individuals in both public and private organizations. It developed primarily out of the earlier, sociologically oriented focus of the T-group that emphasized organizational change rather than personal development. My experience with school systems and other organizations with a process that I term applied human relations training probably falls within this definition. (See Thomas Cottle's "Strategy for Change" [*SR*, Sept. 20] for a description of one application of this process to the resolution of intergroup problems in a single school system.)

Encounter groups, confrontation sessions, and *marathon labs* are usually short term—most often twenty-four-hour or weekend—experiences where the emphasis is on the direct exposure of beliefs and feelings that usually are not put on public display by individuals. The term "encounter group" derives from the phrase "basic encounter group" that Carl Rogers, the noted exponent of non-directive counseling, coined to differentiate a new kind of experience from the traditional T-group. Trainers in these sessions usually encourage participants to explore in some depth their own feelings and motivations, as well as those of other group members. The objective is to stimulate an exchange that is inhibited by a minimum of reserve and defensiveness in order to achieve a maximum of openness and honesty. Marathons differ from encounter groups primarily in the unremitting intensity of the experience that seeks to achieve a significant break-through in normal defenses and so attain what many practitioners believe is a new level of open behavior. Confrontation sessions are usually contrived racial encounters in which militant blacks literally "confront" members of the white community (teachers, police, industrial management, etc.) with their angry reaction to white racism, discrimination, and prejudice. The theoretical basis for this type of experience is that the social conditions requiring this form of learning demand a maximum dose of aggression and hostility in order to convince the targets—the whites—of the seriousness of the personal situation. (Because most confrontation sessions of this kind are not part of a plan for organizational change, they usually end as paratherapeutic experiences rather than training.)

Non-verbal exercises have invaded the training field with a vengeance in recent years. The techniques employed are numerous and range from simple exercises with a minimum of body contact to physically intimate and emotionally revealing designs of the kind most often associated with Esalen and its derivatives. (It should be noted that the explorations of Esalen, on the West Coast, are making major contributions to the field of therapy, but it is less clear how the techniques developed there can contribute to education.) Non-verbal techniques derive their theoretical justification from theories of personality that stress the possibility of achieving greater honesty and authenticity through bodily expression that can become uninhibited more quickly than can verbal communication. Thus, participants can reach deeper levels of consciousness more quickly.

Each of these varied approaches to sensitivity training is designed to serve specific purposes. Undoubtedly each can be immensely beneficial to certain individuals—and provide little help, or have negative results, for others. What

(*Continued on page 96*)

"The devilish seductivity of human relations training stems from the fact that it can reduce individual resistance to change more effectively than any other known means."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—Jacob A. Riis (*Museum of the City of New York*).

"The public schools have always failed the lower classes—both white and black."

Public Schools: The Myth of the Melting Pot

by COLIN GREER

It is fashionable these days to point to the decline of the public school, as if there were a time in some golden past when the schools really served all of the people all of the time. Legend tells of the Little Red Schoolhouse that made equal opportunity available to children of every economic and social class, and, a little later in the nation's history, functioned as the primary instrument of the melting pot that offered poor immigrant children access to the fullness of American life. Today the schools are criticized for their failure to provide equality of opportunity to poor black children. The charge is true, but it is by no means the whole truth, nor is it new. The public schools have always failed the lower classes — both white and black. Current educational problems stem not from the fact that the schools have changed, but from the fact that they continue to do precisely the job they have always done.

What we are witnessing, in our current panic over urban education, is no more than an escalation of the criticisms made by school reformers since the turn of the century. The many innovations introduced over the past fifty years have made it easier for school systems to handle the huge numbers of students brought into the schools by compulsory attendance legislation and a job market requiring increasingly sophisticated talents, but they have not changed the basic function of the schools as the primary selector of the winners and losers in society.

The very fact that we can look with pride at more and more students going on to secondary and higher education reveals a system that with increasing efficiency benefits some and denies others in the bosom of its material prosperity. Public schooling cannot be understood, nor the current problems manifest in it, apart from a consideration of the predominant influence of social and economic class. For at least the last eighty years, socio-economic class, as signified by employment rates and levels, has determined scholastic achievement, as measured by dropout and failure rates.

From 1890, at least, the schools failed to perform according to their own as well as the popular definition of their role. In virtually every study undertaken since that of Chicago schools made in 1898, more children have failed in school than have succeeded, both in absolute and in relative numbers. The educators who collaborated on the Chicago study found an exceedingly high incidence of poor school performance. They were quick to look to foreign

---

COLIN GREER is a project associate at Teachers College, Columbia University. His book *Cobweb Attitudes: Essays in American Education and Culture*, from which this article is adapted, is to be published later this winter by Teachers College Press.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

birth as an explanation, but immigrants spawned Americans and still, with each passing decade, no more than 60 per cent of Chicago's public school pupils were recorded at "normal age" (grade level); the rest were either "overage" (one to two years behind), or "retarded" (three to five years behind). In Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, New York, and Minneapolis, failure rates were so high that in no one of these systems did the so-called normal group exceed 60 per cent, while in several instances it fell even lower—to 49 per cent in Pittsburgh, and to 35 per cent in Minneapolis.

The truth is that the mobility of white lower classes was never as rapid nor as sure as it has become traditional to think. The 1920 census, for example, showed that even the favored English and Welsh migrants found half their number tied to the terrifying vulnerability of unskilled labor occupations. Americans of English stock (dominating national language, customs, and institutions) had 40 per cent of their number working in coal mines and cotton factories.

And what of the school in all this? Clearly, according to the same body of data, a close relationship obtained between various group designations (native-born with and without foreign parents, and foreign-born), which revealed that levels of school retention in any given group coincided with that group's adult employment rate. Dropout rates for all groups, including the Negro, were in direct proportion to rates of adult unemployment. Further, the high degree of school achievement among Jews, which has confirmed our expectation of public schools, did not mean success for all Jews. Otherwise, why the remedial classes and dropout panic in several of the schools on New York's Lower East Side with as much as 99 per cent "Hebrew" registration? Where the family was poor enough to take in boarders to cover rental costs, and desperate enough to join the city's welfare roles, then delinquency, prostitution, and child-labor were as much the burden of Jewish families, for whom such characteristics were real if not typical.

With rising industrial unemployment and an expanded technological economy, the school-leaving age increased so that the problem of caring for all grades of ability on the elementary school level escalated to the high school level. Vocational instruction programs were an inevitable corollary to the academic program and quickly became a symbol of the schools' stratification role. Today, the junior college serves as the junior high school had served earlier, operating to a large extent as an extension of secondary education, with back-seat status justified by the democratic rationale of monumental numbers to be catered to.

The pattern of school failure has been perennially uniform, but concern for it was by no means as great as the concern on the part of educators to get more pupils into school. In 1917, and again in 1925, federal compulsory education legislation put added strength behind various state actions to this effect. Compulsory school-leaving age moved from twelve to fourteen and then to sixteen, but always with the proviso that the two years at the top were dispensable for those who either achieved a minimal grade proficiency determined by the classroom teacher or, more importantly, could prove that they had a job to go to.

In 1919 Chicago gave 10,000 such work permits, in 1930 only 987. Between 1924 and 1930 the allocation of work permits in a number of cities was reduced by more than two-thirds. The school had not suddenly become essential to mobility, but a shrinking unskilled job market required fewer men less early, and so the schools were expected to fill the gap.

The assumption that extended schooling promotes greater academic achievement or social mobility is, however, entirely fallacious. School performance seems consistently dependent upon the socio-economic position of the pupil's family. For example, of high school graduates who rank in the top fifth in ability among their classmates, those whose parents are in the top socio-economic status quartile are five times more likely to enter graduate or professional schools than those of comparable ability whose parents fall in the bottom quartile. Similarly, while American males born after 1900 spend more years in school than their nineteenth-century predecessors, federal and other estimates indicate no concomitant redistribution of economic and social rewards.

The factory, the union, the political machine were agents of mobility and Americanization before the school. Local stability for an ethnic group preceded its entry into the more prosperous reaches of society. The establishment of an ethnic middle class was basic to entry onto a wider middle-class stage via public education. It was the nation's demand for manpower that set the tone for assimilation, and the place of any one group on the economic ladder depended more on the degree to which the culture of the former homeland coincided with the values most highly prized in the culture of the new host society. Jews, Scandinavians, and Greeks, for example, were already practiced in the arts of self-employment, individual ambition, and the Puritan ethic with its corollary Gospel of Wealth. For the Catholic peoples, the Irish and Italians, padrone and party-boss authority seemed to go hand in hand with their being classified as dull, unambitious, and generally of low intelligence by urban teachers from the earliest days of heavy immigration. Bootstraps were not classroom resources.

The school failure problem was generally tucked away in xenophobic concern for expressions of loyalty and the management problems of running an "efficient" system. And efficiency was measured by the success schools enjoyed in getting more youngsters into the classroom, almost never by academic success or lack of it. "The ratio of the number of children in school to the number in the community who ought legally to be in attendance" was the measure, and academic success was by no means a necessary concomitant.

But if students were to stay in school longer, then the public school structure had to be stretched "by facilitating the progress" of those who were locked hitherto into repeating their grades. As surveyists in Chicago remarked, "vanishing opportunities of employment" meant that the time had come for "curricular offerings based on ability and purpose."

Once intelligence tests were considered "a measure of potential"—and this was precisely how surveyists, school supervisory personnel, and professors of education viewed IQ tests—it was a short step to the realization that the broadened base of high school admissions meant that academic work in the nation's high schools had to be reorganized. Very soon, it was observed, too, that the amount of academic work had been considerably reduced because there were so many more students who previously had not gone beyond the fifth grade. One survey team described them as "the boys and girls of secondary age who show little promise of being able to engage profitably in the activities commonly carried out by pupils of normal or superior ability."

Commitment to more and more schooling, beginning at kindergarten now (although only one in four of the eligible could go as yet) and continuing as long as possible, did nothing to modify the record of poor school performance. Compulsory attendance at higher levels only pushed failure rates into the upper grades throughout the 1920s and 1930s in such cities as Chicago, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, and Washington, D.C.

Chicago noted a 65 per cent increase

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

among the "underprivileged" between 1924 and 1931. Elementary school backwardness stood at 61.4 per cent, but 41 per cent of all those entering ninth grade were seriously behind, too; in tenth grade the figure was 32 per cent. Apart from such factors as pupil "feeble-mindedness" as an explanation, there were school difficulties to blame, too. Overcrowding in Detroit, where 13,000 were in half-day sessions and 60 per cent in school were "inadequately housed" in 1925; in Philadelphia, Cleveland, and New York the same overcrowding, unsanitary conditions, and serious financial problems prevailed.

On a scale of nine semesters, Philadelphia high schools lost 65 per cent of incoming students at the end of the first semester, lost another 32 per cent at the end of the fourth and were down to 19 per cent of the total in the final semester. In one instance, of a 339-pupil sample established for survey purposes, only ninety-one survived two years. Federal data on schools published in 1937 showed clearly the nationwide "cumulative elimination of pupils in school." While 1,750,000 American youngsters entered grade nine, 86.7 per cent were still in school one year later; by grade eleven, only 72 per cent were left, and finally 56 per cent were graduated. Separate data for New York City showed just over 40 per cent of ninth-grade classes graduating. In the late 1940s, George Strayer recorded the same old story in Washington, D.C., New York City, and Boston. Fifty per cent of Boston's ninth graders failed to graduate; in New York the figure was up to more than 55 per cent. In James Coleman's assessment of *Equal Educational Opportunity* in the nation (1966), in the Havighurst study in Chicago (1964), and in the Passow report in Washington, D.C. (1967), the narrative remains staggeringly unchanged.

The Negro, the individual farthest down, has epitomized the inexorable relationship of success and failure, inside and outside the school. The link between permanent unemployment or chronic underemployment and educational failure is black now, but blacks have inherited a whirlwind no less familiar to them than to lower-class whites. Employment conditions were most severe when it came to the Negro, and school failure rates were at once more glaring and more poignant. But, in effect, the public schools served Negro children as they served the vast majority of others; in Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, and New York, that has been the problem since 1890.

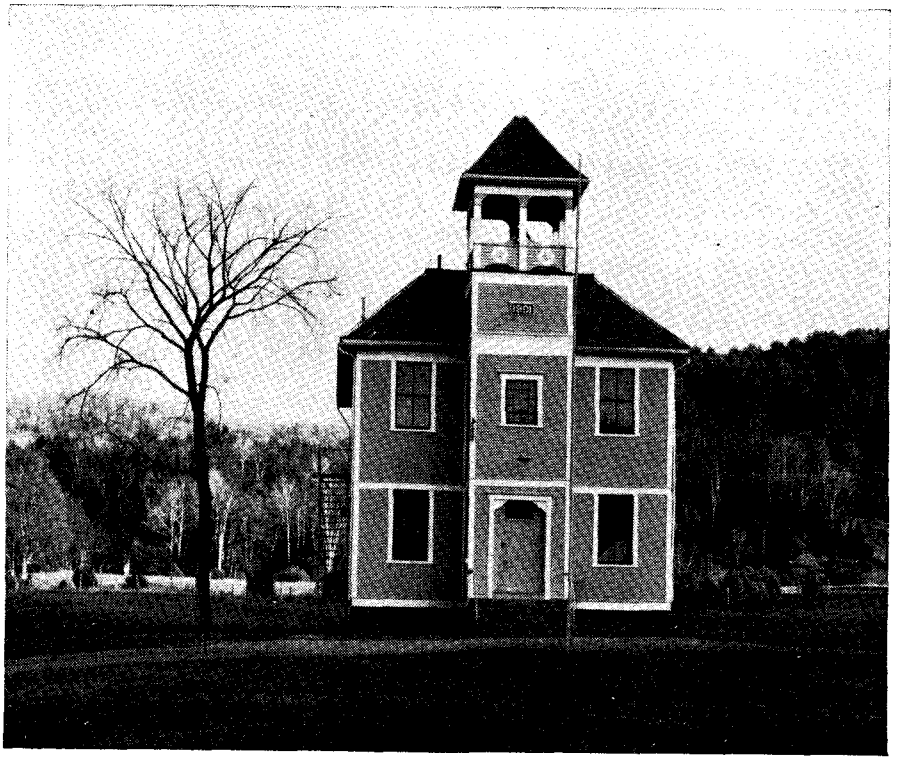
But if white lower classes have been vulnerable to the economic market place, the Negro, who worked sporadically and as a reserve force, was constantly a victim. If school success or failure had little meaning in the economic market place for whites, it bore no relevance whatever for blacks. As a result, Negro school failure was quickly isolated as a separate problem early in the twentieth century. When, in the 1940s, Negroes finally entered the lower levels of industrial employment from which they had been excluded, those levels had already become a shrinking sector of the economy, and the massive numbers of school dropouts had no place to go. And so it remained appropriate—even inevitable—to consider Negro school performance as a separate question. But the truth is that academic effort has never been relevant to the place of the poor in society.

In 1931, George Strayer, with a lifetime of school evaluations behind him, looked back on progress in public education over the twenty-five preceding years. Most clear in his assessment of that progress was that not only were the top 10 per cent (in terms of IQ scores) in high school, but that 50 per cent of all eligible students from nursery school through college were involved in formal education. That more of the nation's youngsters were in school was the point of his argument, but still more needed to be put there. He acknowledged that very high failure rates were "still characteristic" of the majority of school systems. That was not a high priority problem, however, but a job "we may certainly hope to accomplish within the next twenty-five years."

The fact is that we haven't, and we haven't precisely because the objectives and priorities of the first twenty-five years of the twentieth century have gone unexamined. Paul Mort, a school surveyist sensitive to the growing alienation of urban community groups from public schools in the 1940s, blamed both the alienation and school failure rates on the historic rigidity of the system, its patent failure to consider or to plan for modification for future needs, and the fire-fighting assumptions that offered more and more of the same, making progress in education no more than the "expansion and extension of the commonplace." The capacity for future innovation and modification has been assumed, because the contradiction between public school pretensions and the measure of its achievement has been entirely disregarded. Consequently, we have no valid education philosophy on which to build differently. And things are unlikely to be much different until we have first exposed our illusions, and finally addressed the problems whose symptoms we fervently wish would go away.

If the assumptions on which public education was founded have gone unexamined, the problem is now com-

(*Continued on page* 102)



—*David Plowden.*

"Legend tells of the Little Red Schoolhouse that gave equal opportunity to children of every economic and social class."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"How can I discuss sex and contraception with my teenagers and not compromise my moral convictions?"

Now, sex education has become simpler to discuss thanks to a revolutionary, totally new book CONCEPTION, BIRTH AND CONTRACEPTION.

There never has been a book like it. There never before has been a single book that told the *whole story clearly in both words and pictures,* and that is appropriate and comprehensible for all parents, teachers, and teenagers.

CONCEPTION, BIRTH AND CONTRACEPTION may be the most important breakthrough in sex education of this decade. Here are *all* the facts about human sexual physiology. Clear, beautiful pictures—superbly drawn, exact in detail—allow a young person to learn without mystery or fear. They give the truth—fully, unmistakably—yet the book never trespasses in any way on the area of morality.

"Fine books [such] as this one will assure our young people that yes, this is for real, and that finally adults are becoming willing to 'tell it like it is.'" MARY S. CALDERONE, M.D., *Executive Director Sex Information and Education Council of the United States.*

"A beautiful book, beautifully illustrated." WALTER C. ALVAREZ, M.D., *Modern Medicine*

"A significant book." GEORGE J. LANGMYHR, M.D., *Medical Director, Planned Parenthood World Publication.*

CONCEPTION, BIRTH AND CONTRACEPTION

Robert J. Demarest, Dept. of Anatomy, College of Physicians & Surgeons, Columbia University.
John J. Sciarra, M.D., Ph.D., Dept. of Gynecology, University of Minnesota
Introduction by **Mary S. Calderone,** M.D. $8.95

Troubled Children

This slender poem of a book, by a teacher, writer, and artist demonstrates how strength, balance, awareness can help difficult and emotionally disturbed children find themselves. They can be taught to recognize and express *their* fears and frustrations, not "Dick and Jane" fantasies.

ANGER AND THE ROCKING CHAIR

Gestalt Awareness with Children

by **Janet Lederman,**
photographs by Lillian R. Cutler $4.95

Available at your bookstore

SR

At your bookseller or write
Trade Book Department, 20th Floor
McGRAW-HILL BOOK COMPANY
330 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Please send me _____ copy(ies) of *Conception, Birth and Contraception* @ $8.95 per copy by Robert J. Demarest and John H. Sciarra, M.D., Ph.D. I enclose full payment including the sales taxes required in my community. I understand that the book(s) may be returned within 10 days for a full refund if I am not entirely satisfied.

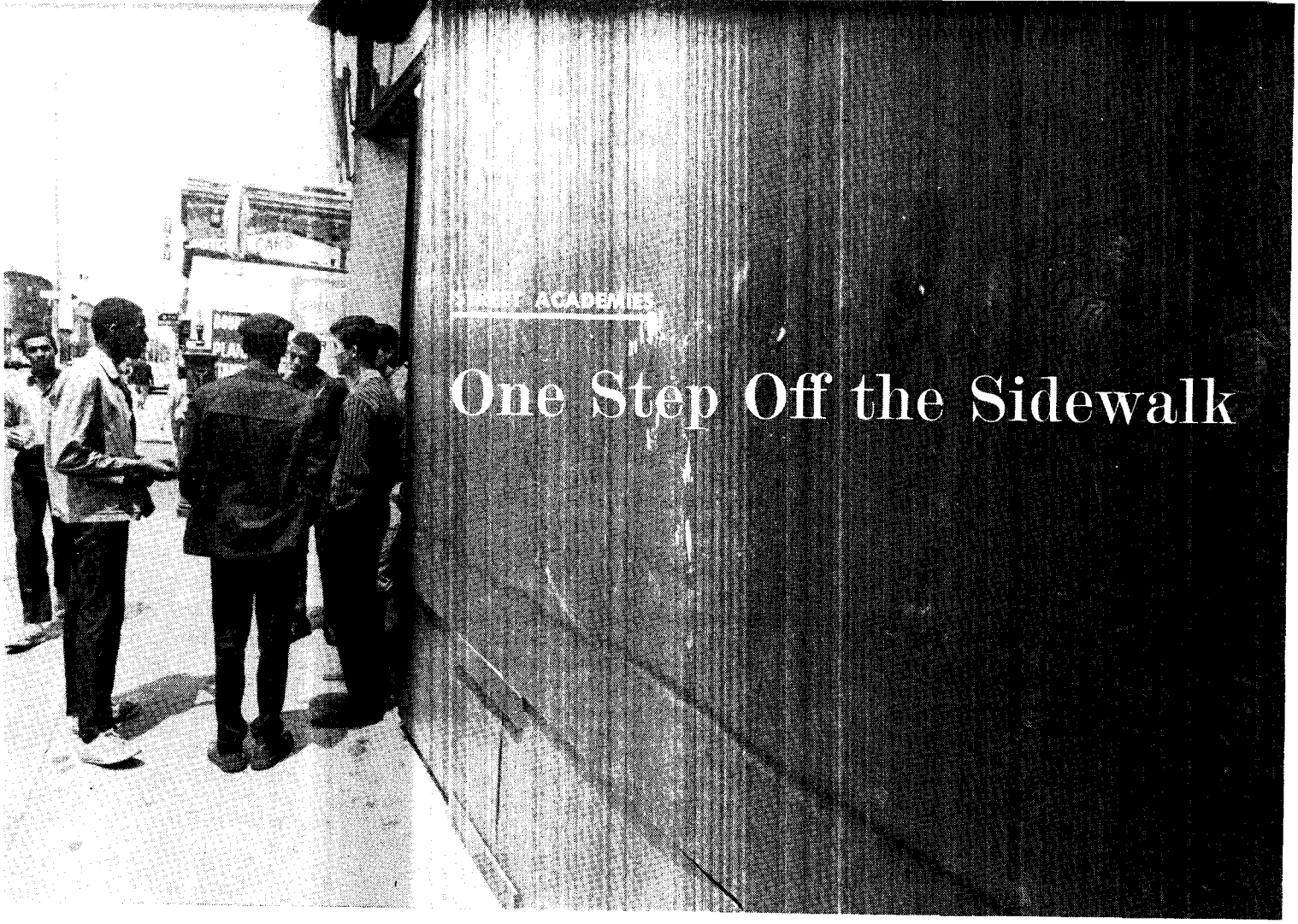
Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



STREET ACADEMIES

One Step Off the Sidewalk

—*Clayton J. Price (Black Star).*

by JONATHAN BLACK

Like so many large cities, New York is in the midst of educational ferment. The bitter teachers' strike of last year only underlined the terrible failure of formal education to reach the children of the ghetto. Those ghetto students who do persist through the indignities and irrelevancies of the public school system generally end up with a fairly worthless scrap of paper—the general diploma. Those who graduate with an academic diploma may be scarred in subtler ways, with their imaginations blunted, their enthusiasm cauterized, and their hostilities toward the system aggravated beyond repair.

The imposition of decentralization from above has proved a decisive political failure in New York, and it may be some time before the experiment of community control can regain its momentum. But there is a dynamic decentralized school system sprouting from below, a string of storefront schools in three boroughs, that threatens to restructure the roots of education.

The idea of storefront schools is derived partially from economic and physical necessity, but more significantly from a belief in the critical relevance of education. Schools *should* be only a step off the sidewalk. Where the step between a community and its schools has widened into a chasm, it is crucial that that intimacy be restored. The ghetto school has only a fragile hold on its children, and if the realities of ghetto life are ignored, even that tenuous communication is lost.

Street academies are storefront schools. They are schools for high school dropouts. Each academy has from fifteen to thirty students, three teachers, and usually one street worker. The academy program envisions a three-step process: several months at a local street academy, additional time at a more formalized Academy of Transition, and finally "graduation" to either Newark or Harlem Prep (privately funded high schools, the latter a recent outgrowth of the academy system). But college education, although it may be the ultimate goal, is only one of the levels on which academy staffs operate. The genesis of the academy idea is in street work, putting together a dropout so he *wants* to get his high school diploma. The academies are built up from the kids, shaped by their needs. The street worker is not a seven-hour-a-day caseworker. He lives in the dropout's world, shares his sidewalk and his problems, and not infrequently ends up in night court with bail money. Eventually, if he is good, he may succeed in coaxing the kid to an academy where he can start picking up the pieces of his education.

There are now fourteen operating academies, eight in Harlem, the others elsewhere in Manhattan and Brooklyn. The style of one academy may differ substantially from the style of another. Sometimes this is dictated by the demands of the neighborhood, sometimes by financial expediency, and frequently by the individual preferences of the head teacher who still retains a high degree of autonomy in the academy system. At one of the Harlem storefronts, the teacher explains his line: "How do you get these kids to college? I tell 'em, dig me. You want money, you want to talk black power, you want to make it in the system? You

---

JONATHAN BLACK is a staff writer of New York's *Village Voice*, in which an earlier version of this article appeared.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gotta have that degree. These kids have to be hipped to a lot of stuff: the Jews, the Mafia, basketballs. Every cat bouncing a basketball around Harlem thinks he's gonna be a pro. Forget it!" Educational philosophy? "These cats are bored. Everyone's bored. You gotta excite 'em. You give them pride. You make them think black is worth something."

A typical social studies lesson in this academy was an informal rambling brew that slid over Vietnam, Biafra, the French Foreign Legion, the concept of civil war, capitalists in Texas, Indians in Mexico, drugs in Mexico, academy students in Mexico (a summer trip organized by this teacher), American imperialism, white imperialism, etc. When asked who sponsored this academy—each school is funded separately by a sponsoring corporation—the black teacher leaned over sheepishly and whispered under his mustache, "Chase Manhattan." Obviously, this teacher has a friend at Chase, but the freedom within this academy is apparently typical of a non-interference policy of all sponsoring corporations. And a little illogic is a small price to pay.

The tone of a Lower East Side academy is quite different. The school is housed temporarily in a church while its old building undergoes renovation. There is not much talk of black power, and the twenty students enrolled for the spring term are as mixed as the neighborhood. The head teacher here is white (about one-fifth of the forty-two academy teachers are white), and he puts great emphasis on revitalizing a formal curriculum. His style is more teacher than revolutionary. He believes in a deep personal involvement with his kids, but is skeptical about the practicality of the academy functioning as a full-time family surrogate. As in many individual academies, the effectiveness of this academy's program is difficult to evaluate. This is a transitional phase, and the academy as a fully funded, fully staffed unit is only beginning to gel. The entire academy program is still an experiment, still relatively small, still groping. Its potential is only beginning to be explored.

A Brooklyn academy, located in Bedford-Stuyvesant and sponsored by Union Carbide, exemplifies the program at its best. As in all the academies, the four or five rooms are a pleasant eyeful, crisply renovated by an imaginative group of young architects called Urban Deadline, sportily furnished and brightly painted—in pale lavender, sky blue, and lemon—with little resemblance to the fermented green of most school buildings. Posters clutter the walls, and partitioning creates a varied and exciting use of limited space. As in all the academies, there are people just lounging around. And there is a charge of excitement here. "It's just beautiful," says the street worker from the area. "These kids would be lost. Now they're working; they're back in school. They're worth something." Perhaps the most unlikely smile is spread all over a white face, an attorney from Union Carbide now working at the academy. Initially sent for a limited three-week training period, he now stops in at Carbide about once a week and spends most of his time teaching English at the school, taking kids to ball games, and bailing students out of jail.

Carbide has been more than cooperative. Beyond their basic contribution of $50,000, they have donated three cars, furniture, movie equipment, and an elaborate "wine and dine" affair with Carbide executives when students graduate from the academy. Carbide is considering setting up a completely black-owned factory in the area. And from Carbide's point of view, the association has been equally fruitful. They have a handy information laboratory to test out ideas and familiarize themselves with expansion into ghetto communities and a direct tap on a vast employment pool. IBM, which also sponsors a Harlem school, is as deeply involved with the operation of its academy, and other corporations, notably banks, are taking advantage of the job link for recruiting ghetto employees.

The history of the academy program has been brief, hectic, and explosive. It started seven years ago with a white street worker, Harv Oostdyk—himself a college dropout—and a suburban Christian movement called Young Life. The initial organizers simply picked up kids off the streets and organized a tutorial center for dropouts at the Church of the Master on Morningside Avenue, where the Reverend Eugene Callender was an enthusiastic sponsor. Ford Foundation money—$700,000 in grants—kept the program alive and growing. The academy was a going thing when Callender, appointed executive director of the Urban League of Greater New York in 1966, took the program under the aegis of the Urban League. Since then, the Urban Coalition has become involved, and through its contacts corporations now provide the lifeblood of funding—about $50,000 a year to operate each academy; Callender has left the Urban League; Oostdyk has left the academy; and the academy idea, boosted by the enthusiasm of New York Urban League Director Livingston Wingate, is being carried nationwide by the National Urban League.

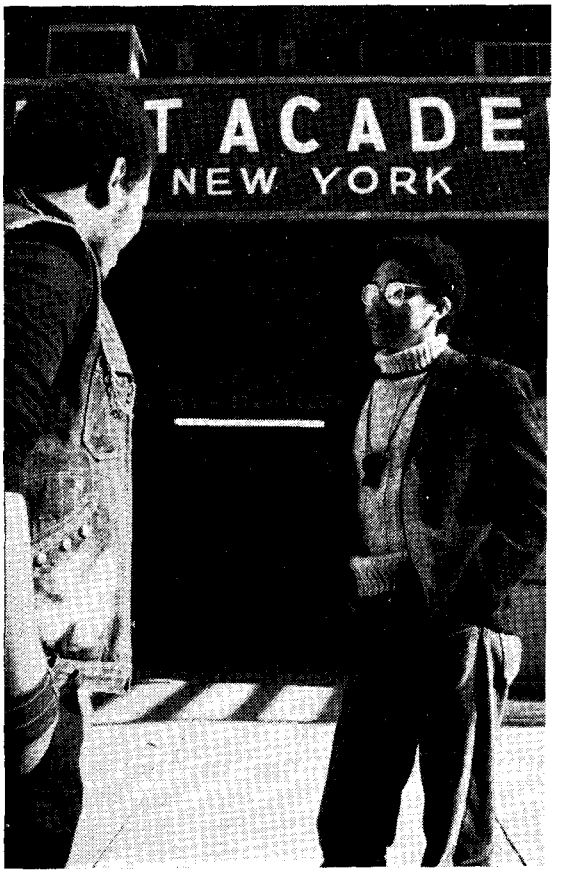
In New York, a variety of expansion plans are under way. There is an informal goal of at least one academy in each of the city's five boroughs, and the possibility of twenty schools by the end of 1969. The role of the street worker is being explored, and an institute to train street workers may be set up soon. There is talk of either expanding Harlem Prep—seventy students graduated this year—or of developing an additional prep school fed by satellite street academies. A committee of sponsoring corporations has been formed and meets once a month to pool resources and evolve new strategies. And finally there are broad plans for meeting the continuing needs of academy students, in school and out, during studies and after graduation. "We're just beginning to look at the total needs of our kids," says Wingate. "We've guaranteed that they'll not only be picked out of the street, but sent through college."

One of the success signals of academy work has been a growing cooperation between storefront schools and the New York City Board of Education. Ordinarily, there is an informal relationship between academy staff and the high schools. Street workers may talk to students outside school,

(*Continued on page* 100)

"Where the step between a community and its schools has widened into a chasm, that intimacy must be restored."

—David L. Rathbun.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Schools Make News

—Dennis Brack (Black Star).

Gwen Patton, coordinator of the National Association of Black Students—"The Eldridge Cleavers are in exile; the Huey Newtons are in jail; and Malcolm and Martin are dead. The responsibility of black leadership weighs on the shoulders of the young black Americans in our...universities throughout the nation."

Black Priority

THIS FALL more black students enrolled in the nation's top white institutions than ever before. This fall, too, the National Association of Black Students (NABS) was born, the first effort of black students to organize nationally.

As white institutions slowly ease their doors ajar to minorities, blacks are coming to see that many of their interests cannot be served by whites, but only by black people themselves. With this realization, new bids for independent power are emerging from traditionally quiet quarters, such as Southern Negro colleges, Southern Negro public school students, and black college students everywhere.

The group of black students who founded NABS broke from the National Students Association at the NSA annual convention early this fall. NABS coordinator Gwen Patton declared that there are different priorities for blacks and whites, and she urged white students to deal with "educational reform within the white experience" instead of trying to join with black causes. American history and political science courses are good places for whites to start, she said.

NABS will act as a service and information center to provide a communications network for black students. It also plans to set up a legal rights program, visiting lectureships, scholarships, and a pool of teachers who will help black students launch black studies programs. To begin financing these projects, the new association received a $50,000 pledge from NSA, which is already in debt but plans a special fund-raising effort.

The American Council on Education, at its annual convention last month, was greeted with a somewhat similar move by its black members. Without withdrawing from the ACE, presidents of 111 predominantly Negro colleges announced the formation of a national organization of black colleges to press for more federal and private funds, and to increase the colleges' role in shaping programs for educational opportunity in the country.

Negro colleges have been receiving far less than their share of federal higher education funds, their leaders feel, while large quantities of money have been going to white institutions to help launch black studies programs. At the same time, top students and faculty members are being recruited away from Negro colleges by white institutions. The new association aims to end this neglect, and to put a stop to the brain drain.

Herman Long, president of Talladega College, said Negro schools should be "declared a national resource." Each year they graduate 20,000 students from families with incomes below $3,900, Dr. Long declared, and the average starting salary of $7,000 for the graduates represents a "potential $140-million going into the economy every year."

"We're the only ones who know how to educate the really deprived who have no other place to go," added Dr. Lucius Pitts, president of Miles College; he believes that such colleges will one day be the chief hope of poor whites as well as blacks.

Meanwhile, black high school students in the South have also begun to speak for themselves, no longer gratefully accepting the indignities of token integration that works only one way. In Lexington, South Carolina, a group of Negro students, angry over having to listen to the singing of "Dixie" at compulsory pep rallies, one day unfurled a black-power flag and launched into a loud, competitive chorus of "We Shall Overcome." They were suspended from school.

In Arlington, Virginia, twenty Negro students walked out of a school assembly meeting, protesting the exclusion of blacks from school activities. Fourteen were suspended, and two were expelled.

In Atlanta, Georgia; Florence, South Carolina; New Iberia, Louisiana; and several other cities across the South, Negro students and parents have boycotted and demonstrated to force white authorities to reopen black schools that were closed to achieve integration this fall. "Black parents feel it is time for the white child to come into the black school and be a minority, instead of it always being the other way around," said a local Negro leader in Florence, South Carolina.

The reluctant, unsteady pace of desegregation and the disappointing results of enforced integration are turning many Southern Negroes toward independent development within the black community. The emphasis is on quality education and control over the decisions affecting black lives. Whether this is achieved with, or apart from, the white community is a secondary matter. What matters to blacks is that at last they are getting themselves together and setting their own direction, without the help of "the man."

Somebody Up There Likes Me

THE ROLE of the federal government in education has been traditionally regarded as passive facilitation for improving education nationally, but recently a few persons have begun to think of the government as a possible proponent of fundamental change. Last month, this view was given increased support as the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare made public an internal report that recommends that HEW and the Office of Education and their respective directors become "advocates" of basic changes in the nation's schools and colleges.

The report was written by a nine-member subcommittee on easing tensions in education, headed by Gregory R. Anrig, executive assistant to the U.S. Commissioner of Education, James E. Allen, Jr., and is quite frank in its analysis: "It is an error to focus public attention on the issue of 'how to cope with unrest.' We cannot afford to underestimate the psychological brutality and irrelevance of life in many of our nation's schools."

Student unrest will continue, the report says, until major reforms in society itself are begun; meanwhile, the unrest can be used as a justification for educational reform.

Specifically, the report recommends that HEW Secretary Robert H. Finch and Dr. Allen speak out on social issues related to education, such as decentralization and community control and student rights, and further suggests that these men "clearly state that repression is not an effective method for dealing with controversy."

The report repeatedly stresses the

(*Continued on page* 98)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sesame Street Opens

WHEN National Educational Television (NET) launched *Sesame Street*, the new television series for preschool children, this week, the public finally got a look at what must certainly be the most completely researched and thoroughly publicized show in television history.

Eighteen months ago, NET, the Carnegie Corporation, the Ford Foundation, the Office of Economic Opportunity, and the U.S. Office of Education announced with much fanfare the creation of the Children's Television Workshop (CTW) to develop a series of programs for three- to five-year-olds, that would not only entertain them, but would teach them something as well. Each week twelve million preschoolers spend more than thirty hours glued to the TV set, mainly watching mindless kiddie stuff or inappropriate adult fare. Only a small minority attend nursery school or Head Start classes. Yet these early years are known to be the crucial time for the development of certain intellectual skills necessary for school success.

CTW's assignment was to create a program series that would first capture young hearts and minds as thoroughly as commercial TV has, and then teach them such basics as the alphabet, numbers, time and space concepts, and problem-solving skills.

The result is *Sesame Street*, a Monday-through-Friday hour show in color, to be broadcast each morning for twenty-six weeks on more than 180 public television stations across the country. (Some stations are repeating the show each afternoon. For broadcast hours, call your local ETV station.)

The product of a happy collaboration of leading educators, child-development specialists, psychologists, school teachers, film-makers, writers, and artists, *Sesame Street* is a delightful, fast-paced variety show whose quality of humor, intelligence, and artistry will make many an adult envious. Eighteen months of research produced quantities of new data on what holds children's attention and what gets the message across—a body of knowledge important to educators and TV producers alike. Pace, repetition, and combinations of live-action film and animation were among the elements tested for success in selling preschoolers on the alphabet as thoroughly as they have been sold on brands of cereal.

But as much as it is an experiment in preschool learning, the Children's Television Workshop is also an experiment in community education. It doesn't matter how good the show is if it doesn't reach its audience. And *Sesame Street*'s special (though not exclusive) audience is the children in our slums and ghettos who need preschool preparation more than most. But most poor families know little about public television; it has seldom offered them anything before. As Joan Ganz Cooney, CTW executive director, said:

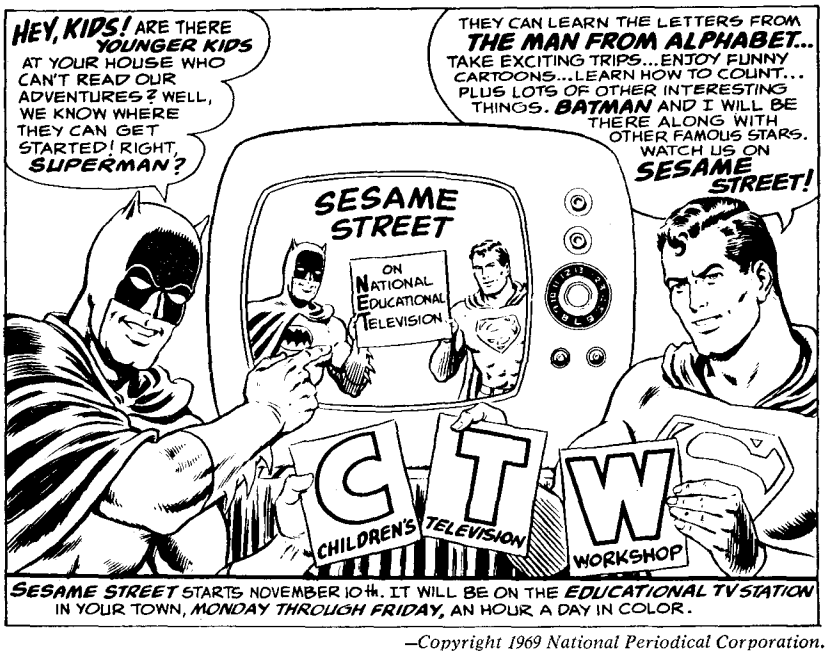
> Public TV has developed a loyal but numerically tiny audience. Its programing has been aimed at more sophisticated, better educated elements of our nation, with the result that local educational stations are little known to the mass of TV viewers and virtually unknown in poverty areas. Add to this the fact that many public television stations are on the UHF frequency and a number of TV owners have had little occasion to figure out the relatively difficult method of tuning these high-number channels even if their sets are equipped to receive UHF signals.

The task for CTW, therefore, was to let people know where to find it. Major promotion campaigns were launched by CTW and by local ETV stations, using not only major newspapers and national magazines, but also "soul" radio stations, Negro publications, comic book syndicates, neighborhood associations, mothers' groups, church and welfare organizations, Head Start centers, and nursery schools.

The National Council of Negro Women and the National Council of Jewish Women shouldered a major part of the burden, distributing information brochures, arranging for placement of TV sets in nursery schools and day care centers, and organizing informal groups of parents and children to watch the show and participate in follow-up activities. A monthly parent-teacher guide that lists the educational elements of each day's program suggests some specific activities and games for children, to reinforce what they have learned. (The first issue is available free, from *Parent's Guide*, Box 9140, St. Paul, Minnesota 55177. Subscription rate for the six-month series is $2.)

Local ETV stations welcome the volunteer services of persons or organizations in the effort to spread the word to more children. *Sesame Street* has become not only a major experiment in truly educational television, but the nation's first experiment in truly public television as well.

—B. B. S.


HEY, KIDS! ARE THERE YOUNGER KIDS AT YOUR HOUSE WHO CAN'T READ OUR ADVENTURES? WELL, WE KNOW WHERE THEY CAN GET STARTED! RIGHT, SUPERMAN?
THEY CAN LEARN THE LETTERS FROM THE MAN FROM ALPHABET... TAKE EXCITING TRIPS...ENJOY FUNNY CARTOONS...LEARN HOW TO COUNT... PLUS LOTS OF OTHER INTERESTING THINGS. BATMAN AND I WILL BE THERE ALONG WITH OTHER FAMOUS STARS. WATCH US ON SESAME STREET!
SESAME STREET
ON NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL TELEVISION
C
CHILDREN'S
T
TELEVISION
W
WORKSHOP
SESAME STREET STARTS NOVEMBER 10th. IT WILL BE ON THE EDUCATIONAL TV STATION IN YOUR TOWN, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY, AN HOUR A DAY IN COLOR.

—Copyright 1969 National Periodical Corporation.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVES OF CHILDREN: THE STORY OF THE FIRST STREET SCHOOL

by George Dennison

Random House, 308 pp., $6.95

EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE there comes a book more autobiographical than its author seems to have intended. This is such a book, and it is a valuable, indeed a precious, contribution precisely because of the amount of George Dennison invested and displayed in it. The book is billed as a description of "one unfamiliar approach to the problems [of education] which by now have become familiar." It is meant to be *the* story of the First Street School. And, to some extent, it is these things. But most importantly, and most beautifully, the book is a description of one of those rare people who are sufficiently human to promote, rather than hinder, the growth of other human beings. I do not wish to belittle the value of Mr. Dennison's ideas, nor would I quarrel with the success of the First Street School, but I would insist that the one most valuable feature of his book is the sense the reader gets of the humanness of the author.

The First Street School was the prototype of Paul Goodman's "mini-schools"—twenty-three students, three teachers, thoroughly grounded in the thought of those precursors who are now being called "romantic" educators: Neill, Tolstoy, Dewey, Goodman, Holt, Kohl, Kozol, Rogers, etc. To use Dennison's words, "We conceived of ourselves as an environment for growth, and accepted the relationships between the children and ourselves as being the very heart of the school." That's what the school was, and that's what the book is about. I'm sure it would be possible to describe both in such a superficial way as to make it all seem very old hat, unspectacular, and hardly worth the bother. But there is an important difference, one that lies at the heart of the turmoil within education these days. It is the difference between myth and reality, between hollow slogans and deeply felt convictions, between empty theories and lively experience, between mind alone and mind of a piece with feelings. Every educator in the country would *say* that he felt it important to deal with the "whole child," but the teachers at the First Street School not only felt that, they acted on it, lived by it. Therein lies the difference, and it is a spectacular one.

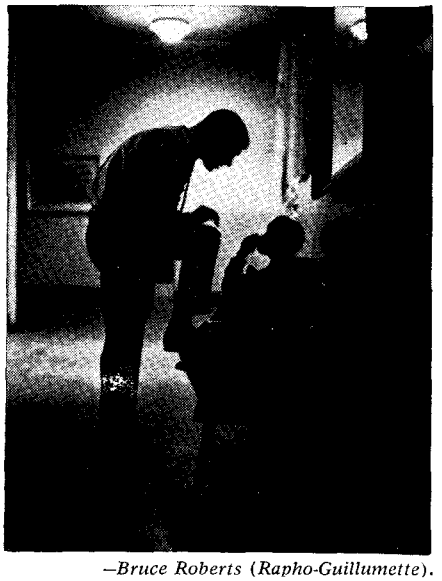
This book is full to the brim of that conviction, but let me share some brief examples: Maxine, a student at First Street, entered the school with a deep need to know about sex—a need that, when expressed in public schools, ended in her expulsion. After all, those four-letter words (love is one of them) can't be tolerated in a *classroom*. But First Street saw the whole thing rather differently:

> All these are the facts of her life. If we say that they do not belong in a classroom, we are saying that Maxine does not belong in a classroom. If we say that she must wait, then we must also say how long, for the next classroom will be just like this one, and so will the one after that.

Or consider Jose, who had a "reading problem." First Street's reaction?

> Now, what are Jose's problems? One of them, certainly, is the fact that he cannot read. But this problem is obviously caused by other, more fundamental problems; indeed, his failure to read should not be described as a problem at all, but a symptom. We need only look at Jose to see what his problems are: shame, fear, self-contempt, loneliness. . . . Jose's reading problem is Jose. Or to put it another way, there is no such thing as a reading problem. Jose hates books, schools, and teachers, and among a hundred other insufficiencies—*all of a piece*—he cannot read. Is this a reading problem?

There is an attitude pervading this book, a basic sense of what it is to be a person, that constitutes the core of the book's success and, I might add, seems to lie at the heart of the First Street School's success. Dennison claims otherwise, and it is for this reason that his book is more autobiographical than he suspects. Dennison would have us believe that we could have successful First Streets all over the country merely by limiting the size of our schools, removing the administrative hierarchy, and thus preventing teachers from having to play roles, i.e., allowing them to be whole human beings with their students. There is a certain naïveté to this superb faith, reiterated several times in the book, that constitutes the book's chief weakness. It is as if Dennison believes that we could simply take all of our current teachers out of their present classrooms, place them in a First Street situation (i.e., nonbureaucratic, with much opportunity for close contact with students) and the transition would transform them into more open, warm, growing people.



—*Bruce Roberts (Rapho-Guillumette).*

"What the student needs is . . . an ally in this world."

Well, there's an element of truth to that unbounded optimism, but teachers who respond defensively to the mere mention of a child's inner feelings do not respond so only because of the role school, as an institution, forces on them. Somehow I find it hard to believe that Mrs. Faschbinder, my fourth grade teacher, could have been transformed so easily into a person with sufficient self-understanding and self-esteem to feel and react as did the First Street teachers in the following situation: The whole school had just finished a picnic lunch at Alpine Park in New Jersey; everyone was enjoying the after-eating interval when—

> The lull was broken in the most predictable way, and predictably it took us by surprise, for the boys had circled the fires, and now, as if at a signal, unleashed their snub-nosed, eager little pricks, like puppies bounding into the light, and gave the flames a good ammoniac sousing. It was so vulgar, so inevitable, so humorous, so historical and universal, that we teachers . . . rocked back and forth with laughter and let the ritual run its course.

Would Mrs. Faschbinder really have learned to care for her students as people, and for herself as a human being, just by being a teacher at a First Street School? My guess is that Mrs. Faschbinder had much further to go by way of understanding herself, learning to accept herself, and thus coming to see and accept the humanity in her students than does Mr. Dennison. Mrs. Faschbinder's supremely defensive reaction to the little firemen at the picnic had deeper roots than her role as a public school teacher.

This same kind of naïveté—the insistence that all we need in education is to create the *opportunity* for close personal relationships between adults and children—is the source of most of the other weaknesses in Dennison's book, including his supreme faith in the family as a healthy learning environment. To be sure, the closeness of a family can be the kind of healthy

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

situation that promotes the growth of children, the development of their security, their ability to relate to the world and people, and their sense of personal worth. But the intimacy of the family situation is also the perfect opportunity for adults to pass on to children their own insecurities, fears, and feelings of self-degradation. The value of the intimacy, especially in adult-child relationships, depends very much on the psyche of the adult—a matter that Dennison seems to treat all too lightly.

Reading this book can be an enormously frustrating experience precisely because the success of Dennison's teaching is so evident, and because the explanations of it are so unconvincing. The experiences of the people at First Street are so well described, and the environment for personal growth seems so excellent. Yet, to account for all of this, Dennison merely offers us the small size of the school as an explanation. That's not enough, and I suspect that Dennison knows it. In his own words, "What the student needs is . . . an ally in the world. . . . I am not suggesting that every teacher be a psychotherapist; I am insisting that every teacher put himself in relation with the person before him, and not with one portion of that person's conflicts." *The Lives of Children* leaves no doubt in my mind that the teachers at First Street are the kind of people that Dennison is insisting on for teachers. But how do people get to be that way? Most of us have enough trouble relating as whole, secure people to our wives or our own children, let alone our students. And while we might all agree that an atmosphere of intimacy is necessary for developing such relationships, we strongly suspect that it's not sufficient. Help us to find the adults to staff mini-schools all over the country, Mr. Dennison; help teachers to overcome their own deep-rooted fears, insecurities, and self-degradation, and I'm with you all the way. In fact, I strongly suspect that *The Lives of Children*, read as a character study of George Dennison, may be a good step in that direction. The models are there; we all have much to learn from them.

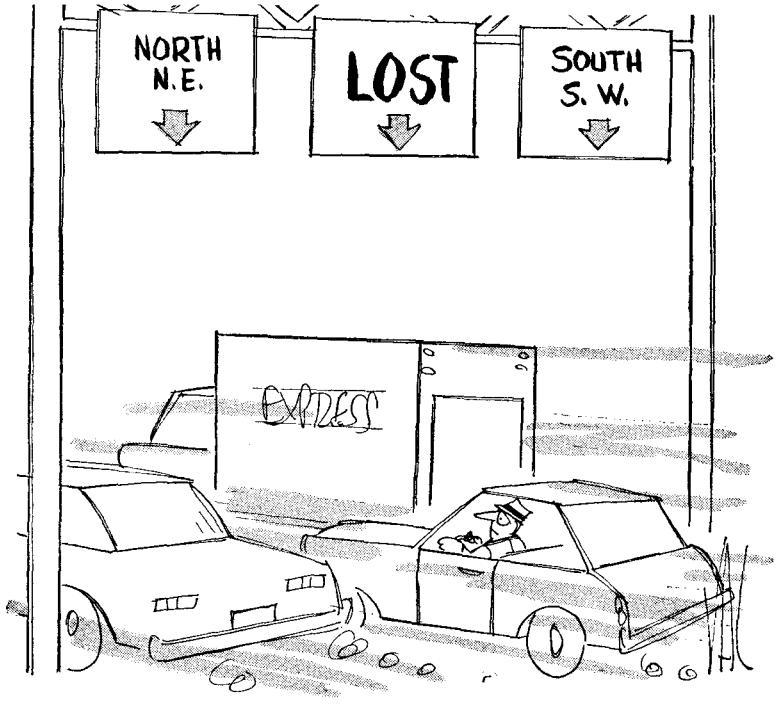
In one of the few passages where he touches on the characteristics of teachers, Dennison claims:

> The work of the teacher is like that of the artist; it is a shaping of something that is given, and no serious artist will say in advance that he knows what will be given. . . . The teacher's instrument is himself. Group therapy puts us in touch with ourselves. It clarifies emotions and reduces the blind spots in behavior. We cannot pass from the mechanical conceptions of method to the living reality of technique except by passing through ourselves.

The Lives of Children is a warm and honest account of teachers in touch with themselves creating an environment where children can get in touch with themselves. What remains to be written—and Dennison may well be the man who could write it—is *The Lives of Teachers*, an account of how teachers can get in touch with themselves.

Peter H. Wagschal

PETER H. WAGSCHAL is assistant to the dean, School of Education, University of Massachusetts.



THE DEVIL HAS SLIPPERY SHOES

by Polly Greenberg

Macmillan, 704 pp., $14.95

THERE ARE SOME realities that are difficult to discuss explicitly. One feels so uncertain of his perceptions, he is reluctant to attempt to describe them except through fiction, fantasy, or allegory, not because these forms give a credible context to what would otherwise be passed off as hyperbole, but because one wants to believe that those realities are not real. They are too devastating. Mississippi is one of those.

Some women in the neighborhood had made dinner for us that night, spontaneously and without any show or pretense of doing something for the white kids from the North. They just cooked up a batch of chicken, greens, and rice, and brought it all over to Mrs. H.'s house. After dinner, everyone else drifted off, and I found myself alone in the kitchen. I decided to do the dishes, figuring it was the least I could do. Just as I was finishing up, Mr. H. came in and asked why I was washing dishes. I told him and he said, "That's women's work!" and left, glowering. Later, Mrs. H. and I got talking; I mentioned the incident and apologized. She was silent for about thirty seconds, staring intently at the battered kitchen table. Then she looked up into my eyes, and said, "Don't apologize. Just try and understand. Pappy's been beaten down so long that there's just not many ways he can be a man."

After that summer in 1964 of freedom schools, voter registration, the Freedom Democratic Party, Schwerner, Chaney, and Goodman, the War on Poverty came to Mississippi, principally in the form of the Child Development Group of Mississippi, a state-wide Head Start project that included, at various times over the first two years, 6,000 to 12,000 preschool children and 2,200 adults in a genuinely creative experience.

CDGM was not what nearly every other Head Start project was: nursery school with breakfast and a dental check-up. CDGM, in the words of one official of the Office of Economic Opportunity, "doesn't seem to be an agency or an organization as it's some kind of damn concept. It's supposed to be a school for small children; yet it seems to be a community project involving much more than that. That may be great, but we are only funding Head Start here."

The quotation is taken from *The Devil Has Slippery Shoes* by Polly Greenberg. The book is a self-proclaimed but gently "biased biography" of CDGM, and in its own unique, wordy, sometimes confusing way, it is one of the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

best accounts of the social turmoil that has been going on in America for the past decade. It is more than just a story of missionary WASPs, foggy-minded and spineless bureaucrats, red-neck sheriffs, racist politicians, and poor, uneducated blacks who could do no wrong. It is, quite simply, a story of the ambiguities of making change and of despair—not over what's wrong but over the apparent impossibility of doing right.

The OEO official was right; CDGM was "some kind of damn concept." It was based on the simple premise that no changes that could be made in the classroom could make any difference to the children unless there were also substantial changes in the communities in which they grew up.

CDGM was originally conceived in early 1965 by Dr. Tom Levin, a New York psychoanalyst who had been active in the civil rights movement in Mississippi the previous summer. Levin knew all the jargon about "ability to control one's destiny" long before the Coleman report described it as a characteristic attitude felt by black children attending integrated schools and not felt by those in segregated schools. He conceived CDGM to do more than just provide nursery schools for children and menial jobs for parents. CDGM was set up and run deliberately to reduce the hopelessness people feel about their fate.

By coincidence, the rhetoric behind the War on Poverty proclaimed the same beliefs, but there the coincidence ended. Levin believed that, if the feelings of resignation and hopelessness were to be dealt with effectively, the poor must plan and operate their own programs. They must not just participate; they must have power. They would learn how to run classrooms, how to organize centers, how to administer programs, how to operate budgets, and how to deal with bureaucrats by using power.

It worked, often painfully, slowly, exasperatingly, but it worked. Mrs. Greenberg, a former OEO official who became CDGM's director of teacher development and curriculum, didn't write this book so much as she wove together hundreds of accounts, stories, narratives, observations, reflections, and analysis about the first two years of CDGM. The book wanders through the back roads of the thirty counties in which CDGM projects operated and records what happened.

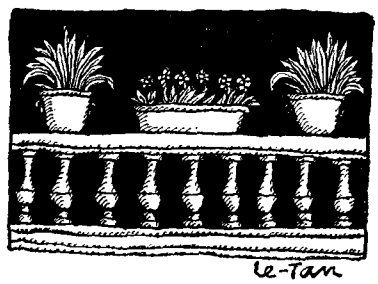
> 'Some people keep saying we should have unity. They think the hassling we have now in these communities is awful. . . . I thought we'd have a shooting-do over who will be chairman, where it used to be you couldn't get no one. But it was quiet then, and "peaceful," and we sure did have unity. That's good? Hah! You tell me that lively fighting is bad? Hell, it's fantastic. . . . Now, they quit the committees and they say, "If things don't be like I like, I just won't mess with this mess no more." We've still got a mess as long as we've got all this wrassling and tassling, but they're *beginning*: asking questions, being inquisitive, fussing, misunderstanding, getting it all wrong, making a big rigmarole: but it's started, you hear me?'

Eventually, of course, this "damn concept" was killed. Mrs. Greenberg devotes much of the book to a fascinating description of the project's relations and difficulties with Washington. OEO had to kill CDGM, because it was there that the rhetoric was reality. Most other Head Start and Community Action Programs made a feint toward "maximum feasible participation" of the poor and then ran in the opposite direction, stacking boards and staff positions with safe, certified members of the middle class.

CDGM was killed because it was run by a "mob of Nigras." OEO had to kill CDGM to appease Senator John C. Stennis, who threatened to cut all anti-poverty funds unless OEO eliminated what Stennis quite rightly considered to be a potential danger to his political security.

The Washington bureaucrats were the villains; the wishy-washy liberals chickened out again. Once more the bankruptcy of the Establishment is proved and the righteousness of the romantics is vindicated. Right? Not quite. After CDGM beat back the first OEO attempt to kill the project, Mrs. Greenberg wrote in her dairy:

> It's easy to blame others, as others can always be found somewhat to blame. It's easy to feel pure, and that others are despicably sinful. But the root of this ruination of CDGM is within *us* as much as within *them*. Whatever *they* did or didn't do to our project, *we* would have done it ourselves sooner or later. It's in our nature to break up as much as we make: to foul up and fail at everything good we set out to do. We would have slaughtered the project anyway, with our overreaching of ability, overspending of passion, and overrating of selves. With egotistical striving and conniving and competitive possessiveness, we would have stabbed it to death and snarled it up past untangling. With energies warped into petty personal antagonisms and hateful bitterness, we would have strangled the good there was in it. It's comfortable to see ourselves as the virtuous ones, motivated only by the beautiful, but we are so dishonest. On both sides, OEO and CDGM, we're self-indulgent, self-important, very small people, with a long way to go to be wise.



CDGM still exists, but by all reports it is a pale shadow of the radiance it was from 1965 to 1967. Repeated battles with OEO over funding left it emasculated; Head Start funds have been cut back and control of the programs has passed into the dungeons of the Office of Education. But CDGM's death should not be mourned long, for it could not have been otherwise. For one brief moment, the radicals and the poor forged a new species of life in a land known only for death. The species could not survive in that climate, but it has not really died if survival lies in creating, not existing.

CDGM would probably have been just as dead, in a way, if, instead of hacking it to death, OEO had adopted all of its principles and required every Head Start and Community Action Program in the country to adopt them. Too often the institutionalization of ideas changes them into their very antitheses. On a compulsory, large-scale application, CDGM probably would have become as rigidified and as destructive as the system it was meant to supplement and supplant. Mrs. Greenberg deals with these issues through the Reverend Jimmy Jones, a white Methodist chaplain at Ol' Miss, born and raised in the desolate Delta town of Leland, and later the board chairman of CDGM:

> History doesn't just make itself. Somebody gets an idea from the mesh he's in, and he moves out alone with his idea, and he educates himself and others and forms a model that's back down in the mesh; but it's new. The perpetual revolution is what I see as the essence of life. The job will never be done by people who do something and then sit back down and never do anything else—or people who never do anything at all. I call them the living dead. An idea is like any living thing: the minute it's birthed, it's on its way to death. We have to keep on with the birthing process—creating, creating, learning, experimenting. . . .

"They say that freedom is a constant struggle," goes the old song. It is. It is also more than that. Freedom is *the* struggle. It is never achieved except in the effort to reach it.

—Wallace Roberts.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Books

Research for Tomorrow's Schools: Disciplined Inquiry for Education, *edited by Lee J. Cronbach and Patrick Suppes (Macmillan, 281 pp., $3.95),* provides a joint statement from the Committee on Educational Research of the National Academy of Education. Written by outstanding American masters of such diverse crafts as history, anthropology, and economics, the report posits certain key concepts that clearly distinguish disciplined research from less painstaking investigation. After defining conclusion-oriented inquiry (planned exclusive of possible useful results) and decision-oriented study (intended to furnish decision-makers with information), this lucid book goes on to trace the evolution of American educational scholarship and to map out significant research in testing, epistemology, and learning theory. A final section on problems in want of scholarly consideration is bound to generate further useful work.

Teachers Talk: Views from Inside City Schools, *by Estelle Fuchs (Doubleday, 224 pp., $1.45),* is a fine little summary of beginning teachers' first impressions at deprived area schools. Based on taped interviews, it reveals many of the fears that haunt classroom novices. General pessimism, nervousness under administrative observation, and confusion at local politics all loom large on the roster of felt threats. In contrast to admissions of raw fright and occasional emotional reward, Dr. Fuchs's objective discussions cast the interviews in anthropological mold, with special emphasis on culture shock, social behavior, and rites of passage. *Teachers Talk* is a simply conceived book that succeeds in revealing aspects of education little known to the general public. It also makes sensible recommendations about the sorts of perceptual frameworks teacher education should employ in order to enhance teacher survival.

Up the Ivy Ladder, *by Norman Runnion (Doubleday, 178 pp., $4.95),* will raise a few chuckles in between more serious reading on America's troubled campuses. Most of today's university problems come under Runnion's ironic pen. Student revolutionaries, "shaggies," and "jocks" stretch professors to the limits of patience. Would-be deans receive advice on sex, pot, and campus warfare. Though farcical, sections on public relations, development, and admissions hew close enough to reality to lay bare actual shortcomings. In some places, this book merely duplicates some of the cornier passages of student journalism circa 1940. In others, it stimulates a few nerves too long untwinged. Well worth a couple of hours.

The Brass Factories: A Frank Appraisal of West Point, Annapolis, and the Air Force Academy, *by J. Arthur Heise (Public Affairs Press, 190 pp., $6),* "examines the credentials" of America's three renowned officer training schools in order to establish some connection between outmoded education and cheating. Heise concludes that the connection is direct. He characterizes the Air Force Academy as a malfunctioning assembly line geared to letter-grade distribution rather than character-building. Annapolis fares little better. It is said to vacillate between technical and academic emphases without any overall plan. West Point gets top marks for running smoothly but continues insensitive, Heise says, to the need for radical curriculum change. At times, Heise appears unusually surprised at guarded officialdom. Conversely, his argument that America's top military leaders should get an appropriate preparation comes as yet another appeal for the relevance of higher studies.

Employment and Educational Services in the Mobilization for Youth Experience, *edited by Harold H. Weisman (Association Press, 224 pp., $4.95),* presents a striking definition of a slum as a "disorderly mechanism for human destruction," followed by careful accounts of the orientation, training, counseling, and placement of MFY youth. For an official report, this book reads surprisingly well. Henry Heifetz's brief introduction traces Lower East Side settlement patterns since the Irish immigration of the 1840s. Subsequent chapters describe problems encountered in government-sponsored programs and furnish short, objective assessments of their effectiveness. Anyone concerned with educating those for whom traditional institutions have somehow failed will find this concise volume most enlightening.

Approaches to Education for Character: Strategies for Change in Higher Education, *edited by Clarence H. Faust and Jessica Feingold (Columbia University Press, 451 pp., $10),* consists of some two dozen thoughtful papers initially prepared for the seventeenth meeting of the Conference on Science, Philosophy, and Religion in Their Relation to the Democratic Way of Life. With power, protest, relevance, and similar constructs so much at the center of university discussion these days, a full, formal exchange on character comes as an intellectual jolt. Character as employed in this work, however, turns out to be no mere avenue to pious moralizing, but rather a focus of attention illuminating some striking ideas. Albert Hofstadter's opening statement on the structure of responsibility sets a stiff pace for essays of exceptional quality by Richard McKeon, Robert J. Havighurst, Robert W. Lynn, John C. Lilly, and other confreres. For its fine, even analysis of an often neglected topic, this edition stands out among scores of good tries.

Student Power: Problems, Diagnosis, Action, *edited by Alexander Cockburn and Robin Blackburn (Penguin Books in association with "New Left Review," 378 pp., $1.25),* is a collection of forceful papers on student activism in Britain. Averaging twenty-four years of age, contributors with experience in higher studies, teaching, and writing analyze the basis of university protest. Cockburn's introduction sketches certain broad issues including the nature of bourgeois society, of student power, and of revolutionary culture. Essays by G. S. Jones, David Adelstein, Perry Anderson, and others further discuss the origin, form, and meaning of student dissatisfaction. In thematic organization and tidy style, here is an excellent offering. Vigorous and thoroughly provocative, it shuns that easy polemic approach marking less discriminating works on the same topic.

The Campus in the Modern World, *edited by John D. Margolis (Macmillan, 381 pp., $3.95),* organizes twenty-five essays under such headings as goals, criticisms, and alternatives. Whitehead is there with his university preserving "the connection between knowledge and the zest for life." T. S. Eliot's censure of superficial liberalism and Hutchins's abhorrence of mediocrity counterpoise Richard Lichtman's attack on universities as services "adjunct to prevailing social powers" and Theodore Roszak's castigation of academic complacency. Additional pieces by Mark Van Doren, Paul Goodman, Jacques Barzun, John W. Gardner, and others make up an admirable source book on a vital topic.

—John Calam.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sensitivity Training

Continued from page 83

must be made clear is the purpose to be achieved, and the kind of training best designed to serve that purpose.

Clearly, organizational development —or applied human relations training —that is focused on organizational change, problems of human relations, and morale within an organization belong in the training area. These experiences may bring to participants great personal insights and lead to new ways of relating to family and friends, but these are *accidental* consequences of the experience that is directed toward increasing individual effectiveness as a member of the organization. Marathons, personal growth labs, encounter groups, and non-verbal exercises belong in the para-therapeutic area. These are frankly concerned primarily with individual growth and development, the achievement of authenticity, or "therapy for normals." In some cases, labs of this kind assume that there will be an organizational payoff from the experience, but others do not. The original T-group, from which all the forms of sensitivity training developed, can serve either purpose. It can provide the basis for a lab devoted primarily to personal growth, or one that rigorously relates all personal learning to an organizational context. But experience teaches that, unless a lab is consciously dedicated to the latter, the high degree of personal involvement inevitably pulls the focus toward individual growth.

When lab organizers are unable or unwilling to differentiate between various kinds of training, the results can be disastrous. There are many tales, some maliciously embellished, but many all too true, of school systems and communities where bad situations have been made worse by the unintelligent application of inappropriate forms of sensitivity training. Some examples of such misuse of training may help to clarify the point.

The T-group that aims at personal growth, for instance, is an experience that has tremendous validity for school people as long as it takes place in a setting away from home where the individual can be relatively anonymous—a summer laboratory or workshop, for example. But trouble comes when it is applied uncritically within a school system where the participants are co-workers. The result in this case is either impossible resistance, or, even worse, the revelation of intimate personal information that is so highly charged that it makes continuing work relationships very difficult, if not impossible.

Similarly, encounter groups or confrontation sessions between blacks and whites in the same school or community may lead to problems. In the past, such sessions have sometimes had useful shock value in revealing quickly the crucial problems that are polarizing the races today. Under skillful management, with careful control over degrees of resistance and levels of anxiety, and a systematic effort to relate the encounter experience to specific educational issues so that it can lead to follow-up plans for action and change, such training labs can be quite useful. Unfortunately, it appears that too often difficulty arises as a result of routine application of what are basically gimmicks to an involved and highly charged area.

In one large city school system an encounter group recently included teachers, most of whom were white, and students, most of whom were black, from the same school. The result was the opposite of what was sought—increased physical and verbal hostility of students to the teachers in the school. Carefully managed, however, the encounter between teachers and students, away from the school setting, has enormous possibilities for re-educating both teachers and students for a needed revolution in their relationships. But even at its most effective, the encounter session is a shocking and bruising experience. And because of the failure to follow through with concrete plans for specific action, it too often remains a memorable experience, but not one that produces change.

"Schools have long been one of the most hierarchically organized institutions in our society —only the Army and the quasi-military police are more authority-centered."

Non-verbal exercises also are susceptible to both effective and inappropriate use. In one recent case at a conference of foundation executives, a trainer was employed to lead the group in several non-verbal exercises designed to stimulate greater openness and trust—two attributes much to be desired in any conference. The result, however, was unexpected. The initially surprised and then outraged participants displayed an enormous amount of openness—all of it hostile—toward both the trainer and the conference sponsors. The simple exercises that may be effective in settings where people are clearly experimenting with behavior are often completely inappropriate in another context. Similarly, young school teachers, after an enthusiastic lab experience, return to the classroom to lead their students into such "games." No harm is done, but because some of these exercises involve body contact of a quasi-intimate nature, it is questionable whether students, especially teenagers, should be so encouraged. Under normal circumstances, teenagers do not need the sanction of the school to become so engaged.

There are, however, cases where non-verbal experiences are very much to the point. In police-community relations training sessions, simple physical contact exercises—a hand shake or, in special circumstances, a hug or touching another person's face—can be helpful. Where ghetto residents have never felt a policeman as a human being, such contact can be a wholesome revelation. For the white police, the personal experience that the black on the skin will not rub off has been equally salutary.

Two kinds of sensitivity training are particularly susceptible today to exploitation by the enthusiastic amateur or the enterprising entrepreneur: the area of non-verbal experience, and the confrontation session. Each requires a minimum of experience and knowledge to stimulate an initial response among participants, but in each case a maximum of expert knowledge and sophistication is required to extract a positive educational outcome. The most damning judgment that can be made about the non-verbal field is that a small bag of easily learned exercises, plus several 33 1/3 rpm records, makes anyone a trainer. As for confrontation sessions, it is not difficult to evoke profound guilt feelings among participants by employing the tactics of staged aggression, but it requires great skill and understanding to follow through to a positive learning experience.

Despite all the possible pitfalls, however, it is necessary today to recognize the affective aspect of the educational process, and to train both teachers and administrators for mastery of the area. Too many of today's teaching-learning problems—in the suburbs as well as the inner city—are in the emotional rather than the cognitive or the skill areas. Change is imperative. But changing individual behavior and organizational structure are extraordinarily difficult and thorny objectives. All too often new superintendents come along with prescriptions for innovation and reform that falter long

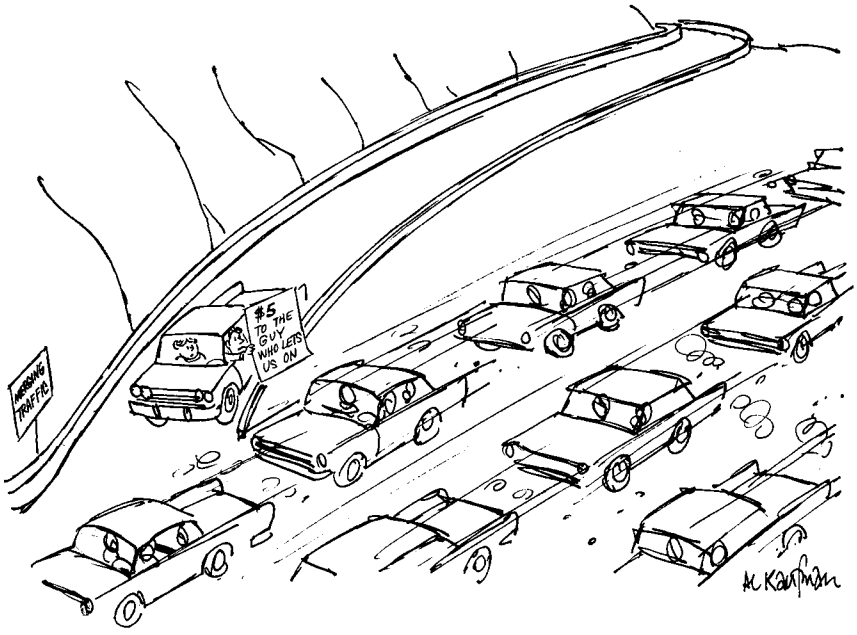
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

before their efforts get off the ground. The longer one works in the field of planned change, the more difficult the task appears.

By chance, however, two unusually powerful forces for change in educational systems appeared during the 1960s. The first was the civil rights revolution, the second the extraordinary wave of student unrest that, according to a recent survey, has affected three-fourths of all secondary schools in the country. Although the civil rights movement has been fraught with bitter tension and physical violence, the student rebellion promises to be the more global in its effects on the schools. The former forces schools to examine racial attitudes, curriculum priorities, school culture, hiring and promotion policies, and other fundamental relationships in school administration. But the latter strikes directly at the heart of student-teacher and student-administrator relationships that have endured with only minor modifications since the turn of the century. These relationships, which determine who makes significant decisions within the schools, may in the long run prove the most troublesome, but also the most decisive stimulus for change. Schools, after all, have long been one of the most hierarchically organized institutions in our society—only the army and the quasi-military police are more authority-centered. To effect a significant change in the nature of the school and classroom authority, then, is a problem of the first magnitude involving both organizational and human change.

The devilish seductivity of human relations training stems from the fact that it can reduce individual resistance to change more effectively than any other known means. It promises the wishful decision-maker, therefore, that his desires for school reform can be fulfilled. This is the trap that awaits all school executives interested in using human relations training for planned change experiments.

The superintendent, then, who wants to set about planning for effective change in his school system, must be aware of the variety of training opportunities available for his staff members. He must also make a clear decision about the type of training he wants his staff to experience. If he decides that certain key personnel could benefit themselves — and the school system—by undergoing a personal growth experience that will help to decrease individual defensiveness and the tendency most humans share to ascribe value by status rather than by individual worth, then by all means he should send these individuals to



labs away from home in the summer. It may be that both the schools and the participants' wives or husbands will benefit, and both may be legitimate objectives.

If, however, school personnel are to begin the long and complicated process of applying group procedures to organizational meetings, problem solving, or classroom learning, then laboratory training that focuses primarily on personal growth is likely to be minimally productive. Organizational development laboratories or applied human relations workshops focusing on intergroup or community-school problems may be more useful, because the emphasis is on problem solving. But human relations training labs differ not only in their overall emphasis, but often within the same laboratory trainers may run the gamut from exclusively personal growth-oriented sessions to the older concept of the T-group that is designed to help participants to function more effectively on the job.

School systems now infatuated with training will have to learn, as industry has, that not all sorts of training are functional for all personnel. They may also have to learn that under certain conditions a school system would be wasting money by investing in human relations training. When morale is poor—not because of organizational or human impediments to communication, but because decision-making is handled in an authoritarian fashion, or pay is poor and working conditions are worse—instead of training, the school system should opt for higher salaries or elimination of the authoritarian administrator. Similarly, if the middle echelon administrator — the principal — is fearful and unsure of his position, large-scale training for teachers, under the superintendent's sponsorship, can generate intolerable pressures upon him. For example, an effective human relations training program can result in increased enthusiasm among faculty, more demands for help in curriculum, introduction of new ways of class management, greater degree of experimentation, and demands for a larger voice in decision making. These demands can be fear-

"The most serious threat to sensitivity training comes first from its enthusiastic but frequently unsophisticated supporters, and second from a host of newly hatched trainers, long on enthusiasm or entrepreneurial expertise, but short on professional experience, skill, and wisdom."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fully unsettling for a principal who has always run a "tight ship" where everything was under his control. Unless he himself is ready for change, it would be wisest to forget training—or forget him.

The serious question remains, of course, of how a superintendent or school board can determine whether a trainer or training organization is capable and experienced. There is no bureau of standards or licensing agency for human relations trainers. NTL has some three or four levels of affiliation, but it is very cautious about claiming universal virtuosity for members of its network. As increasing numbers of psychologists become interested in the field, it is likely that school systems will be assured of securing individuals with reputable academic credentials, but these will provide no assurance of effectiveness in human relations training. Training, like teaching or therapy, is largely an art—based, to be sure, on a conceptual framework and multiple skills, but still a highly individual affair. Therefore, at this point in the development of the field, the school administrator's best bet is to check the length of the trainer's experience as well as his knowledge of schools and school systems, and to talk with his fellow superintendents who have already ventured into the field.

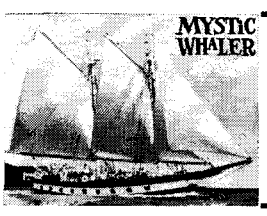
Whatever the difficulties, however, the promise that human relations training holds for fundamental improvement and reform in the schools cannot be denied. The need of school personnel for training in the affective area is great for several reasons. First, in an era of increasing tension and alienation, both teachers and administrators must develop more fully the qualities of empathy and human objectivity — the essential hallmarks of the helping professions. Placed in a role where they are often the target of juvenile hostility—directed at them either personally or as parental substitutes—teachers more than most require a resilient personality that can absorb aggression, and that can also remain open and sympathetic to students and their problems without becoming personally involved with adolescent hang-ups.

Second, training in the affective area can help to reduce attitudinal blocks and group resistance to needed educational change. Normal resistance to significant change is no less for teachers than for other human beings; the trouble lies in the fact that the institution of which they are a part is the most beleaguered of any in society today. The need for change to meet the multiple dissatisfactions and pressures that plague the schools wants little documentation here. But if needed change is to be achieved, the individuals involved will themselves have to be prepared to change.

We must remember, however, that attention to the emotions in the learning process derives from an educational model, not a therapeutic one. Despite the assumption by many people that attention to the emotional dimensions of learning demands a therapeutic model, teachers cannot, and should not, be therapists.

Third, human relations training can make it easier for school personnel to "hang loose" during these revolutionary changes in teacher-student relationships so that both they and their students can survive. Moreover, the experience school systems will acquire in integrating the emotions and group process into classroom instruction will surely make for improvement in social intelligence that is so necessary for effectiveness in the helping professions. This capacity for dealing effectively with other humans individually or in groups that, for want of a more precise term, is called social intelligence has largely been ignored, or taken for granted as the schools have focused on stimulating and rewarding cognitive learning. But as the abrasion of human existence increases in our crowded world, it can no longer be ignored.

Finally, appropriate human relations training should begin to equip teachers with a new teaching technology that is based on a learning group of peers, in contrast to the traditional classroom with the teacher as an authority figure and the students as a group of charges. The capacity to be a group process teacher is undoubtedly the most difficult of all goals for human relations training. But the ability to make a classroom into a learning group where peers share in the teaching-learning transaction holds the greatest promise for overcoming the all too familiar pattern—in the suburbs as well as the inner city—of sullen and disaffected children mobilizing to impede the educational process. The objective of making use of the emotional factor in teacher training, school reorganization, and classroom learning is an extraordinarily difficult one, but the revolution in education that this will achieve makes it imperative that school systems begin now.



SET SAIL
smack against the tide of travel conformity! Virgin Islands Dec.-May. New England coast June-Oct.
Free Folder
MYSTIC WHALER
Mystic, Conn. 06355

Schools Make News

Continued from page 90

need for drastic reforms in both institutions and practices at all levels of education but makes no specific recommendations along these lines. It did, however, make specific suggestions for procedures within HEW, including the establishment of an "advocate court" to evaluate and advise proposed educational changes and the creation of an Office of Student Affairs. Both recommendations have been accepted and put into practice.

Among the report's other suggestions were proposals for the establishment of a National Commission on Educational Change, that scholarship grants be made directly to students instead of colleges and universities, and that legislation be introduced to provide funds for colleges and universities enrolling minority group students.

Philadelphia Free School

BLACKS IN West Philadelphia have set up an experimental high school to give inner-city students an alternative to the standard urban model.

The one high school in the district is inadequate and overcrowded; built in 1924 to serve 2,400 children, it now uncomfortably accommodates 4,000. When last spring a school bond issue failed to pass, community leaders decided to take matters into their own hands. Representatives of the community, together with educators from the University of Pennsylvania, designed a detailed plan for a Community Free School system that will attempt to integrate theoretical learning into real-world situations.

Five separate school centers, each housing approximately 200 students, will be set up within the community by June. The first branch was scheduled to open November 10, and is located in a three-story house leased from the university by the Board of Education.

Curricula requirements will be filled by loosely organized, ungraded courses at the center. To ease pressure, students can elect to take four years to complete the sophomore through senior years. Educational Testing Services will offer a course on how to take college boards. Math and reading, however, will be supplemented on a practical level by outside lectures and courses offered by local businessmen and organizations. The community board feels it is important for black youths to gain an understanding of what the world can offer, and what skills are needed for a particular job. Catalogue lists will be made, and students will

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be permitted to select three outside courses each semester.

Business response has been good. General Electric is devising a way its scientists developing re-entry systems can make knowledge of rockets understandable to high school students. The local gas works will provide instruction in electronics, electrical wiring, and home economics. Penn-Central may make a metroliner available for a day trip and will explain its functioning. The field work is oriented toward problem-solving, not toward learning a trade; through electrical wiring, for example, a student would be working with numbers and would learn to apply math concepts.

The Free School is still part of the public school system, but it is a kind of satellite to the existing high school: both teachers and students were selected from it. Funding will be largely through the Board of Education, supplemented hopefully by foundation grants. (Costs for beginning the five centers is estimated at close to $100,000.) Decision-making powers, however, rest largely with representatives of the community and with Dr. Aase Eriksen, of Pennsylvania's Graduate School of Education, who is creator of and consultant to the school.

Michigan Solons Ponder Reforms

THE MICHIGAN Legislature was called into a special session last month by Governor William G. Milliken to consider a package of sweeping educational reforms designed to reduce the inability of local districts to finance education equally and to increase the accountability of all parts of the state's educational system.

Two of the proposed reforms will require constitutional amendments. One of these is a recommendation to abolish local property taxes for school support and replace them with a statewide property tax. Under a new form of the annual school aid bill, the proceeds from the new tax would be distributed on the basis of a new formula that will provide additional funds to those districts under the most severe financial constraints, especially the cities.

The school aid bill for 1970-71 projects an increase in support of $183-million, of which $70-million would go toward equalizing the resources of poor districts. Another $30-million is earmarked for hiring additional teachers in districts with the highest pupil-teacher ratios, and $25-million will be used to help pay the salaries of lay teachers in parochial schools.

The second proposal requiring a constitutional amendment is to replace the state board of education and state superintendent of public instruction with a single school office, the state director of education to be appointed by the governor.

Other proposals include statewide testing in several grades for purposes of evaluation of school programs, not as requirements that students must fulfill; the establishment of Neighborhood Education Centers similar to street academies for dropouts; an experimental incentive pay program for teachers; a reduction in the number of intermediate school districts from sixty to ten to fifteen and consolidation of local school districts through fiscal incentives; and the adoption of new budget guidelines that would require local districts to meet minimum outlays in certain areas.

MSU Names First Negro President

MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY has become the first major state university to appoint a Negro as chief executive. The university's new president is Clifton Reginald Wharton, vice president of the Agricultural Development Council, a Rockefeller family enterprise devoted to agricultural development in underdeveloped nations. He holds degrees from Harvard University, Johns Hopkins University, and the University of Chicago.

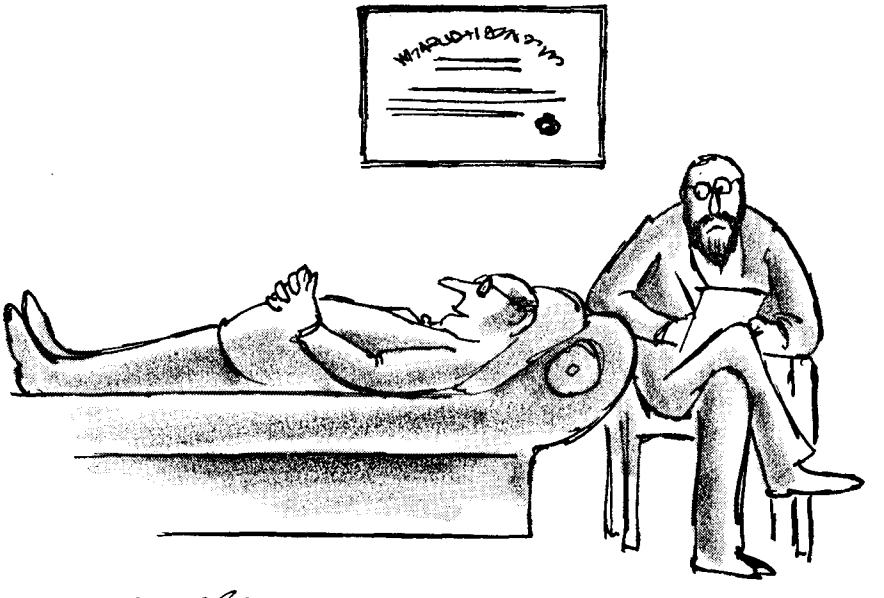
The new president's appointment was made after months of bitter political debate among the university's trustees. State Democratic leaders had been pressuring the Democratic-controlled board of trustees to appoint former Michigan Governor G. Mennen Williams to the post. Dr. Wharton was elected by a coalition of three Republicans and two Democrats. Three other Democrats opposed him. Clair White, a Democratic trustee, attributed the vote to pressure on Wharton's behalf by outgoing president John A. Hannah and Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York.

They Said It

CHARLES F. PALMER, president of the National Student Association: "If things do not change fast, if there is no clear and convincing response, there will be many more so-called radicals because there will be many more students who do not believe that the channels can work. . . . This is not a threat; it is a warning. This is your last chance to prove yourself to our generation. There is no John or Bob Kennedy standing in the wings to capture us with charisma. If the political system in this country wants our support, then those who now control that system must prove that it and they can respond constructively to the American crisis. If the system cannot respond, if the powerful cannot respond, then we will do it our way ourselves."

Notes

STANFORD UNIVERSITY plans to alter radically the composition of its board of trustees by adding four recent graduates to its members. The trustees also voted to fill two vacancies on the board with faculty members from other academic institutions. President Kenneth S. Pitzer announced further that the trustees would invite students and faculty to serve as voting members on most trustee committees. . . . At Harvard, faculty members, students, and



"I'm beginning to get the real me mixed up with the beautiful, swinging, legendary me."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alumni will serve on a committee in an unusual alliance with trustees to develop proposals for changing the structure of Harvard. It will reassess the nature and selection of the governing boards and the extent of their responsibilities. The idea of a university-wide senate will be considered. . . . On the other hand, Yale President Kingman Brewster recently declared: "I am convinced that [student] representation is not the clue to university improvement, indeed, that if carried too far it could lead to disaster." Instead he recommended a strong administration with large discretionary powers together with a system of "accountability" to assure responsive and flexible government. Also, Brewster urged a systematic reappraisal of the university presidency by the trustees every seven years. This would bring his own appointment up for evaluation a year from June. . . .

Sixty-eight colleges and universities cut off federal aid to more than 360 students who took part in campus demonstrations last year. Colleges made most of the cutoffs under sanctions and procedures of their own. Relatively few of the students lost their funds as a result of federal laws passed last year. . . .

The National Association of College Admissions Counselors urged its member institutions last month to commit themselves to enrolling at least 10 per cent of their students from minority groups. . . .

As the pace of public school integration nearly doubled this fall, more and more Southerners are seeking to escape the verdict by establishing small, private white schools. It is estimated that 100,000 children are now enrolled in private institutions, five to ten times the number enrolled before passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act.

Street Academies

Continued from page 89

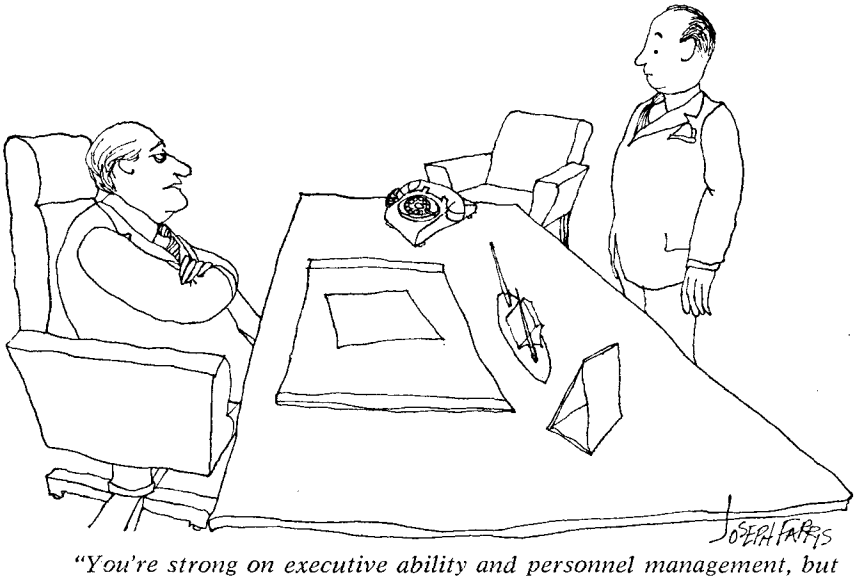
during lunch hours, in their homes, around the neighborhood. There is an obvious advantage, however, in establishing some liaison directly with the high school to facilitate contacting dropouts, present or future. A Rockefeller Foundation grant permitted the Urban League to set up a cadre of eighteen salaried street workers, assigned to be physically present in three high schools, Haaren, Brandeis, and Charles Evan Hughes. In Haaren, where the dropout rate averages 60 per cent, the principal, Bernard V. Deutchman, has been particularly pleased with the relation between his school and the McGraw-Hill Street Academy a few blocks away. Deutchman views the academy not only as a second chance for kids who are having trouble, but also as an invaluable laboratory, a training ground for "sensitizing" teachers to dropouts' problems. As the relation between Haaren and the academy develops, Deutchman envisions the academy being physically located within the school, offering credit courses, and serving as an alternative to those who for some reason or other cannot make it in the public school system.

This program touches a shared ideal among a number of disparate academy staff and consultants. The thought is that as the academy reaches its maximum utility as an educational model, and, as its methods are deemed successful, it will be incorporated into the city board of education. "You can't just tell the system what's wrong," explains Robert Rogers, acting head of the academy system. "You've got to show them."

There is no question that the academy can serve a vital role as a teacher-training ground. The first teacher to "return" to Haaren under Deutchman's program was bubbling with enthusiasm, and exchanges between the school and the academy will increase. The academy can serve as a school for both dropouts and teachers. There are problems, however. For one thing, although the teachers in the academy program are highly qualified in their work, some are not college graduates, few meet certification requirements, and probably only a handful have any interest in teaching in city schools. The methods of a number of academy staff probably would not be palatable to the board of education, and it is unlikely that the United Federation of Teachers would welcome the newcomers with much enthusiasm.

More fundamentally, however, the orientation of the academy program from its inception has been socio-psychological, demanding a twenty-four-hour-a-day commitment to its students. Much of the academy's success is undoubtedly attributable to its image as an *alternative* to public school education. It functions personally, tutorially, remedially. It has the leisure and the dedication to explore education in the broadest of contexts—the total life of its students. Ideally, this should be the function of a public school education as well, but the danger of the academy's doubling back into the school system is that this uniqueness and intense personal involvement may be lost.

A similar challenge faces the Urban League. One of the rare qualities of the academy has been the extraordinary richness and diversity of persons attracted to its programs, from black militants to white seminarians, from corporate attorneys to ghetto



"You're strong on executive ability and personnel management, but you leave something to be desired as a hatchet man and court jester."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

junkies. Much of the energy and vitality comes from this dialectic. Teachers learn and learners teach. The Urban League provides an attractive umbrella organization to manage the academy program and facilitate smooth and controlled expansion. But street academies have always sprung from grassroots concerns. Much of their success is due to this "building up" process, institutions shaped by human needs, the very opposite of a formal public school education. Academies have remained diffuse, flexible, and relatively autonomous in operation. Conceptually, the Urban League is not opposed to this orientation, but control from above threatens the decentralized richness of any such program. The very success of the academy has undoubtedly made such an institutionalization inevitable, but established organizations, wary of a public image, have a sluggish dynamic of their own and sometimes a gluttonous politic. So far, frictions have been minor, but there are pitfalls to be aware of. Similarly, the growing involvement of the sponsoring corporations must be continually probed, lest the academies become just another item in a corporate publicity brochure.

As the academies develop, these questions must be faced. And they must be faced with a courage and a confidence in the concept of storefront schools, because the educational system needs the academy desperately.

White House Jazz

Continued from page 75

with an affirmative beat, ended unconventionally in a diminuendo, and concluded the half-hour program.

Compared with most jazz groups, the quartet at first sounds restrained and academic. Yet the four men together compose a remarkable rhythm team with an uncanny rapport. On this occasion, Lewis and Heath played from music, but Milt Jackson (vibraharp) and Connie Kay (drums) did not. A quick interchange of glances may sometimes have indicated a minor deviation, but the general impression was one of scrupulous accuracy. An improvisatory element was often noticeable in Jackson's lines, and Lewis astonished with his ability to emerge swinging from statements that began with phrases of music-box delicacy. Indeed, the whole group's rhythmic transitions from one idiom to another—from formal to loose to formal—were made with a subtle and incomparable smoothness.

After the President had introduced the musicians individually, the Shah expressed to John Lewis his special appreciation of "The Blue Necklace" and "Jasmin Tree," in each of which he had rightly discerned Eastern motifs and devices. The pleasure expressed by many other members of the audience, including Vice President Agnew, was naturally gratifying to the musicians, whose program had contained no element of compromise.

Support of this kind at the top is, of course, immensely valuable, but the problem of communication—or recommunication—at lower levels remains to be solved. The broadened scope of jazz is now in some respects a handicap. What is Jazz? Which is Jazz? These are questions the uninitiated ask when exposed to its bewildering variety. Perhaps answer and solution lie in the blues and the growing popularity of authentic blues groups among those young people for whom rock is too banal. The hairy, defiantly dressed crowd at Ungano's in New York, for example, differed radically from the White House audience, but the music of B. B. King elicited similar responses one recent evening. King's dynamic guitar improvisations were backed by riffs from two saxophonists and a trumpet player, and were underlined by his superb drummer, Sonny Freeman. The music had a timeless authenticity, an earthy vitality. Here were the roots—in Washington, the flowers. —STANLEY DANCE.

After Love

By Maxine Kumin

Afterwards, the compromise.
Bodies resume their boundaries.

These legs, for instance, mine.
Your arms take you back in.

Spoons of our fingers, lips
admit their ownership.

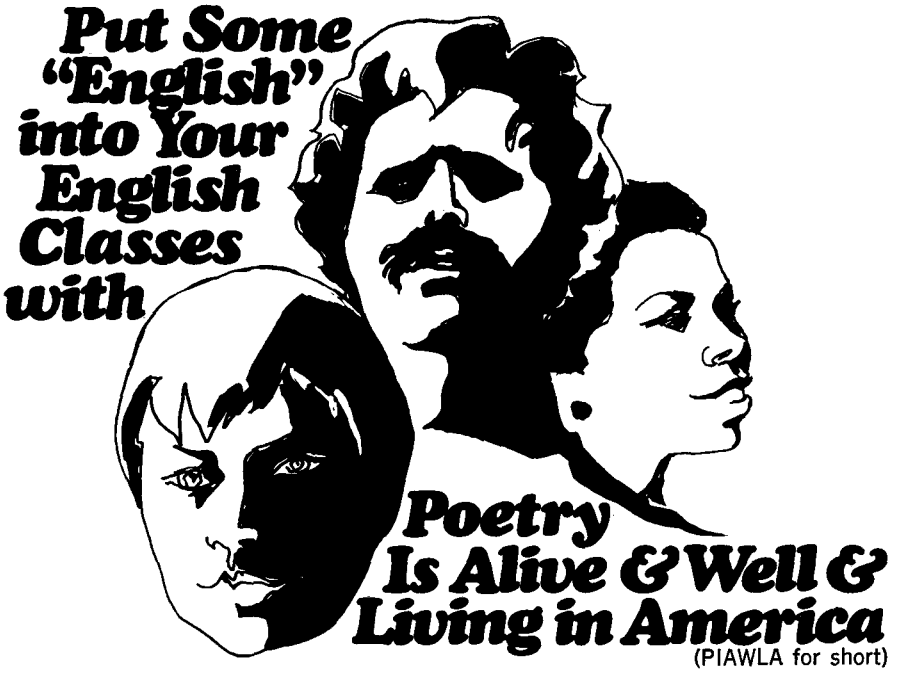
The bedding yawns, a door
blows aimlessly ajar

and overhead, a plane
singsongs coming down.

Nothing is changed except
there was a moment when

the wolf, the mongering wolf
who stands outside the gulf

lay lightly down, and slept.



Set your students spinning with

- May Swenson's **Still Turning,** a spine-tingling ride on a merry-go-round
- Edward Field's **Frankenstein,** a wry look at a gentle monster
- G. C. Oden's **The Way It Is,** an insight into the feelings of "a black girl in a country of white strangers"

AND MORE!

PIAWLA is a maxi-media series—available in two formats: 16mm sound film **OR** sound filmstrip, each in full color, with follow-up lessons on tapes, tape cassettes, or records **OR** in sound filmstrips.

Send for our free catalog/poster (No. SR-11). We'll tell you all about PIAWLA.

MEDIA PLUS 4 INC. 60 RIVERSIDE DRIVE / SUITE 11D / NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10024

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Your Gifts Can Help Sri Lai Fight Leprosy

Yes, Sri Lai has leprosy . . . but look at her smile! No "leprosy compound" for her. No hiding in the jungle.

She can be treated at an out-patient clinic. She can live a normal life, thanks to early diagnosis.

Yet her personal fight against leprosy is only beginning. Treatment will be long and expensive. She will battle both a disease—and sadly enough ignorance and fear, when people learn of her plight.

Your gifts to American Leprosy Missions will help children and adults like Sri Lai fight the dread night of leprosy—without being "put away" or shut off from human love.

Won't you join the fight against superstition by sending your contribution to us? Today?

O. W. Hasselblad, M.D.
American Leprosy Missions, Inc.
297 Park Avenue South
New York, N. Y. 10010

Yes, I want to help leprosy sufferers like Sri Lai. Here is my gift of $_____.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP_____

Please send me more information about your ☐ films ☐ program packet.

Your gifts are tax deductible.

SR-119

Public Schools

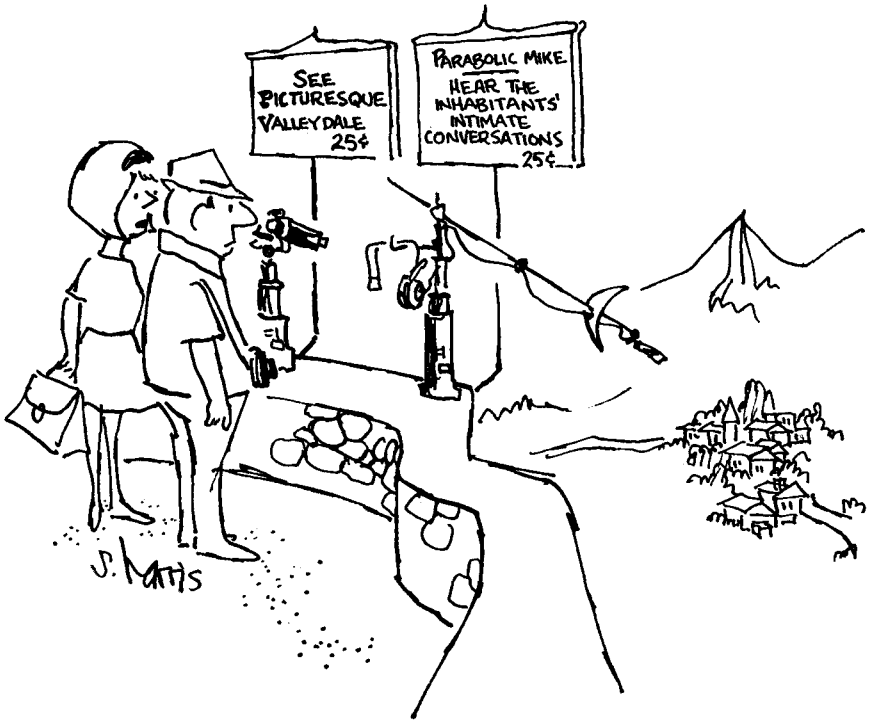
Continued from page 86

pounded by rising aspirations. We could afford failure in the schools as long as the economy had room for unskilled workers and as long as the lower classes accepted without protest what appeared to be their inevitable place. Now, however, there are practically no jobs left for the unskilled, and even if there were, the black lower class no longer is willing to accept only that kind of opportunity—not in a society in which real wealth is increasing so fast.

What this means, in effect, is that in a variety of different ways we have increased our demands on the schools. Thirty years ago the purpose of public education was culturally defined as little more than baby-sitting for all the children. Now, neither corporations, government, suburban parents, nor the black community are willing to accept the school as a mere custodian. Its purpose has been redefined by society: Not only must it serve all children, but it must graduate them all with salable skills.

We criticize the schools and look for change in the present distribution of costs and benefits; we are aware that other social institutions educate, and we have been aware for a long time of the selective nature of public education, but we nevertheless accept the notion that public schools are an assumed asset in the regeneration of society. We have adopted a history based on men and events chosen from the history of democratic ideas in education, while we ignore other men, whom we have labeled anti-intellectual. David Crockett and Horace Greeley, for example, leveled scornful tirades against the creation of elite institutions that served an emerging meritocracy. The land and money, they said, might instead have contributed to a real experiment in universal public education, to make public education truly public in its services, not merely in its uses. Schools have been public only in the sense that what happens in them is typical of what happens outside.

Having assumed the salutary past of the school, we have engaged in discussion and debate over the present efficacy of schools with no question but that schools must be; they are generic to the American landscape. These assumptions preclude debate and scholarly inquiry as to why we maintain schools and what we can reasonably expect of them. Until we can question the validity of these assumptions, we cannot begin to achieve the social restoration of which we speak so eloquently, but for which there is little precedent. We can only continue to generate rationalizations across a variety of disciplines for a national commitment to an ideology that claims simply, but erroneously, that the public schools have always done what they are now expected to do. The truth is they never have.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 66

tance of John Perry, to a sequence of sonatas by Mozart (F major, K.377), Beethoven (Op. 30, No. 3 in G), Schumann (A minor, Op. 105), and Debussy speaks as much for his taste as the results did for his aptitude. All were communicated with total mechanical facility through a sound that broadened from silky in Mozart to substantial in Beethoven with no sacrifice in quality.

There is, of course, the danger that, where facility exists in such measure, contrast may be leveled off to an even succession of beautifully turned out phrases. Neither Staryk nor Perry was guilty of a musical lapse, but the pianist's degree of involvement with what was performed sometimes exceeded that of his partner. This may be related to Staryk's career as concertmaster with several famous orchestras, for it is not a career that encourages individuality. This, clearly, is something for Staryk to consider on his own.

The year of Carl Orff, which has produced performances of *Carmina Burana* (no unexpected pleasure) and *Prometheus* (an unexpected stimulation), exposed an earlier example of his writing than either of these with the first presentation by the New York City Opera of his *Catulli Carmina*. A predecessor in conception (1930) of the somewhat later work to which he owes his world-wide fame, it reveals many of the rhythmic and melodic elements of *Carmina Burana* in a formative state, and with less concision, perhaps. But, as performed in the choreographed version by John Butler seen at the Caramoor Festival of 1968, it is a theater experience of formidable interest and variety, not the least for the imaginative and decorative designs (in brass tubing) by Jac Venza.

In Butler's treatment, the vocalists are all seated in the pit, save the chorus of elders that marches on at the appropriately deprecatory moment and then takes a commentator's place at stage left. The ensemble of dancers that depicts the pleasures of erotica at the beginning and end is beautifully cast, as are the principals who enact the story of Caelius (Buzz Miller) and Catullus (Robert Powell) and their amorous involvements: Lesbia (Carmen de Lavallade) and Ipsitilla (Lynn Kothera).

Julius Rudel conducted Orff powerfully well, as he did also the preceding half of the double bill, Ravel's *L'Heure espagnole*. A welcome, periodic visitor since its first City Opera performances in 1952, the work is being well performed in its present restoration by Kenneth Riegel (a newcomer to the company) as Gonzalve, Karan Armstrong (Concepcion), Richard Fredricks (Ramiro), Spiro Malas (Don Inigo Gomez) and Nico Castel (Torquemada).

DISC RECORD
MUSIC BOX

This Swiss hand-made 30-note music work plays any of 100 or more metal disc records. Hand-rubbed walnut case. 7⅜" x 5⅞". Beautifully crafted and with the clear tone that makes a quality music box so enjoyable to all. Assortment of 5 discs included. $50. postpaid.

G. SCHIRMER 4 East 49th Street
New York 10017, Dept. 34

EUROPE by CAR
Write for FREE 70 Page Full Color Catalogue
Savings on Car Rental and Purchase

VOLKSWAGEN VOLVO
MERCEDES JAGUAR
CITROEN PEUGEOT
RENAULT, SAAB, MG. ETC.

EUROPE BY CAR, Inc.
The Oldest & Largest Overseas Delivery System
630 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 20 TEL. LT 1-3040
9000 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles Tel. 272-0424
CAR (S)_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ SR-15

You can learn to write in the Italic hand if you have an Osmiroid pen, an Italic nib and our free introductory manual.

Only $3.00 at art material, stationery and pen shops as well as college book stores. Your check or money order can also be mailed to Pentalic Corp., 132 West 22nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10011. Add 50 cents to cover handling. State whether right or left handed. . . . Nothing is more satisfying than learning to produce the beautiful thicks and thins that characterize the italic hand and it's easy to learn as the pen, held at the proper angle, does most of the work for you. So be a penman, own an Osmiroid.

Authentic JACK DANIEL WHISKEY GLASSES
Set of six sturdy 12-ounce tumblers with raised glass frit lettering. Inscription reads: "Jack Daniel's Old Time Tennessee Whiskey." These glasses sold exclusively through Lynchburg Hardware and General Store. $5.00 per set. Postpaid. *Send order to:*
LYNCHBURG HARDWARE AND GENERAL STORE
P.O. Box 239BB • Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352
CHECK OR MONEY ORDER ONLY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Travel

Continued from page 70

Americans comprise the second largest group, and their stay is briefest. They usually come in the morning, and leave before dark, without a chance to discover Macao. One should linger awhile. Those who require the comfort of an international hotel can try the Estoril or the Lisboa, the latter a complete resort hotel being built by the gambling syndicate that is out to make Macao the Monte Carlo of the Orient. Lisboa's first 106 rooms are scheduled to open this month, the rest by the Chinese New Year in February. Macao's luxurious hostelry is the Matsuya, with only forty-seven rooms. My personal choices are the Belle Vista and Pousada de Macao. Belle Vista, a Portuguese hotel in the grand old China coast style, serves tiffin every day and it's not a gimmick. Pousada de Macao has only four rooms, each with a superb view across the water. Its cuisine, combining the best of Portugal and China into Macanese delights, has long been a legend on the China coast.

The Buddhist Temple of A-Ma, built to the goddess of seafarers at least 200 years before the Portuguese arrived, is beautifully preserved and still in daily use. In the Temple of Kun Lam Tong under a shade tree squats the stone table on which the first trading treaty between the U.S. and China was signed in 1844. Gravestones in the old Protestant cemetery are marked with the names of adventurers, poets, priests, and traders who helped write the story of the China coast.

A morning's walk will take the visitor past the home where Sun Yat-sen practiced medicine while living in exile. From here it's a short stroll to the Barrier Gate, where for hours one can sit and watch in fascination as truck, minibus, pedestrian, and bicycle traffic surges in and out of China. Another day might be passed sitting in the shade of the lovely gardens around the Camões Grotto, where Luís de Camões wrote part of his poem, *Os Lusíadas*, a classic of the sixteenth century. Camões, the Dante of Portuguese literature, came to Macao with a most unpoetic title: "Custodian of the Property of the Dead and Absent."

It is easy to miss the tiny Chinese walled city that doesn't show on any street map. One could also encounter "His Royal Majesty's Siamese Consulate," which Thailand may not know is still in existence. Senna Fernandez, a local businessman, continues to regard himself as Consul for Siam, a position passed along to the eldest son in the family since the time of his great-great-grandfather.

In November the quiet air is shattered by the roar of the Macao Grand Prix, the Far East's premier motor race. The Grand Prix begins soon after the cricket-fighting season ends. The true Chinese gambler will leave the casinos between the first day of the Seventh Moon and the last day of the Eighth Moon—around the middle of October—to bet huge sums on his favorite cricket. This ancient sport is controlled by the Voice of Autumn Club, whose members prowl by night through graveyards, where the best fighting crickets generally are found. Only male crickets compete.

At night there are sedate concerts in public drawing rooms open to the public without a charge. A highlight of the winter season is the annual *Macao Revue*, written by an employee of the gambling syndicate and performed by male members of the Macao Club. It's Macao's version of the Gridiron productions, an outrageously satirical revue that spares no one in either shadow cabinet or official government.

Gambling in Macao is a passion that transcends love and politics. It is not entirely coincidental that the daily ferry from Canton, the great city of South China sixty-five miles up the Pearl River, berths in Macao beside a magnificent floating casino, open twenty-four hours a day. Aboard the casino one can also dine or enjoy a segment of interminable Chinese opera.

The gold syndicate of Macao is also legal, but far more mysterious. Macao can buy gold, because Portugal never signed the Bretton Woods international agreement. A huge tonnage of gold flows into Macao every year, yet none of it is ever legally exported. The late Ian Fleming came here to find out what happened to it, and went away quietly. A dignified old duenna, who daily sips coffee at a sidewalk café where she serves as representative for one of Macao's most fashionable prostitutes, believes that small junks somehow invisible to Red Chinese and British gunboats carry the bullion to the Bank of China in Hong Kong. Then, her theory goes, since the government of China can legally buy all the gold it can afford on the London exchange, the bullion drifts through the austere Chinese Communist banking circles and into India, where it may finance the international opium trade, and into Southeast Asia where people who distrust paper money will pay huge premiums for gold to hide in the cellar.

Macao, illogical Macao, endlessly invites such speculation. Speeding away by hydrofoil, back to the more predictable frenzy of Hong Kong, the visitor realizes he has been to a magical place that has found a way to avoid Armageddon.

—FRANK RILEY.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted, personal services, literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, $1.25 per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times $1.05 per word each insertion; 26 times $1.10 per word each insertion; 13 times $1.15 per word each insertion; 6 times $1.20 per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 10 East 49th Street, NYC 10017. PLaza 5-1127.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Avenue, NYC 10021, TRafalgar 9-9177.

HILL-LANE TYPING — No job impossible. Accurate, reasonable. 212-PL 1-4747.

RESEARCH, writing, translations expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Box N-693.

RESEARCH, WRITING, SPEECHES for business, professional people. Researchers Associated. Box N-680.

PROFESSIONAL PUBLISHED WRITER, 28 years proved success, will write, rewrite, edit. Any subject, any media. Confidential. Box 337, Atlantic Beach, N.Y. 11509.

EXPERT TRIO AVAILABLE for writing, editing, research, proofreading, typing, art. Will tackle any assignment—even work free for good cause. Phone 516-796-0966.

BOOKS

FIRST EDITIONS, rare books: Catalogues for year $1.00 (refundable). Libraries purchased. Minkoff, 756 Middle Neck Road, Great Neck, N.Y. 11024.

AMERICAN-BRITISH DICTIONARY and Helpful Hints to Travelers. Unique paperback, $2.95. De Funiak, 223 Trevethan Avenue, Santa Cruz, California 95060.

NEW LITERARY FIRST EDITIONS catalogue, 250 pages, $1.00 (credited to purchase). J & S Fine Books, 305 Fullerton Parkway, Chicago, Illinois 60614.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lane, Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania 19006.

ANNUAL BOOK SALE—50,000 used books half price until December 15th. Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, 10-4:30. Westchester-Fairfield Bookhouse, 125 Main Street, Stamford, Connecticut 06901.

QUALITY USED PAPERBACKS. Free lists. Harco, Box 52-SR, Carmel, Indiana 46032.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS—Catalogue 602, "The Expatriates," now available. William Young & Co., P.O.B. 41, Winchester, Massachusetts 01890.

GOOD USED BOOKS—Wide variety, intelligent selection. Literature, fiction, history, social sciences, miscellaneous subjects. Libraries buy regularly: you can too! Send postcard for free lists. Editions; Desk SR, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

PAPERBACK CATALOGUE, 270 pages, 15,000 titles, subject indexed. $1.00 credited toward order. Visit and save! N.Y. Book, 4C West 43rd Street, NYC 10036.

"FIVE YEARS in Mental Hospitals," by Arthur Wellon. The best layman's book about psychiatric practices today. More balanced and informative than "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden." 155 pages. $5.50. Exposition Press, 50 Jericho Turnpike, Jericho, New York.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP. 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 10021. Give French books as Christmas gifts. List sent on request.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GERMAN BOOKS

GERMAN BOOKS AND CALENDARS mailed anywhere. Large selection. Catalogue free. Gerard J. Fuchs, 2061 Broadway, NYC 10023.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE Many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

UNIQUE CHRISTMAS GIFT. Handsome contemporary or antique Bookplates. Send 25¢ for catalogue, refunded with order. BERLINER-McGINNIS, Box 5B, Nevada City, California 95959.

A.W. HODGES, Centennial, Wyoming 82055, has fresh designs, stock and individualized. 25¢ refundable for prices, samples.

BOOKBINDING

DO YOUR OWN BOOKBINDING—Rebind that valued book or magazine. Free catalogue of materials includes instruction chart. Basic Crafts Co., Dept. SR-4, 312 East 23rd Street, New York 10017.

OUT-OF-PRINT

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California 90212.

TAINTER'S CHICK BOOKSHOP, Temple, N.H. Books on anything and everything. Try our search service for that certain book.

CAN'T FIND THAT BOOK? Personal worldwide book search for hard to find books. Write M. C. Wilson, P.O. Box 25117, Los Angeles, California 90025.

NAME THE BOOK. We'll get it! Free search service. CHICAGO BOOK MART, P.O. Box 613-B, Chicago Heights, Illinois 60411.

CAN'T FIND IT—try us. Carroll Road Book Studio, P.O. Box 7, Woburn, Massachusetts 01801.

CINEMA. OLD-NEW. Monthly Catalogue. Del's, 12725-G Flatbush, Norwalk, California 90650.

ART

COLLECT ORIGINAL, SIGNED ETCHINGS and lithographs by America's foremost artists including Altman, Gross, Kleinholz, Doris Lee. From $15. Free catalogue with 47 illustrations. (Mail 25¢ for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 8, 663 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10022. Our 35th year.

SOUTHERN GRAPHICS ART CIRCLE—contemporary originals direct from internationally acclaimed artists; museum quality. Free catalogue. Rt 1, Box 8, Micanopy, Florida 32667.

SHOWSTACK ORIGINALS: Oils, $20.00, Inks, $6.00. 4" x 6"+. P.O. Box 8555, Boston, 02114.

MAGNIFICENT ART BOOKS—Distress sale! Julia Grill, 2417 Acton, Berkeley, California.

RECORD MART

UNPOPULAR NON-CLUB offers LP immortalities at a pittance. "Masterpieces in the Mail" presents major labels and special "finds" in entertaining format. For free subscription write Dept. SRC, The Record Hunter, 507 5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

HISTORICAL REISSUES BY HELIODOR—Works conducted by DeSabata, Furtwaengler. Ask for catalogue containing many fine imports. BREMEN HOUSE, 218 East 86th Street, NYC 10028.

MUSIC OF RUSSIA on records—imported from U.S.S.R. Russian Operas, Folk Songs, Classical Music. ALSO: Dramatic Readings and Children's Stories on records in Russian. ALSO: Russian lacquered boxes and amber jewelry. Mail orders filled. Free catalogues. Phone 212-CH 2-4500. Stop in and browse. FOUR CONTINENT BOOK CORPORATION, Dept. 778, 156 Fifth Avenue (corner 20th Street), New York, N.Y. 10010.

FREE 40 PAGE CATALOGUE offers hundreds of recordings of rare Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music. Some records priced as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings in stereo only. MHS RECORDS, Box 932 SR, New York, New York 10023.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

HARPSICHORDS with the most fascinating sound by North America's leading builders, Sabathil & Son, 1084 Homer, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

UNCOMMON MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Finnish Kanteles, Irish harps, Greek bouzoukees and liras; balalaikas, zithers, dulcimers; Indian and Mexican instruments; historical brass, woodwinds, strings. Catalogue $1 refunded first purchase. Classical Instruments, 133 Gateway Building, New Orleans, Louisiana 70130.

NEUPERT AND SABATH'L HARPSICHORDS. John W. Allen, 500 Glenway Avenue, Bristol, Virginia 24201.

BECHSTEIN—Expensive—yes—and no. Inquire collect: John Wanamaker Philadelphia, Piano Imports, 215-563-6555.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut 06069.

CLASSIC AND FLAMENCO guitars. Elizabethan lutes. Wittmayer harpsichords. Noah Wulfe. 212-866-7418.

CONCERT HARPSICHORD. 16'8'4'-8'8', seven pedals, length ten feet, exceptional sound. Like new. $4,500. Dr. E. Mueller, 707 Commonwealth Avenue, Newton Center, Massachusetts.

RENAISSANCE STRINGED INSTRUMENTS—Delivered by our agent in U.S. Renaissance Gilde, 7625 Schapbach, Germany.

PIANO INSTRUCTION

STIMULATING, HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL PIANO INSTRUCTION by Viennese concert pianist in her East Side studio. 988-9898 NYC.

COLOR SLIDES

35mm COLOR SLIDES. 10,671 individually sold, described encyclopedia-catalogue. 10¢. Wolfe Worldwide, Dept. 7-119, Los Angeles, California 90025.

CUSTOM PHOTO SERVICE

BLOW-UP—Rush any photo. Receive giant poster 2' x 3', $4.98, 3' x 4', $7.98 refundable. Staydrysr, Whitestone, New York 11357.

LANGUAGES

FRANCAIS? To begin, continue or brush-up French, the best place is The French Institute, 22 East 60th Street, NYC. Classes start soon. Ask for new catalogue. 212-PL 9-4747.

WORLD PEACE REQUIRES ESPERANTO. Text, record loaned Free. Esperanto Library, Dept. SR, Middleton, Wisconsin 53562.

TEACHERS, OTHERS: Study Esperanto for CREDIT (Graduate, Undergraduate). Massachusetts State College, North Adams, Massachusetts 01247.

PERIODICALS

WHAT IS HUMANISTIC EDUCATION? Our current issue attempts answers, poses more questions. $4.00, four issues; $1.25 sample. New Directions in Teaching, Bowling Green University, Bowling Green, Ohio 43402.

WINTER INSTITUTES

MEXICO PERSONAL GROWTH SEMINARS. Christmas and February sessions near Cuernavaca. Write S. L. Schaeffer, 25 Place Dauphine, Paris 1, France. Or call 203-435-9174.

SUMMER INSTITUTES

CONCENTRATION ON DANCE. Nine weeks summer residence in beautiful Berkshires. Limited enrollment 70 students. Ballet, modern, ethnic, mime, etc., classes. Related theatre festival performances by professional artists. Serious dance students only. College credit available: graduate and undergraduate. For information write: The Director, Jacob's Pillow, Box 287R, Lee, Massachusetts 01238.

TEACHER INSTITUTES

MONTESSORI CENTER of New Jersey is offering comprehensive, one-year Teacher Training Program, leading to Association Montessori International Diploma. Bachelor's degree required. Write: Director, 175 Glenridge Avenue, Montclair, N.J. 07042.

SCHOOLS

ADVANCED INDIVIDUAL ASSISTANCE, all academic subjects. 2nd graders through adults. Private tutoring; full elementary and high school equivalency programs; advanced comprehensive reading; college preparation. Certified, degree-holding teachers instruct. Schools: Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Detroit, Fort Worth, Houston, Kansas City, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia. Catalogue: Alexander-Smith Academy, Department 401, P.O. Box 20717, Atlanta, Georgia 30320.

STUDY-TRAVEL-COMMUNITY SCHOOL. For teenagers who want control over their education. Openings in February and September. Also summer trips abroad. RFD, Box 206, Sheffield, Massachusetts 01257.

COLLEGES

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD." Liberal Arts.

BACHELOR'S DEGREE from Syracuse University. Directed self-study programs specifically designed for adults unable to attend classes on campus. Write Bachelor's Degree Program, Room 203, Syracuse University, 610 East Fayette Street, Syracuse, N.Y. 13202.

WESTMINSTER CHOIR COLLEGE—Four year curriculum for careers in church and school music. Fully accredited. Voice, choral conducting, piano, organ, theory, harmony, liberal arts, participation in famous Westminster choirs. B.M., B.M.E. degrees. Coed. For catalogue write 12 Hamilton Avenue, Princeton, N.J. 08540.

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Educational Development Center, 23 Adelbert Street, Berea, Ohio 44017. Dept. SR or Educational Development Center, 165 East Tenth Street, Claremont, California 91711. Dept. SR.

MARYWOOD COLLEGE—Dynamic yet stable, something different in liberal education today. Bachelor's in arts, sciences, music. Master's in education, psychology, social work, librarianship, music. Catalogue: Marywood College, 2302 Adams Avenue, Scranton, Pennsylvania 18509.

FOR THE GOURMET

CREATE A GOURMET THANKSGIVING—Menu, Recipes, Wine Selections. Instructions, $3. Recipe Research, 14737 Leadwell, Van Nuys, California 91405.

TEA DEVOTEES naturally select Grace Rare Teas. Free brochure. Grace Tea Importer, Dept. 11S, 79 Wall Street, NYC 10005.

WINE MAKING KIT—$4.95 postpaid. Free catalogue. Jim Dandy Wine Supplies, Box 30230X, Cincinnati, Ohio 45230.

EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD FOODS and food gifts. Write for catalogue! The Purveyor, Dept. S, Box 354, Wellesley, Massachusetts 02181.

"DELICIOUS DELICACIES"—Smoked Ham, Sausage and Turkey Specialties. Give a gift long remembered. Hickory Valley Farm, Inc., Little Kunkletown, Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania 18360.

PERSONALS

WOOLNET handwoven in Ireland, at AVOCA, 72" wide, 1¼ yd. cut makes hostess skirt or cocktail dress, $15.95 pp. AVOCA blanket 38" x 54", $15.95 pp, makes jumper, ruana, hostess skirt. Larger ones too. Uncommon cottons, silks. CAROL BROWN, Putney, Vermont 05346.

J.P. MORGAN, JAY GOULD, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Gates, Drew, Fisk, Rockefeller autographs, letters, documents, bonds wanted. Wall Street Prints, Ltd, 740 Madison Avenue, NYC 10021.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

GLOVE CLEANING BY MAIL. $1.25 pair. Free glove mailing envelope. Roblin Leather, 190 Glencove Avenue, Glen Cove, N.Y. 11542.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Comprehensive new "Guide to Employment Abroad" covers all possibilities, 60 countries. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas" and special reports on summer jobs, government careers, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial, newspaper and social work overseas. $2.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York 11730.

(Continued on page 105)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 105)

FOR SALE: A chance to be independent. Travel. De luxe 24' Beechwood Motor Home. Automatic transmission, power brakes, Dodge V-8 engine. Two battery system. Air conditioner. Sleeps 5 adults. Self contained kitchen, Propane and/or electric refrigerator. Bathroom with mono-matic chemical toilet. Sliding door separates front and back. Wall to wall carpet. This vehicle handles with unbelievable ease. Low mileage. One owner. Will sell for $10,000. Box R-763.

DOG CHRISTMAS CARDS and Notes. 35¢ brings sample. State breed. Betsey Brownell, 192 Bowen Street, Providence, R.I. 02906.

HANDMADE GREEK SHEPHERD COATS. Stunning. $65.00. Phebe Ham, 23 Magnus Avenue, Somerville, Massachusetts 02143.

VIETNAM—Love it or leave it! Bumper stickers, 5/$1.00. Stamps 66/$1.00. Bell Company, Beverly Hills, 90210.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York 10021. 212-RE 4-3902. Established 1887.

POSTERS (over 175, many antiwar), buttons (over 225), bumper stickers, peace jewelry and earrings. Wholesale and retail. Free catalogue. BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission, San Francisco, 94103.

DECORATIVE, INFORMATIVE "1970 World Holiday Calendar." $3.00. The Friendly World, GPO 1004, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import. Purcell, $5, $8.95 up! Student Special. Corelli, $4.50; Recorder Instruction Kit: Soprano Recorder, Method Book, three 7" LP Instruction Records, boxed, $5.95. Recorder Music Methods. Guitar Music. Free Catalogue. 11-9-C, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC 10019.

GENUINE BUCKSKIN JACKETS. Gloves, Moccasins. Send 50¢ for genuine buckskin money poke and big color catalogue. Berman Buckskin Company, Dept. 37, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55401.

START A FIRE with pitchy pine! Blazing fire in seconds with a few hand-split heartpine sticks. Cone-trimmed Hearthside Basket (4-5 lbs.), $4.50. One-pound Bundle, $2.00. Camper's Pocket Special (three ¼-lb. bundles), $2.50. Postpaid. LIGHTWOOD, 830 Town Mountain Road, Asheville, N.C. 28804.

INSTANT SPANISH. Actual conversation. Free lesson. Mayco, Dept. L-6, 257 Chloride Star, Kingman, Arizona 86401.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS and manuscripts wanted for sale at auction. Force collectors and dealers and librarians to compete for and pay top prices for your material. Hamilton Galleries, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 10022. 212-EL 5-3464-5-6.

COLLOQUY—a dynamic new magazine for education in church and society. Send for free copy: Colloquy, Room 804, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02108.

RARE, GREVY ZEBRA SKIN for sale from Kenya's northern frontier. Call 212-749-6676.

HARPSICHORD—Same as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA VICTOR. In kit form for home workshop assembly, $150. Clavichord kit, $100. Free Brochure. Write Zuckermann Harpsichords, Dept. S, 115 Christopher Street, NYC 10014.

MYSTIC GIFTS—Not mysterious "mystic" but enchanting gifts from the Ship's Hold, Mystic, Connecticut 06355. Request free catalogue.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

HARVARD STRIKE SHIRT—seen on LIFE and NEWSWEEK covers . . . Giant red fist, black letters . . . "T" shirt $2.50 . . . sweatshirt $3.50. Sizes: Sm-34/36, Med-38/40, Lg-42/44, XL-46. Prepaid. Strike Shirt, Box 6-SR, Glencoe, Illinois 60022.

KODACOLOR PRICE-BREAKTHROUGH—Perfect prints, 8 or 12 exposure rolls $2; 20 exposure, $3. Full credit unprintable negatives. Money-back guarantee. Plus postage paid both ways. Send $2 and film; write for mailer. Mystic Color Lab, Box S-144, Mystic, Connecticut.

CHRISTMAS CARDS. Colorful photoprints of 5 stars of Yesteryear; Edwin Booth, Sara Bernhardt, Cissie Fitzgerald, Lillian Russell, Fannie Ward. Assorted package of 10 cards with greeting, $2.50. Check or M.O. to Dianne Valvo Inc., 240 East 35th Street, NYC 10016.

POSITIONS 1970 summer camp. Dance teachers—folk, modern, ballet; also athletic coach, tennis; excellent players orchestral and band instruments. Appel Farm, Elmer, New Jersey 08318.

WE HAVE THE PERFECT GIFT for young and old—unique, divinely comfortable, wonderfully decorative. Let us send you our beautiful BABUCHA, a very large foot-warmer (muff) handmade of natural Pyrenees Mt. goat fur lined with lamb's wool. $30 ppd. Iberian Imports, 901 Sherman Street, Denver, Colorado 80203.

ADULT RESPONSIBILITY ANYONE? Use your own ideas, initiative and independence at Franconia. A liberal arts college for people who have what it takes to be in charge of their own education. Franconia College, Franconia, N.H. 03580.

THE WRETCHED MESS Gift Catalogue offers original cheap gifts for all your cheap friends. 10¢ from Wretched Mess News, Box H68, West Yellowstone, Montana 59758.

DISCARDING BOOKS? $1 directory specific book buyers' needs. Permwantdex, 507 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10017.

THE TEACHER PAPER, the provocative magazine published and written by teachers only (K-12). No jargon. Subscription (four issues) $2.00. Single copies 75¢. Manuscripts accepted 1¢ word. 280 North Pacific, Monmouth, Oregon 97361.

DRESSER SETS—We replace brushes, combs, mirrors, etc. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 10016.

INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS—Testing, evaluation, recommendation of an Independent School for your son or daughter. John H. Emerson, 12 Summer Street, Hanover, N.H. 03755.

A GENUINE COLLECTOR'S ITEM FOR $5? Absolutely! The beautiful closing program distributed to the last audience at the old Metropolitan Opera House on Broadway and the magnificent gala opening-night program of the new Metropolitan at Lincoln Center. Mint condition. Packaged together in polyethylene for your library or as a gift. Only a limited supply left. After that, no more. Postpaid. Check, money order to METPROGRAM, 19th Floor, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

NAVEL ORANGES IN SEASON. Send for free brochure. Shipping Florida's Finest Grapefruit and Oranges to 47 states, Canada and Europe. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159.

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 10022. 212-EL 5-3464-5-6.

LIGHTWEIGHT EQUIPMENT for backpacking, mountaineering, camping, canoeing. Nordic ski touring-cross country. Free catalogue. Moor & Mountain, Dept. SR, Main Street, Concord, Massachusetts 01742.

MEDITATION? Practice invokes knowledge, evokes insight. First year, bimonthly training course free. Write: MEDITATIONS, Box 566, Ojai, California 93023.

FAMILY TREE—Do-It-Yourself Genealogy Chart. "Create a Family Heirloom." Big 21" x 34" on quality antique parchment. Comes in heavy storage tube. Ideal Gift. $2.00. FORMCO, Box 3828-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

FREE-LANCE RESEARCH can be rewarding home-based profession. Access to good library needed. Free details. CAREER AIDS, Box 2225A, San Francisco, 94126.

AMAZING NEW WAY to own your own business. Send for free copy. Modern Franchising Magazine, 1033-SR First Avenue, Des Plaines, Illinois.

HOW MANY VIETNAMESE fought in our Civil War? Bumper stickers, 5/$1.00. Stamps, 66/$1.00. Bell Company, Beverly Hills, 90210.

PLAYER PIANO ROLLS! Music Books. Teach yourself Piano, Organ, Guitar, Accordion, Violin, Mandolin, Banjo, Ukelele, Harmonica. Big catalogue only 25¢. Satisfaction guaranteed! Golden Rule, Box 28-SR, Prospect Heights, Illinois 60070.

LETTERS OF AUTHORS, presidents, scientists, statesmen, musicians, military leaders, royalty, etc. bought and sold. Correspondences, collections, single items. Catalogues issued. Kenneth W. Rendell, Inc., 620 Bristol, Somerville, Massachusetts 02144.

WANT AN EXCITING PARTY? World traveler conducts fascinating game. Available your home/clubs. NYC, Box S-17.

INNOVATIVE TEACHING-TRAINING TECHNIQUES—Winter Seminar in General Semantics; intensive study of behavior methodology (verbal/nonverbal); personal involvement, films, New Year's party, beautiful location. 7 days, 12/28/69-1/4/70. Wainwright House, Rye, N.Y. Information: N.Y. Society for General Semantics, 230 Park Avenue, NYC 10017, 212-Le 2-8042; or Institute of General Semantics, Lakeville, Connecticut 06039, 203-He 5-9174.

TIME TO RENEW Watchband Calendar? 12 months, $1.50 (specify starting month). Idea House, Rye, N.Y. 10580.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 14, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, N.Y. 14619.

INTRODUCE YOURSELF—Car Crests. Doctor, RN, Elk, teacher, dentist, others. $1.00 refundable. Staydrysr, Whitestone, New York 11357.

ITALIAN LESSONS, professional native. Tel. 212-628-7457 after 6 p.m.

WANTED: Old Tiffany lamps; glass. Box E, Norris, Tennessee 37828.

AFRICAN CARVINGS from Kenya—drums, masks. Haas Imports, Box 206, Bowmansville, Pennsylvania 17507.

TEXAS BRANDING IRON—For you or gift. Send design. Shipped prepaid. $50.00. Torado Cattle Co., 7148 Wild Valley Drive, Dallas, Texas 75231.

NEW WORD GAME—JOMPERS. Lets you jump and capture letters. Christmas Special, only $2.95. Extras, $1.95 each. N. O'Brien, 414 East 52nd Street, NYC 10022.

THE COMPLEAT ALMANACK of Golfers' Books & Gifts. FREE illustrated edition from sportgifts, inc., Dept. S, Box 1465, F.D.R. Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED German children's books; idiomatically translated and copyrights available for first American publication. Box S-2.

THE TIMES OF YOUR LIFE. the ultimate gift; personal, lodge, club, church, school. 1349 First Street, Northbrook, Illinois 60062.

INSPIRIT CONVERSATION with a new kind of fortune-telling game, based on the classic Chinese book of divination, The I-Ching. Esoteric prognostication. $1.00. Box 1105, Long Beach, California 90801.

JUST FOR TODAY meditation prayer, now available in hand-lettered, illuminated manuscript edition. Lithographed in four colors, 12" x 16". $2.00 postpaid. Nancy McHugh, Dows Lane, Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52403.

GENUINE MINK TAILS—Beautiful fun gifts for cats. Endless trimming possibilities! $1.50 postpaid. Prestige House, Box 3253, Beverly Hills, California 90212.

NATURAL SCIENCE MAGAZINE needs articles with unusual slant. Any natural science subject. In layman's language. By-line plus 2¢ per word. 1,000 to 2,500 words. Frontiers, 19th and Parkway, Philadelphia 19103.

PERSONAL REMINDER SERVICE never lets you forget birthdays, anniversaries, health checkups and other special occasions. Write "REMIND-A-CARD," Box 2, 3401 Richmond Road, Cleveland, Ohio 44122.

PLAY INI-TERMS: Fascinating new word game. Learn places, presidents, personalities. U.S., World. 635 items. $1.25 copy. Ini-Term Press, Box 426, California, Pennsylvania 15419.

SITUATIONS WANTED

ART TEACHER seeks position in junior college or prep school teaching drawing, design, painting, crafts, sculpture. Would like to bring own facilities, workshop, jewelry, enameling, welding equipment. Taught 9 years, producing craftsman 5 years. Box R-610.

EUROPEAN EMPLOYMENT SOUGHT: College graduate, married, speaks German/French. Advertising, public relations, newspaper/magazine correspondent. Box S-15.

YOUNG SCULPTRESS seeks interior design company or architect. Excellent references. Box S-7.

ENGLISH M.A., fifteen years experience in boys' prep, seven years as business manager, seeks prep, small college, or related position. Box R-791.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SITUATIONS WANTED

QUALIFIED REGISTERED NURSE wishes to accompany patient on cruise or resort. Anywhere. Box S-13.

PSYCHOLOGICAL CONSULTANT (Mental Health), Medical School professor available: Foundations, Schools, Communities; U.S.A., abroad. Box R-799.

M.S. PHYSICS, with 42 hours towards Ph.D. astronomy, seeks interesting position anywhere. Male, 26, published both fields. Box S-3.

A CATCHY AD—mid 30's couple needs caretaking or similar secluded position to survive. If you can help, flood replies to Box S-23. Will sacrifice security for solitude.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

WANTED: Secretary to U.N. Representative, World Association of World Federalists. Good steno, profound interest in U.N., humane world order, people of many lands. Part time or full time. WAWF, 866 U.N. Plaza, New York 10017. 212-752-2625.

RECENT WIDOW living alone in mid-Manhattan requires sleep-in aide-housekeeper. References. Box R-628.

SECRETARIES-EXPERIENCED! Manpower has 4 month assignments available in England. Write Recruiting Director, Manpower Inc., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants you! Good jobs. Adventure. Forms and Australian Handbook (1969) describing Australian assisted passage, passport-visa, advantages, opportunities. $1.00. Buckeye, Box 1032DE, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

PROJECT ADMINISTRATOR for O.E.O. Neighborhood Health Center. Must be fluent in Spanish and preferably have a background in Public Health administration, MPH, or similar background. Send resume in English and Spanish to: Alviso C.S.O. Family Health Center, P.O. Box 176, Alviso, California 95002.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—teachers, all subjects and levels; administrators, department heads, housemothers, nurses, etc.; private schools, all states, beginners, experienced; initial details without obligation; confidential. School Service Bureau, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut.

JOBS ABROAD. Year round and summer for young people. Over 15 countries, 9 paying job categories offered. Complete student programs available. For 34 page JOBS ABROAD magazine with applications send $1.00 to: ISTC, 866 U.N. Plaza, NYC, N.Y. 10017.

WANTED: Outstanding mature woman to be head counselor for 100 girls at coed Pocono camp. Will pay highest salary for top qualifications. Pine Forest Camp, 110 Benson East, Jenkintown, Pennsylvania. 215-CA 4-2100.

TEACHERS, TOP MAINE CAMPS—Sports, Arts. Box 214, Brookline, Massachusetts 02167.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. 50,000 jobs. New 1970 government information and forms. $1.00. Special reports on employment, business, taxes, housing, education, ranching, farming, teaching, maps, etc. Austco, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings all trades. Construction, Office, Engineering, Sales, etc. $700 to $3,000 month. Expenses paid. Free information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

CONSIDER THE INDEPENDENT SCHOOL: greater academic freedom, more involvement with able students, small classes. We can assist you in finding a position in a fine independent school. College seniors or experienced. National coverage, all races welcome. Placement Service, Independent Educational Services, 80 Nassau Street, Princeton, N.J. 08540 (a nonprofit corporation).

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER for quality Washington State weekly newspapers. Strong news background. $10,000, stock options. Write in detail: Dave Averill, Review, Bainbridge Island, Washington 98105.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent

POUND RIDGE, SOUTH SALEM, N.Y. (upper Westchester County). New ranch—3 bedrooms, bath, large living room with fireplace, eat-in kitchen, full basement and garage. Fully carpeted. 2-acre plot. Excellent schools with bus service, 15 minutes to r.r. $350 monthly. SR Box R-780.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

STAFFED, MODERN 4 bedroom, 4 bath home overlooking Doctor's Cave Beach—weekly or monthly. Mr. Charles Muir, P.O. Box 49, Montego Bay, Jamaica. Tel. 2130.

ARRIERE-PAYS NICOIS: Fully equipped country house, splendid view of Alps, Var, Mediterranean. Available through August. SR Box S-1.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N.Y. 6 bedroom lodge, woods, view. $550 month. 516-367-4264, 212-Un 5-7558.

NOSTALGIC NEW ENGLAND CHRISTMAS. Boston suburb, antique, 3 bedroom home. Owners away ten days. $500. Box S-11.

MADEIRA—New cliffside villa overlooking Atlantic. Near Funchal. 3 bedrooms. $500 month including car, maid. SR Box R-798.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4285.

VERMONT—275 acres. Good 4 bedroom house. Beautiful setting. Dead-end road. $55,000. Or will divide. Guyette Realty, 38½ Center Street, Rutland, Vermont 05701.

NORTHERN VERMONT PROPERTIES. Alfred Lunde, Realtor, Morrisville, Vermont 05661. 802-888-2388.

CAMPS

PARENTS—FREE ADVISORY SERVICE. Independent schools, summer study, private camps visited and personally evaluated. Write, indicate child's age, grade, interests, educational needs. Recommendations made and 344-page 29th Annual Educational Register sent without obligation. Vincent-Curtis, Room 202, 224 Clarendon, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

RETIREMENT LIVING

ALL YOUR RETIREMENT NEEDS in one place at the Crestview Center . . . including the most complete apartment-type building in the eastern United States. Located in suburban, residential Toledo, Ohio. Good companions, good food, good surroundings, good health care . . . near shopping . . . public transportation. Attractively landscaped, 80 acres, 9-hole golf course, gardens. Come and go as you please. And now . . . Lake Park Hospital and Nursing Care Center, providing extensive health care for the convalescent patient. Life lease and monthly fee plans available. For complete information, write Crestview Center, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

VACATIONS

PUERTO RICO. Luxury efficiency apartment with pool in tourist area. Economically priced. Box P-891.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey, seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $10-$16; 4 persons, $16-$20. Reserve by mail or phone.

HEALTHFUL FLORIDA VACATIONING—Relaxing, Reducing, Fasting. Free brochure. Shangri-La, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-SR.

VACATIONS

ARIZONA'S GREAT GOLF HOLIDAY is only available at The Wigwam in Litchfield Park, just 15 minutes from Phoenix. Play two superb Robert Trent Jones courses. There is also tennis, swimming, riding and every recreational facility under the warm desert sun. Special Golf Holiday Plan for avid golfers. Special Family Holiday Program for Thanksgiving, Christmas-New Year's. Spacious guest accommodations in colorful gardens. Beautiful new terrace dining room, impeccable cuisine. Cocktail lounge, entertainment. For rates, further information and reservations, contact: Reade Whitwell, Manager, THE WIGWAM, Litchfield Park, Arizona 85340. Phone: 602-935-3811.

ST. MAARTEN, NETHERLANDS ANTILLES—Caribbean delight. Reasonable. Tamarinde Guest House. Brochure.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

OVERLOOKING THE BLUE PACIFIC in San Francisco. Residential area. Seal Rock Inn Motel, 545 Point Lobos Avenue, 94121. Write for rates.

TENNIS: FLORIDA KEYS—"Zen" Method Instruction. Islamorada: 664-4884. Hawthorne Bissell.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS. Relax in a setting of elegant informality at Cable Beach Manor. Charming 1-2-3 room apartments, each with kitchen, air-conditioning, maid service. On private beach, pool. Write Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811. THE SHARY'S.

LOVE HAWAII BUT HATE HOTELS? Rent by month a 1-, 2-, 3-bedroom cottage that combines luxurious decor and convenience with simple housekeeping. Private beach property in breathtaking landscape on lovely Maui Island; near golf and shopping. Details, photos: Victor Martin, 1301 Harper, Detroit, Michigan 48211.

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME . . . For two weeks or a year enjoy hobbyist, professional painting, crafts, Spanish; writing, history; MFA program. Theatre, field trips, fiestas, sunshine. Room, bath, board from $4. Prospectus? Stirling Dickinson, Director, Instituto Allende, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

TIKI—YOUR TROPIC ISLAND HOME, Sanibel, Florida. Private cottage; Gulf beach. Swimming, fishing, shelling. Brochure. L.I., 621-3252. SR Box A-90.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiences. Pool. Brochure.

WATERFRONT BUNGALOW—Sleeps 6, 2 baths. $200 weekly. Piet Vanderhoeven, 23 St. Annaboulevard, Curacao, Netherlands Antilles.

FLORIDA SUNCOAST. Bayfront cottages $75.00 week to December. Apartments, cottages, Christmas and winter season. Lighthouse Cottages, Clearwater Beach, Florida 33515.

VACATION ABOARD MYSTIC WHALER! Glorious, adventuresome, 7 days UNDER SAIL . . . American and British Virgin Islands December-May. New England coast summers. Always smooth sailing. All new U.S. flag windjammer. Greatest Vacation in America. Free Folder: MYSTIC WHALER, Mystic, Connecticut. 203-249-9341.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private Gulf beach.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

ESCAPE to a Real Vacation under the Florida sun. Lakeside Inn on Lake Dora has everything for relaxation. Folder, rate schedule available. Richard Edgerton, President, Mount Dora, Florida 32757. 904-383-2151.

(Continued on page 108)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATIONS

(Continued from page 107)

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE. Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

ENJOY OUR economical off-season rates and superior accommodations. Housekeeping cottages offering ocean views and maid service. Beaches nearby. For further details, write L.P. Gutteridge, Bermuda.

CROWN POINT, *"The Everything Hotel."* Plan your next vacation at the "everything" hotel; from $30.00 single to $55.00 double per day M.A.P. Crown Point Hotel, Tobago, W.I.

SAN JUAN. On beach. Studio apartment. Fully furnished. Separate kitchen. Swimming pool. Tennis courts. Parking. By week or month. Box R-800.

IF I WERE A TURKEY . . . I would gladly lay down my life for the guests of Gurney's Inn. I know that I would be handled with loving care by the creative Chef, served with dignity by a dedicated staff and relished by a discerning and discriminating clientele. Joyce & Nick Monte, Keepers of the Inn, Oceanfront Cottages & Hostelry, "On the Brink O' the Beach," Montauk, Long Island, New York 11954. 516-668-2345. Open All Year. Brochure on request.

RIDERS SAY WE'RE THE BEST—You come and test! Our intensive 18 hours weekly course—theory, basic dressage, jumping, cross-country; excellently schooled horses; fine instructors (Gen. Gallegos, Mexican cavalry, Chief of Instruction); superb climate add up to adventurous Riding Holiday In Mexico. Write H. Black, Director, ESCUELA ECUESTRE, Apdo. 185SR, San Miguel Allende, Gto., Mexico. Tel. 20255.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD." Language-Literature-Art.

30th ANNIVERSARY YEAR—Travel: Greece, Dubrovnik, Venice, Paris, England. Lectures on International Affairs. Applicants accepted from their 17th year. Information: Leighton Rollins, Director, Cultural Affairs Institute, Box 5181, Santa Barbara, California 93103.

GRADUATE ENGLISH COURSES IN ENGLAND—July session offers Studies in Shakespeare, 3 credits; Seventeenth Century Verse and Prose, 3 credits; August session offers The English Theatre, A Survey, 3 credits; Shakespeare and His Contemporaries, 3 credits. Course lectures by British University scholars and critics. Playgoing in Stratford and London. Trips to Oxford, Bath, Stonehenge, etc. Residence in Lord North's ancestral Wroxton Abbey, modernized as Wroxton College. Fully accredited. Degree candidates and auditors now being accepted. Write to Wroxton Office, Fairleigh Dickinson University, Teaneck, New Jersey 07666.

KNOW ONE EUROPEAN CITY well. Join 11th consecutive German Summer Session in Vienna, 4th French Session in Strasbourg. *June 17th-September 2nd. Write:* College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio 44691.

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE *offers American* college students stimulating academic year program in HEIDELBERG (upperclassmen); and in castle near STUTTGART (underclassmen) September-June, $1,950; American credit system; quarter-length European Seminars in Berlin; two six-week SUMMER COURSES. Write Schiller College, 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany, or U. R. Laves, Director, U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. Phone 405-842-5979.

COLLEGE STUDENTS: Study aboard ship. Related in-port programs. Applications accepted now for fully-accredited Fall, Spring 1969-'70 semesters. Fall semesters visit Western Europe, Mediterranean, Northwest Africa, South America; Spring semesters visit the Orient, India and Africa. Write: World Campus Afloat, Dept. SR, *Chapman College, Orange, California 92666.*

FILM SCHOOL—Cinema and still photography; poetry, synthesized music and video offered independently and as related motifs. Complete facilities in unique milieu. *Praestegaard, Kettrup pr., Fjerritslev 9690, Denmark.*

ESTUDIE EN ESPANA. Etudiez en France. SCHOOLBOYS ABROAD offers accredited academic school year abroad for junior/senior boys. Stay with local family. Live the language. Sponsors: Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, The Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N.H., St. Paul's School, Concord, N.H. Write for Spanish or French catalogue. Schoolboys Abroad, Dept. R, Andover, Massachusetts 01810.

TRAVEL

SKI THE SWISS ALPS—2 weeks at first class Swiss chalets: $463 and up, including air fare, 4 meals a day and English ski bunnies. Booklet: Court Travel Group, 161 Newbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

ANTIGUA, WEST INDIES—Modern Falmouth Harbour Beach Studio Apartments. Maid, shopping service. Private white sand beach. Swim, sunbathe, fish, sail, snorkel. No charge for use of boats. Write for color brochure or see your Travel Agent. N.Y. Rep: F. Junge, 51 East 42nd Street, New York, 212-867-7585. Owner: Hancarib, 770 Welch Road, Palo Alto, California. 415-325-5627.

NEW YORK CITY. HOTEL BEDFORD. 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's *most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all* shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZEP Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

NO TRAVEL SERVICE CHARGE. Pleasure, Business Travel, U.S., or anywhere. Ask about cruises, hotel accommodations, specially-organized safaris, group charters, individual package tours. Contact SABINA KOPF, Select Reservations, 113 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. Phone 212-LO 4-8317.

OVERSEAS NATURE TOURS: We investigate the na*tural history of the world, emphasizing bird observation* but seeking broad ecological coverage. Three-week overseas tours: AFRICA: Three routes—South, Central, East Africa and Madagascar; summer. LATIN AMERICA. Yucatan, Colombia (extraordinary ornithological experience), Mexico, throughout year. Also two-week NORTH AMERICAN *tours: Florida, Arizona, Texas, West Coast and excep*tional coverage of Alaska. Come along! Crowder Nature Tours, Box 222-R, Harpers Ferry, W.Va. 25425.

THIS AD + $6.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$9.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

TIMBUCTU—17 days all inclusive tour New York/Timbuctu, the fabulous Sahara capitol. $998. Departures January 5th, February 2nd. Write for brochure. African Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE the catalyst for a group of Americans going abroad to live in one of 47 countries this summer? If you are between the ages of 24 and 45, speak a second language, and would enjoy the challenge of helping young people meet a new culture on its own terms, consider Experiment leadership. Expenses plus honorarium. Write: Leadership, The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346.

CRUISE WINDWARD, LEEWARD, *or Virgin Islands.* 8 or 12 days aboard popular Windjammer "MAVERICK." From $190, everything included. Airmail for folder. WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, Box 2131S, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands 00801.

LONDON, ENGLAND. Fashionable Royal Borough of Kensington, central and quiet; good middle-class accommodation with light housekeeping facilities, all with private bathrooms, central heating, phones, and all hotel services. 2 room Family Suite from $15 daily; Double $12; Single $7. Licensed bar and restaurant, friendly, informal atmosphere. Clearlake Aparthotel, 19 Prince of Wales Terrace, London W.8.

CHARTER FLIGHT HANDBOOK. 1,100 organizations named. Particulars free. TIB, P.O. Box 105s, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

JOURNEY THROUGH TIME. 25 days through Mexico's Baja Peninsula in February. Dept. H, Box 1206, Tag-A-Long Tours, Moab, Utah 84532.

TRAVEL

AUTUMN IN FRANCE is beautiful. Come alone or with friends. French family takes guests in modernized 18th century mansion on estate short drive Limoges. Guests met in Paris. Wonderful food. Side trips. $545 monthly, all inclusive. Lessons if desired. Mme. Thevenin, Solignac, Haute Vienne, France.

AUTO BABYSITTERS OF NYC. INDOOR parking. Rates LOWER than outdoor airport/pier parking. Pick up/delivery—airports, piers, hotels. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garages, 827 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 212-493-9800.

"CASTLE-HOTELS," "FLEA MARKETS" guidebooks. 450 castles, monasteries, palaces offering accommodations. 250 illustrations, maps, 16 countries. "Europe's Flea Markets"-80 markets, 10 countries, maps. $2.95 each. Both $5.50. Robert Long, Dept. S, Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

TEENAGE TRAVEL SEMINARS to Europe, Russia, Africa, Guatemala. Also study-travel school. Box 201, Putney, Vermont 05346.

WESTERN CANADA NATURE TOURS—Summer 1970. Fourteen-day tours with small groups through British Columbia and the Canadian Rockies. Birds, wildflowers, photography, geology, seashore life, scenery, boat cruises. Brochure: John Philip, Suite 508, 990 Lagoon Drive, Vancouver 5, British Columbia, Canada.

STUDENT EXPEDITIONS—Summer 1970. 8 exciting trips to Africa, Europe, Orient . . . that let you discover people as well as places. Travel, adventure, outdoor activity, learning. Small groups. Professional leadership. Write Robinson Crusoe Abroad, Box 02, 360 West 22nd Street, NYC 10011.

WINTER MUSIC TOUR leaves February 12th for Amsterdam, Milan, Munich, Vienna, London; combined with Swiss scenic trip. Three weeks, $925. Write Plaza Travel Service, Hotel Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10019.

A FRENCH MILLIONAIRE'S YACHT is waiting for you in the Caribbean. You have two magnificent yachts to choose from. Owned by Jean Louis-Renault (son of the auto magnate). Represented by French Line. Complete with French staff and French cuisine. Both are fully air-conditioned, with handsome dining salon and lounge. Covered deck and sundeck. Facilities for fishing and water skiing. Yours to charter by the week, December through April. M.Y. AMAZONE: Larger of the two. 148 feet long. Accommodates 18. Nine cabins, each with bath. Tonnage 525. Cruising speed 13 knots. M.Y. JANICK: 105 feet long. Accommodates 10. Double cabins, each with private bath. Tonnage 225. 12 knots cruising speed. For more particulars, write or call us. FRENCH LINE, 555 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. 212-883-7053.

HAWAII CALLS—Two best guides cover Oahu and neighbor islands. Only $1 includes handling and postage. Box E, Honolulu, Hawaii 96815.

IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE NEVIS*, you may wish to subscribe to the newsletter for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in politics, investments, industry, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues, $15 (*KNEE-vis.) Caribbean Report, Suite 1202-A, 527 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

IT'S AN END of an era—come on board! When the Delta Queen docks at her last port of call this season, nearly two centuries of river steamboating become history. In 1970 enjoy exciting, adventuresome cruises—Memphis, New Orleans, St. Louis, St. Paul . . . Mardi Gras, jazz! Choose your own! Write: Green Line Steamers Inc., 541 Public Landing, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202.

SAN FRANCISCO on $4.50 a day. New free brochure tells how City's unique residence clubs beat the high cost of living. Rates from $130 month ($35 week) cover hotel-type services, two good meals, plus the happy, relaxed conviviality of 100 other men and women. Write for brochure and reserve now for winter. The Monroe, 1870 Sacramento, 94109. 415-GR 4-6200.

BASKETVILLE—World's Largest Basket Stores. In Vermont—PUTNEY (Rts. 5 & 91); MANCHESTER (Rt. 7); VENICE, Florida (Rt. 41). Browse among our incredible selection of baskets, bucketware, woodenware, gifts. Beautiful artificial flowers, foliage. Imported and domestic. Write: Folder.

WEST INDIES SCHOONER CRUISES—"Barefoot." Adventurous. Little, secluded, tropical islands. 11 days, $240. Windjammer, Dept. 119, P.O. Box 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNDER TODAY'S HEADLINE THERE'S A THREAD OF HOPE

"Promise" is part of it.
It's there when a
small child rubs his eyes
to greet a new day as
a new beginning.
There, when a crack
is seen in the wall of
prejudice.
There, as a foot
finds the ladder leading
from despair.
There, just because a
new day begins.
There, in the story of
today.
In today's history
on paper.
Hidden in the black,
bold words. War.
Corruption.
Hate. Riot.
Bigotry. Greed.
"Promise" is there.
In the middle of it all.
Our job has something
to do with promise.
We make paper out of
paper.
We wash out yesterday's
history.
We remove the
black, bold ink.
Take out the resins,
the clays, the fillers,
the binders.
We keep the thread that
washing leaves.
Clean again.
Pure again.
Renewed.
These fibers, improved
by reuse, disciplined,
more stable, re-refined
and reprocessed,
become paper again.
Ready for
tomorrow's history.
And hope.
These threads could
have been cast aside
as men and ideas and
decency and dedication
so often are.
Instead
they become ready again
to bear the words of
challenge,
of wisdom,
of honor and humanity.
The words of "Promise."
Bergstrom Papers,
Neenah, Wisconsin

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1858

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Friction, abrasion	4 10 13 37 50 56 62 76 88
B. Legislator	96 117 153 165 177 182 194 197
C. Symbol of a fish used in ancient times as a fertility talisman	15 29 35 48 105 59 81
D. Learned, erudite	82 98 136 155 172 186 2 58 116
E. Game involving a cup and lots of snap	160 164 199 9 173 134 148 154 43 71 63 114 159
F. Causing dismay or horror	36 57 120 132 113 144 149 151 166
G. A people of Luzon that formerly practiced head-hunting	183 33 39 46 79 86
H. Chapter heading done in color	121 16 95 143 145 170
I. Grub, mess, eats	175 193 196 83
J. Out of balance or alignment (comp.)	108 111 181 34 42 60 70 74 92
K. Precisely (3 wds., sl.)	112 125 169 11 25 32 45 189 54
L. Ancient Turkic people whose empire (8th-10th cent.) covered most of SE Europe	157 161 20 7 55 66 103
M. Increase, heighten	106 179 19 67 191 77 91
N. Oblation	122 73 85 97 156 6 21 52
O. Nub or guts of an issue (comp. not listed)	118 78 26 104 44 64 14 190 176 192 101
P. Small and charmingly sprightly	3 129 40 94 41
Q. Dame Nellie ———: Australian soprano (1861-1931)	68 188 198 163 137
R. Regard as true or sound	87 126 133 139 18 23
S. A man will "even buy a ——— for a gal that he thinks is fun." Berlin, "You Can't Get a Man with a Gun")	150 31 187 24 90 99 140
T. Shallow-crowned hats with wide brims curved up at the sides, worn by some clerics	51 30 171 123 142 184 168
U. Instrument for sprinkling holy water	69 109 130 147 75 61 127 5 185 26 17
V. Darkness; gloom	38 80 93 47
W. Author of "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats"	8 131 1 178 110
X. Fixed firmly	53 84 146 167 22 12 89
Y. After *The*: Dostoevski's Prince Myshkin	102 65 124 27 100
Z. Chased; harassed	72 49 135 138 141 158 152 119
Z¹. Deeply reverent; dreadful	128 195 174 115 180 107 162

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

							1 W		2 D	3 P	4 A	5 U	6 N	7 L	8 W	9 E		10 A
11 K	12 X		13 A	14 O	15 C	16 H	17 U	18 R	19 M	20 L	21 N	22 X		23 R	24 S	25 K		
26 O	27 Y	28 U	29 C	30 T	31 S	32 K	33 G		34 J	35 C	36 F	37 A	38 V		39 G	40 P		
41 P	42 J	43 E		44 O	45 K	46 G	47 V		48 C	49 Z	50 A	51 T		52 N	53 X	54 K	55 L	
56 A		57 F	58 D	59 C	60 J	61 U	62 A	63 E	64 O		65 Y	66 L	67 M	68 Q	69 U	70 J	71 E	
72 Z		73 N	74 J	75 U	76 A	77 M	78 O	79 G	80 V	81 C		82 D	83 I	84 X	85 N	86 G		
87 R	88 A	89 X		90 S	91 M	92 J	93 V	94 P	95 H	96 B	97 N		98 D	99 S	100 Y	101 O		
102 Y	103 L		104 O	105 C	106 M		107 Z¹	108 J	109 U	110 W		111 J	112 K	113 F	114 E	115 Z¹	116 D	
	117 B	118 O	119 Z		120 F	121 H	122 N	123 T	124 Y	125 K	126 R	127 U	128 Z¹	129 P		130 U	131 W	
132 F	133 R	134 E		135 Z		136 D	137 Q	138 Z	139 R		140 S	141 Z	142 T	143 H		144 F	145 H	
146 X	147 U	148 E		149 F	150 S		151 F	152 Z	153 B		154 E	155 D	156 N	157 L		158 Z	159 E	
	160 E	161 L	162 Z¹		163 Q	164 E	165 B	166 F	167 X	168 T	169 K		170 H	171 T	172 D	173 E	174 Z¹	
175 I	176 O	177 B	178 W	179 M		180 Z¹	181 J		182 B	183 G	184 T	185 U	186 D	187 S	188 Q	189 K		
190 O	191 M		192 O	193 I	194 B		195 Z¹	196 I	197 B	198 Q	199 E							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Continental Mark III

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

What makes this the most authoritatively styled, decisively individual motorcar of its generation?
Everything about the Continental Mark III is distinctive. The styling, the luxury, the ride.
Power front disc brakes are standard. So is Sure Track, the first computer-controlled anti-skid braking system.
Standard, too, are the Michelin steel belted tires, designed to give substantially increased tread mileage.
The engine, 460 cubic-inch V-8 in a great deep-breathing design, is unrivaled for its responsive power.
The timepiece is not a clock at all, but a true chronometer from the famous jeweler, Cartier.
Your Lincoln-Mercury dealer invites you to drive the Continental Mark III at your convenience.

LINCOLN·MERCURY Ford

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Concrete Forests: A Thread of Hope

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED